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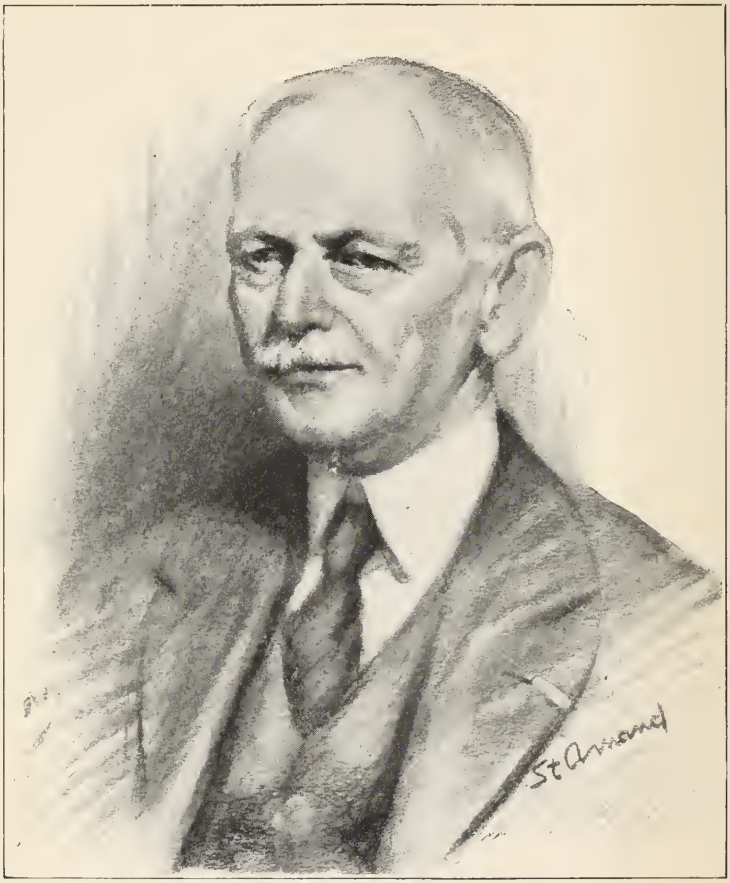

W. A. ROGERS
From a Drawing by Joseph St. Amand

A WORLD WORTH WHILE

A Record of "Auld Acquaintance"

By

W. A. ROGERS

With Illustrations
by the Author

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
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A World Worth While

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H–W

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INTRODUCTION

A LITTLE while ago (perhaps it may have been early in the 'eighties) the boy that I knew best read "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" in *Harper's Young People* with a great deal of happiness, and made a most influential acquaintance thereby. This acquaintance was not one personally and in the flesh, so to speak, and yet the boy certainly felt that he knew W. A. Rogers pretty well.

W. A. Rogers was the name signed to the illustrations accompanying those delightful stories, and the boy liked the pictures so much that he tried to draw other pictures in the manner of W. A. Rogers, and began to believe that nothing could content him but to become an illustrator, and in general about such a man as this W. A. Rogers surely must be. For the illustrations of W. A. Rogers seemed to tell a great deal about the man that made them: they had that quality. They seemed to understand the people they exhibited and to understand these people in the friendliest and most humorous way. They were *clear* pictures, too, and there was no affectation about them, no pretense; the drawing was as honest as George Washington. So the boy, studying the pictures, thought that W. A. Rogers must be a pretty fine man, and a pretty capable man; a man with a humorous, friendly outlook, a man as kind

and sunny as he was keen—that is to say, a pretty remarkable man all round.

The other boys of that generation felt the same way about W. A. Rogers, and as they grew older the sight of one of his pictures would always bring the look into their eyes that we have when we come upon an old friend. The boy I mentioned in particular failed to become an illustrator, however; he could never quite get the "know-how" of it; but although he had to give up that ambition, he never saw a picture drawn by W. A. Rogers without thinking of what an interesting and charming man stood behind the pictures—a man who seemed to know pretty much everything that was going on, and to know the people, too, who made the things go on.

Finally, the boy-admirer read this book and discovered that all boys of his generation have been exactly right in what they have been thinking of W. A. Rogers for the last forty years.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

INDIANAPOLIS, *February, 1922.*

A WORLD WORTH WHILE

A yard she had enclosed all about
With stickes, and a dych without,
In which she had a cok hight Chanticleer
In all the land of crowing was none his peer.

His comb was redder than the fine coral,
And batteled, as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
Like azure were his legges and his toon;
His nailes whiter than the lily flower,
And like the burned gold his colour.

A WORLD WORTH WHILE

CHAPTER I

CHINESE scholars, I am told by a medical friend who practiced his profession in the Orient, have recourse to a drug which sets a keen edge on the faculty of memory. By its aid they are enabled to recall the most minute details of long-past events and of long-forgotten knowledge. Not having the advantage of this old prescription, I can only polish up the mirror in which I see, surrounding me, the faces of a most interesting company. Like the genii who appeared when Aladdin rubbed his lamp, these old friends and acquaintances rise up before memory's eye when I brush away the mists of years.

One night, not so long ago, I sat at a public dinner, admiring the venerable white head of Alexander Graham Bell. The distinguished inventor of the telephone sat beside the toastmaster, who was introducing him. Slowly the people before me faded in a smoky haze and I seemed to hear a far-distant voice singing "Auld Lang Syne." In the twinkling of an eye I was back in the 'seventies, a young newspaper artist on the trail of a weird tale about a young professor in the Boston University who, it was said,

was perfecting a device for projecting the human voice over a wire.

Young Professor Bell was not seeking publicity. In fact, he was seeking seclusion, and I had great difficulty in locating him; but at last one afternoon I caught him at the university. A short talk with him evidently dismissed any suspicions he may have had of a dangerous knowledge of science on my part. He invited me to witness an interesting work in which he was engaged at the university, and I went with him into an empty recitation hall, where a young lady—a deaf mute—soon appeared for a lesson in speech. Professor Bell said to me, as he stood with her on a platform at the end of the hall: "Until two months ago this young woman had never spoken a word in her life. She is now learning lip reading and the spoken word. She will speak to you." This she did, saying quite distinctly that it was a pleasant evening.

It may be interesting to describe, as I remember it, something of Professor Bell's method of teaching. He threw back his head and the young woman placed her sensitive fingers on his throat; then over and over again he went through the vowel sounds—she endeavoring to imitate him through the varying shades of vibration. We left the university, and on our way to the house where Professor Bell was conducting his experiments with the telephone he explained to me how his work in teaching mechanical speech to deaf mutes was largely the basis of his idea to make the wire transmit human speech.

Finally we came to a little blind street or court. At the upper end of it was a tiny, three-story house. This was the den of the magician, the house of Merlin, but this great wizard was carefully disguised as a modest young junior professor.

I was young, perhaps twenty years of age; he wasn't much older, about twenty-seven, I think; and having decided to take me in behind the scenes, he led me to an upper floor where, amid coils of wire and experimental instruments in various states of completion, there lay on a table something closely resembling an old box trap such as we used to set for muskrats when I was a boy—just an oblong box with a round mouthpiece inserted at one end and a couple of insulated wires leading out from a mysterious interior—as nearly as I can recollect.

After explaining to me how the various vowel sounds were reproduced in different series of wave lengths, he ran downstairs to the basement, and from the rudely constructed telephone, through coils of wire piled up on the staircase and out of the magic muskrat trap, came the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." The voice of Alexander Graham Bell was coming to me, in the old, familiar song, over half a mile of wire.

Professor Bell had the simplicity of manner of a man absorbed in his work, with never a thought of the great place it was to make for him for all time in the scientific world. The sketches which I made at that time for the *Daily Graphic* bring back many memories of my visit to the little house at the end of the court. Something must have whispered to

me that I was making sketches of a very important historical event and that no little detail should be neglected.

There is the one of Professor Bell seated at the "in'ards" of a cheap cabinet organ or melodeon. One sees that he is experimenting in the transmission of musical sounds over the telephone. The patterns of the wallpaper and of the carpet are shown, even the design on the window shade. It was not remarkably artistic work, but the material for a historical picture is there—the picture of a white owl on the wall, the chair on which Professor Bell is seated, the detail of the wiring and of the box telephone, the height of the ceiling. All these trifling details are what give a picture of this kind a sense of reality. They tell the story of patient work in a little, low-ceiled, cheap room with primitive materials.

The presence of that musical instrument in the picture of Professor Bell's expermental room is very significant. It tells more than appears at a glance of the bypaths that were explored by Bell and others before they finally struck the main road to the transmission of human speech by wire. In a lecture delivered before the Society of Telegraph Engineers in London in 1877, Professor Bell said: "I imagined to myself a series of tuning forks of different pitches, arranged to vibrate automatically in the manner shown by Helmholtz" (Helmholtz had some years before discovered the pitch of the various vowel sounds), "each fork interrupting, at every vibration, a voltaic current—and the thought occurred to me,

Why should not the depression of a key like that of a piano direct the interrupted current from any one of these forks through a telegraph wire to a series of electromagnets operating the strings of a piano, in which case a person might play on the tuning-fork piano in one place and the music might be audible from an electromagnetic piano in a distant city?"

My recollection of Professor Bell is very vivid. I can see him now, a slenderly built man, exceedingly quick, but easy in every movement. When we entered the little house he took the two flights of stairs on the run. It is dangerous to describe the color of a man's hair after such a length of time, but I have the most distinct impression that his hair was brown and not very dark. He wore the mustaches and side whiskers which were in vogue, and they were of a lighter shade of brown. I particularly remember he had a fine complexion, white, but tinged with a good healthy color. One impression that invariably comes up, when I think of this young college professor, is that he seemed entirely unconscious of being anything more than that. For my part, I am sure I recognized him at the time as a wizard of wizards and wondered then that he seemed not to realize it.

The telephone is such a commonplace part of our homes and offices to-day that one can hardly realize what a magical thing it seemed to hear the creator of it send the notes of "Auld Lang Syne" over half a mile of wire.

I think the first public demonstration of the

telephone was held in Salem. Perhaps Professor Bell did realize that he was a wizard, after all, and it may have been for the justification of the witches, who were so mistreated in that ancient town, that he performed feats of witchcraft or wizardry before its citizens. The symbols of his invention, as shown on a blackboard at that demonstration, certainly would have looked to the Salem of witchcraft days sufficiently like the black art to have insured Professor Bell a ducking in the bay.

This visit to Boston on the trail of the telephone was in behalf of the *Daily Graphic*, the first fully illustrated daily newspaper to be published in this or any other country, so far as I know. It was really a splendid venture, was well printed, and made a great hit at the time. Although it proved to be too expensive to prove a lasting financial success, it gave a number of young artists an opportunity to try their wings. I have only to name Arthur B. Frost, Charles J. Taylor, Dan Beard, and E. W. Kemble to show what a school it was for work in line.

A little upstairs room on the Ann Street side of Mouquin's restaurant was known as the *Graphic* room in the 'seventies. There around the table at luncheon time an interesting group was gathered. From Paris and Vienna the *Graphic* people had drawn a number of artists, some of them already well known in their specialties—Theodore Wüst, a caricaturist of great ability; Rudolph Piguet, portrait painter and etcher; Gray Parker, a Parisian of English parentage; Louis Aubron, an expert

lithographer; and Thure de Thulstrup, just out of the French army. At the table in Mouquin's also appeared such unknown young men as Daniel Frohman, Andrew Miller, Arthur B. Frost, E. W. Kemble, C. D. Weldon, C. J. Taylor, Frank Taylor, and others equally obscure.

I well remember my first introduction to the *Graphic* room. French people and French ways were new to me. Even before we had finished our soup there was a grand set-to over something (or nothing) between Aubron, who was a big, sturdy Frenchman, and a little spidery-looking fellow with fierce mustachios and a strong Gascon accent.

When the argument became overheated the little Frenchman leaped up on his chair, placed both hands on the middle of the table, and was apparently about to jump down Aubron's throat. Then suddenly he collapsed like a jackknife and calmly proceeded to eat his soup. Aubron was a Communist to whom the atmosphere of Paris was just at that time unwholesome.

He was a past master of architectural drawing and lithography. In Paris he made a profession of going over the perspective of paintings. Gérôme, for instance, was said to have employed him in elaborate perspectives. He was credited with having laid in the architectural detail of a number of Babylonian subjects for Gustave Doré. "I put in ze detail; Doré take him out!" was the way he explained his work to me.

Of all the men at the table, Piguet was the quietest. He painted some charming portraits of women while

over here, but was always homesick for Paris and soon returned there.

Old-timers who know their Broadway will remember Thomas's Art Gallery and its caricature portraits of prominent Americans. I think it was located near Thirtieth Street. Almost all the caricatures, life-size as a rule, were the work of Theodore Wüst. For the *Graphic* he drew some very clever caricature portraits. At the luncheon table he was rather a saturnine figure—never a word unless it flashed out like a clean rapier cut.

Thure de Thulstrup often sat at this table. Over at the *Graphic* art department he was showing traits of strength which developed later.

Gray Parker was an Englishman by blood, but a Frenchman by birth and bringing up. He would compose little coaching scenes with the English precision of harness, buckle, and strap, and accuracy of proper form, and then proceed to draw it all with a bubbling French enthusiasm. His little horses pranced across the pages of the *Graphic* and looked as though only their high sense of propriety prevented them from snorting. Gray liked his one small glass of absinthe, which he took with great precision, and if he had that and endless cigarettes the rest of his luncheon did not matter.

Everyone who used to read *Puck* remembers the charming drawings which appeared in that paper by C. J. Taylor. It would surprise most people to know that in 1873 Taylor was an ambitious young lawyer as well as an artist. Taylor liked good food

THE FIRST TELEPHONE

and good company, and often came to the little Ann Street place for luncheon.

And then there was A. B. Frost, drawing at that time for the *Graphic*. Let posterity decide whether A. B. Frost was the Caran d'Ache of America or Caran d'Ache the A. B. Frost of France. Sure it is that if Caran d'Ache had lived in New York he would have eaten at that table.

Another youngster from the West came to the Ann Street room later on—E. W. Kemble, whose learned researches in Thompson Street have so enriched our knowledge of poker.

Newspaper readers with long memories will recall some delightful humorous drawings, signed "L. Hop," in the early numbers of the *Graphic*. "L. Hop" had a big idea one day. He would go out and amuse the Australians. He did, and the Australians rewarded him with gold and fame. For many years Mr. L. Hopkins has been the Thomas Nast of Australia.

As I look back to those old days I see a quaint figure of a little man with a beautiful forehead, with brilliant black eyes that sparkled with humor and yet had depths of sadness lurking in them—Mike Woolf, who gave us those funny, pathetic little street waifs, pictures that brought smiles to the lips and tears to the eyes, Mike Woolf, who was the greatest asset the Fresh Air Fund ever had.

Mitchell, of *Life*, told me that a very wealthy woman once said to him that a little picture of Mike Woolf's published in the Christmas number of *Life* cost her fifteen hundred dollars. The picture

represented two poor little shivering tots out in the snow, looking at a window in which hung a large wreath of holly. In the center of the wreath were the letters I. H. S. One tot says to the other, "What does I. H. S. stand for, Jimmy?" "Doncher know?" answers Jimmy. "Dat means 'I Have Stockings'!" Milady got out first her handkerchief—and then her check book, being a practical person.

It was in 1877 that I went over to the Harpers, there to work with Abbey, Reinhart, Pyle and Frost, Sol Eytinge and Thomas Nast.

It was a great company. Nast at that time lived in Morristown, New Jersey, so that we saw but little of him. His cartoons were drawn on the wood block, and his spelling was as bad as his general intelligence was great. My first regular job, after it was discovered that I could spell, was to go over the lettering in his cartoons and correct the spelling.

I had no idea of becoming a cartoonist at that time, and, while I admired the peculiar genius of Thomas Nast, it was the drawing of young Ned Abbey that claimed most of my attention. There never was anybody like Abbey; we all looked on him as something apart. He was the most genial, lovable young fellow imaginable; yet one felt an intangible something which surrounded him with a touch of impenetrable mystery. Lafcadio Hearn would describe it as a "ghostliness"; but it had nothing repellent in it.

Abbey was making his first Herrick drawings then. He had never been in England, but he seemed to know the England and the English of Queen Anne's

time by some sure instinct. There were times when Abbey, in the midst of a laughing, joking conversation, would disappear (I can use no other word) into the past. One moment he was with you, the next he walked with Doctor Goldsmith, or on the hills of Devon with Robert Herrick.

Abbey had a studio on Thirteenth Street, where he worked part of the time. Early one morning I met him in front of the old Union Square Theater on Fourteenth Street. The block between Fourth Avenue and Broadway was then known as The Rialto and was usually crowded with gentlemen in weird clothing who assumed stage attitudes and talked into one another's faces at close range. Making his way through this busy-seeming throng of idlers—they probably thought he was the property man's assistant—little Ned Abbey appeared, carrying an enormous tub out of which grew a long sprig of English ivy trained upon a wooden frame.

When he saw me his face broke out into a most cheerful grin while he told how a Fourth Avenue florist had loaned him the ivy as a model for one of his Herrick drawings. I left him at the foot of the studio stairs (four long flights were before him) on Thirteenth Street.

One of the extraordinary qualities of Abbey was his attention to small matters of costume, furniture, and little background accessories, without allowing these details to hamper his imagination. I have seen his model dressed in a gown which he had had made to order, sitting in a corner of his studio, reading a newspaper, while Abbey was intent on his

picture, calling on her to pose only when he wished to inform himself on some little detail. Nobody else worked like that.

In these days, when no public event can happen without a battery of cameras being trained on its details, it may not be amiss to tell just how such a matter was handled for an illustrated paper in the 'seventies and 'eighties. What the camera does so easily to-day the artist had to do all by himself then. An illustrator of to-day hardly realizes how much he owes in the way of facts to the instantaneous photograph.

In the 'seventies we had to memorize details of which there was perhaps no record other than a hasty sketch. When a "big" news event was to be pictured one of us youngsters had to go out, armed only with pad and pencil, and gather up whatever he could of the details, whether it was of a procession, reception, celebration, or accident. He then brought his sketches to the art department, laid out a page or double page, traced it roughly on the boxwood block, and divided the jointed block into several pieces—and then everybody took a hand at the drawing.

For instance, I was once sent to Boston for *Harper's Weekly* and brought back sketches of some historical celebration where the participants were dressed in costumes of the Revolution. Abbey came down from his Thirteenth Street studio and drew the foreground figures, while I filled in those in the middle distance and background. Old "Dory" Davis, a veteran "special artist" of the Civil War,

drew the architecture, put in the dome of the State House and the Sacred Codfish thereon. We used to pass the blocks we were working on back and forth to one another to make the joints, and I remember well how Abbey, as we worked side by side, gave me many a quick illuminating insight into some intricacy of form. Never have I seen a man with more deft skill in the handling of a pencil on the wooden block.

While in his serious work Ned Abbey would draw a figure over and over a dozen times and rub and scrape out what looked perfect to me, yet in a "hurry-up" job he bent his knowledge to the swift, inevitable line unerringly.

The methods used in those days in producing a "news" drawing have passed away so completely that it may be interesting to the illustrator of to-day to know in detail just how we handled a wood-block drawing. Of course, it must be understood that many drawings on wood were made by artists working entirely alone—often very careful work carried out in studios with models and accessories carefully studied. What I shall endeavor to describe now is the "rush" work, pictorial records of news of the day, such as the instantaneous photograph, reproduced in "half tone," gives to the public to-day in the daily papers.

Before going into the exact methods of drawing on wood, it will be as well to describe the wood block itself. A double-page block for *Harper's Weekly* was usually made up of thirty-six pieces of boxwood about one inch in thickness, cut across the grain and highly polished. The back of each piece of wood

was hollowed out to admit steel bolts which ran through to the adjoining section, and when tightened held the whole together in a single smooth block.

A very thin film of Chinese white was rubbed into the surface of the block to kill the warm color of the boxwood and afford a surface for pencil lines. The first step in making the illustration was to draw a rough sketch on paper the exact size of the composite wood block. From this a tracing was made, which was rubbed down reversed on the block. If the subject was a street scene the perspective was carefully worked out in the sketch.

After the tracing on the block was completed one of the men, with a brush and India ink, laid in the main broad shadows. Before the "figure man" outlined his people or his horses (no automobiles in those days), or whatever details were to form the main subject of the picture, the two, three, or even four men who were to work on the drawing would get together and determine how deep a tone was to pervade the whole composition. Each man had to carry this in his mind, else the picture when completed would never hold together. Many of these drawings of news subjects were made in a wash emphasized by sharp pencil lines, that being rather an old-fashioned method which descended to us from the "slippery" period of illustration. But as we became more skillful and, I think I may say, more artistic in our ideas, we learned to make our drawings entirely with a brush. It was surprising how well a group of men used to working together could keep a composition from flying to pieces.

Where a figure or an object in one of these composite pictures happened to cross a joint the figure or object was finished before the block was taken apart, and this gave a clew to the tone to be adhered to. When any part of the drawing was completed, that section often went to the engraving room at once. There the same thing was done in regard to objects crossing joints—they were engraved first so that each engraver had a clew to the width of line his neighbor was using. I remember one drawing I made of a double page, working alone, in which I never saw the entire picture together until it appeared in the paper.

Charles Graham, who had the finest sense of perspective of any man I ever knew, made wonderful architectural drawings on wood. It was a pleasure to draw on the same block with him, for by a clever manipulation of light and shade he would adapt his architectural details to my figures. Many a night out on the road we juggled architecture and figures back and forth on a wood block under a single gas jet in a hotel bedroom.

I once made a rather touching sketch of little Charley Graham in his nightshirt, holding up a block close to a miserable flickering light, and with his skillful left hand putting on the finishing touches to one of our joint drawings. All that is a thing of the past; now a photographer goes out with his camera and—click!—he has it all in half the wink of an eye.

I remember one day, after his return from his first visit to England, Ned Abbey was putting the finish-

ing touches on a water color, a picture called "The Sisters," which added greatly to his reputation. Since it was the day of the exhibition, one would naturally have supposed that his picture would be finished and hung. But not at all. I walked into his studio and found him busily at work on the face of the foreground figure. At the last moment he had washed it out and was painting it all over again —so great pains did he take with his finished work.

I took one look and started downstairs again at full speed, but Abbey was too quick for me. He had me by the collar in a moment and dragged me up again.

"Are you good at painting rugs?" he asked.

In the picture was a Persian rug, half of it painted in elaborate detail, the other half barely outlined. I quickly effaced myself by diving into some portfolios and remained hidden behind them until lunch was announced. Down in the dining room, where Gedney Bunce and another guest sat at table, Abbey told stories—told of his experiences in London—and I had finally to take him by the shoulders and start him up the stairs to his studio.

That evening at seven-thirty I walked into the exhibition gallery, fearing that Abbey's picture would surely be absent; but there in its frame, which, by the way, had preceded the picture by some hours, hung the picture, beautiful, finished—the rug without a flaw.

At this time Stanley Reinhart was living in Paris, and it was not until some years afterward that I came to know him. C. S. Reinhart was a most

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S EXPERIMENTAL ROOM IN BOSTON

distinguished member of the guild, if such I may call it, of American illustrators of the 'eighties; but, in addition to that, he had talents which assured him a welcome wherever he went. Julian Ralph wrote a story about him in the *Sun*, which he called "An Artist Telling a Story."

Reinhart had a positive genius for making interesting stories out of trifles. As Julian Ralph said: "When another person told a story, you heard it. When Reinhart told a story, you saw it." We used to beg Reinhart to write, but he told me once that when he took a pen in his hand the ink in it promptly froze solid. You see in that the pictorial quality of his thought.

In the 'seventies everybody used to look in the magazines for a new story in verse by Will Carleton. Carleton was a country man who knew his neighbors better than they knew themselves; and he touched some sore spots in the rural character as no one, perhaps, had ever touched them before. His "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" must have stung many a tough hide like the cut of a "black-snake" whip. Carleton became a good deal of a philosopher of the optimistic school as he grew older, and he had a keen wit which he used to advantage in defending his faith. I remember we were walking down the Bowery one day and he was arguing that every man, no matter how worthless, had some good in him. I asked him what good there was in a confidence man.

"Just enough for bait!" he answered.

In 1880 came the Hancock campaign. The Democratic party was in dire straits. Defeat had hung

on its banners in one campaign after another for many years. The old party was fast becoming mummified, and something radical had to be done to revive it. Then some bright political genius thought of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock. Perhaps his war record and his high personal character would carry the party through to victory. He was nominated.

About this time I dropped in one morning at the art department of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. J. Henry Harper was expressing his concern over Mr. Nast's absence—on a lecture tour, I think—and the necessity of getting a cartoon, somehow, for the next issue of the *Weekly*.

Up to that time I had done nothing in that line for the *Weekly;* but instantly there came to me a picture of a transfusion of blood from the veins of the strong, healthy general to the moribund figure of the Democracy. I sketched it out roughly and handed it to Mr. Harper. He was inclined to accept the idea, but doubted if I could make a cartoon. I wasn't sure myself, but was willing to take a chance and make the drawing on approval. The approval came along when it was finished, and I suddenly found myself a full-fledged cartoonist. I have told this incident to show what a large part chance plays in our lives.

Up until that morning I had gone placidly along, illustrating magazine articles, boys' stories, and doing the work on *Harper's Weekly* that the camera so easily performs now—making drawings of news events, riots, celebrations, conventions, and what not. By a turn of the wheel I now was plunged

into the whirl of thought on public affairs—on the big political happenings of the world. It was like the fate of a boatman who has been rowing about in some small tributary and who finds himself suddenly carried out on the broad surface and swift current of a great river.

CHAPTER II

CARTOON work occupied only a part of my time at Harpers'. Many were the news assignments on which I journeyed from place to place. Most important of these was a trip to Washington at the time of the assassination of President Garfield. At eight o'clock in the morning after the President was shot I met by appointment Mr. Bell, a well-known photographer of Washington, at the Arlington Hotel. The Harpers had depended on him to furnish a photograph of Guiteau, the assassin. Mr. Bell threw up both hands as we met in the corridor.

"No use," he cried. "Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh declares that no photograph shall ever be made of Guiteau. He positively refuses to allow us, or anyone else, to see Guiteau in the jail."

It so happened that, late the night before, on my arrival at the hotel, an artist whom I knew and who represented the *Daily Graphic* of New York showed me a hasty pencil sketch of Guiteau, which he had made at the jail when the assassin was brought in. That was handle enough for me, and in spite of Bell's protests that it was useless, I dragged the unwilling photographer over to Mr. MacVeagh's house at that unseasonable hour.

An old colored butler assured us that the Attorney-

General had not yet arisen; but I begged for a moment's interview, and in a couple of minutes Mr. MacVeagh appeared at the door in his dressing gown. He was, very pardonably, not in the most amiable of moods.

I stated my case briefly and asked if *Harper's Weekly,* a national paper, was to be discriminated against in favor of the *Daily Graphic,* a local paper of New York. Was an inadequate sketch to go out as a portrait of the assassin, when we had Mr. Bell ready to make a true likeness of Guiteau, which everyone in the country wished to see?

Mr. MacVeagh interrupted my little speech to say very cuttingly that he did not believe a word of my story of the *Graphic* artist.

I straightened up and asked him point-blank if he believed for an instant that *Harper's Weekly* would send to him a man who was a liar. He looked me in the eye for almost a minute and then very courteously said he was sure they would not. Inside of ten minutes he had given me a letter to District-Attorney Corkhill, authorizing him to admit Mr. Bell to the jail for the purpose of photographing the assassin. That was one of the cases where a quick, sharp fight won the day. At other times entirely different tactics had to be employed.

Several days after obtaining the photograph of Guiteau, I went down to Washington again to get pictures in and about the White House, where President Garfield lay hovering between life and death. This was a very delicate matter and had to be handled with great care. At the Arlington I met

Frank Bennett, then a young clerk at the hotel desk. In later days he was known and trusted by Senators, diplomats, and Presidents, and was probably the depositary of more political secrets than any man in Washington. When I met him he was scarcely more than a boy, but with a wise head on his young shoulders.

He suggested a plan of action which was successfully carried out.

I sent a messenger boy to each of the physicians and surgeons attending the President, asking each for his photograph for *Harper's Weekly*. I also sent messengers to several important officials of the White House staff, with the same request. This would furnish me with the portraits I needed, and at the same time gave me a favorable introduction to all these gentlemen. I obtained the photographs.

Then I went to Mr. Stanley Brown, the President's private secretary, and made my plea. I dwelt on the natural and sympathetic desire of the public to know the exact surroundings of the President in his fight for life. I reminded him that, in any case, pictures would be printed in less conscientious publications than *Harper's Weekly* and this, being a matter of history, should be accurately portrayed. I asked Mr. Brown to try to obtain the consent of the physicians and of the President's family for me to make a sketch of the sick room. That was on Saturday. Mr. Brown thought it hardly possible, but said he would do all he could to obtain permission for me.

Late that night I saw the private secretary again.

He told me to come to the White House at eight o'clock the next morning, before the usual throng of reporters and others arrived, and said he would see what could be done. I was a very early visitor at Mr. Brown's office on Sunday morning, and sat there for an hour. A few stragglers dropped in from time to time. At last an inner door opened a crack and Mr. Brown motioned to me to come over. We disappeared into the Cabinet room and thence passed into the President's private quarters.

I was ushered into a corridor from which there opened, much in the nature of a large alcove, the room in which the President lay sleeping. Several of the physicians were grouped about the room, and Mrs. Susan Edson, the nurse, sat beside the bed with a large palm-leaf fan, which she held ready to drop in front of the patient's face in case he awakened. I had my sketch pad out instantly, and I can remember no half hour of my life when I put so much on paper. Mrs. Garfield and her eldest son, Harry, looked for a moment over my shoulder as I worked, and that, I felt, gave me just the touch of authority which was needed.

I laid out my drawing for the *Weekly*, double-page size, that day at the Arlington, young Frank Bennett rejoicing with me at the success of our little enterprise in diplomacy.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning I stepped into the art department of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Parsons, the art superintendent, jumped to his feet.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "why did you leave Washington? Postmaster-General James is working

to get you into the White House, and we are sure he will be able to do so before this week is over. You must return at once!" For answer, of course, I unrolled my bundle of sketches made at the President's bedside. I don't recollect exactly what Mr. Parsons did, but he was an impulsive old gentleman and my impression is that he hugged me.

The controversy which arose in February, 1920, over the right of the Cabinet to meet while President Wilson lay ill and unable to transact the public business during the fall and winter months of the previous year, reminds me that I "sat in" at a Cabinet meeting one hot July night in 1881, while President Garfield lay helpless and hardly conscious in his bed, a few yards distant.

I drew a picture that night, from life, of James G. Blaine, Robert Lincoln, Kirkwood of Iowa, and other members of the Cabinet, which was published in *Harper's Weekly* under the title of "An Anxious Night in the Cabinet."

It was considered, at that time, a perfectly proper proceeding for members of the Cabinet to meet informally under the extraordinary circumstances; I never heard the propriety of it even discussed.

I remember particularly that a bust of Abraham Lincoln occupied a place over the door leading to the private secretary's offices, and that Robert Lincoln stood directly beneath it. No one sat down at the council table. Everyone was in a state of nervous tension and walked about the Cabinet room, gathering from time to time around Mr. Blaine, who was generally the magnet wherever he appeared in those

days. In an interview published in the New York *Times* of February 16, 1920, Mr. Robert Lincoln said that no formal meetings of the Cabinet were held during the period when Garfield lay helpless; but he also said that the matter of the President's possible disability to perform the duties of his office was discussed by members of the Cabinet, together with the possibility of the Vice-President having to assume those duties in his place.

The sun beat down pitilessly in those July days and the intense heat penetrated to the sick room of the President. Public sympathy was so wrought upon by the suspense of his long fight for life that all sorts of suggestions poured into the White House to better, if possible, his chances for recovery or to mitigate his discomforts.

One morning the driveway from Jackson Square was blocked with ice wagons; some one had suggested filling the basement floor with ice. After it was filled, no effect from the piles of ice was apparent even a few feet distant. Another suggestion was made to pour streams of water over the ice in order to start the cool air upward. Inside of five minutes two fire engines were at work spraying the ice. Very little real help came from the many suggestions sent in, but they served, at any rate, to express the emotion of the people.

One day as I was leaving the grounds an elderly man stopped me at the White House gate to inquire—everyone inquired of everyone else in those anxious days—for the latest news of the President's condi-

tion. We fell into conversation and I saw a curious expression steal over his face as he said:

"I was a treasury clerk during the war, and of course this brings back the time when Lincoln was assassinated and the terrible days that followed; but I had one experience with Mr. Lincoln that comes to me always with a picture of his old, baggy, black suit, his rusty tall hat, and his whimsical smile.

"As I said, I was a young treasury clerk, and in addition to my duties in the Treasury Building I belonged to the Home Guard and was liable to be called out for guard duty after office hours at any time. One night I had arranged to go to a ball and had arrayed myself in my best claw-hammer, my most immaculate vest, and a silk hat. I was about to leave the house when a call for guard duty came. No time for a change of raiment—but one thing to do, shoulder my musket and march all night in front of the Treasury Building!

"In the early gray dawn I saw the long, shambling figure of the President coming down the White House walk. He had his hands folded behind his back and his head was bowed. Evidently he was out to do a little quiet thinking by himself. He approached, and when he was still a few feet away I stiffened up in true military form and presented arms to the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States.

"Mr. Lincoln stopped, looked at me carefully, and then inquired what regiment I belonged to. I felt a good deal flustered, but managed to reply that I was treasury-clerk So-and-so called for guard duty in

such-and-such a company and regiment of the Home Guard.

"The President looked at my top hat, at my patent-leather pumps, my claw-hammer coat, and my old army musket, and he said, 'Well, young man, I did not wish to be too inquisitive, but I can't get used to all these new uniforms.'"

In the nineteenth century there were some very violent prejudices raging up and down the land which seem happily to have faded from view in the twentieth.

There was a very bitter gentleman named Eugene Lawrence who used to write unkind things about the Catholic Church for *Harper's Weekly* when I first went to Franklin Square. It was the fashion then, and had been for years, to take strong sides on sectarian questions and to believe the devil was on the side of anyone who disagreed with you. I am glad to say that this attitude on the part of the *Weekly* was changing even then, and soon a more liberal view took its place.

On a certain day in the spring an ancient pagan custom of going up to a high place at daybreak and singing a song of praise as the sun came up is still observed by some of the people at Paterson, New Jersey. This custom is so strikingly similar to the Easter ceremony observed by the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that I have no doubt both have the same origin in the dim past and that back in the mountains of eastern Europe an old pagan ceremony was grafted on to the new religion. Just outside Paterson is a "mountain" ending on

its easterly side in an abrupt cliff which overlooks the city. Here the people assemble, sometimes many thousands of them, to celebrate the coming of the spring—or to worship the sun, perhaps, if the thought down deep in their subconscious minds could be divined.

On one occasion of this kind some of the great crowd of people who had assembled aroused the ire of an eccentric old farmer who lived alone in a little stone house on top of the mountain, and he got out his shotgun and fired into the crowd, slightly wounding a boy, I think. At any rate, enough was done to start a riot and every window pane in the farmer's house was smashed. Some of his neighbors came to the rescue and there was a beautiful "shindy." The old man was badly mauled as he was being dragged away by his friends; and at last he and they all took refuge in another farmhouse half a mile distant.

A crowd once angered, as this one was, becomes dangerous very quickly. Some wise person, realizing this, slipped down the mountain and made for the house of an old Irish priest who, he felt, was the only man able to quell the riot.

It seemed to me, when I heard of how the old priest handled the affair, that here was a good story for *Harper's Weekly*. I liked the idea of a picture in *Harper's Weekly* favoring a Catholic priest, and proposed it as the subject for a picture and a story.

When I walked up the front steps of the priest's house in Paterson it was with considerable doubt as to my reception. In the hall was a long bench, and on it sat a row of people who had business with

the good father. The door was open into the priest's reception room. I was told by the attendant to take a seat on the bench and await my turn.

Then I heard the tales of woe that came to that supreme court to be settled. The poor and the ignorant came there to have their poverty relieved or their thinking done for them—their little daily problems solved by a wise old head and a kindly old heart.

As I sat on the bench I learned what a real priest is and means to his parish. From the priest's room I heard an indistinct murmur, with interjections at every few words—"And, oh, Father!" and more woeful accents.

Then the old priest's words rang out sharp and clear: "And it's drunk you were, and bate your wife who bore your children! God forgive you! And you've lost your job at the lumberyard. You well deserve it, and if it wasn't for your wife and children, never a hand would I lift to get you back. Go home, shame to you! and be ready to work Monday morning. Good day." And out came a shamefaced man and shuffled down the front steps.

Then in went a weeping woman.

"Your son's run away, Mrs. Mulcahey? How old is he? . . . Twelve. Hum! Here, Johnson, get me the paper. . . . Twelve years old. . . . I thought so. The circus was here yesterday—shows in Newark to-day. Go home, Mrs. Mulcahey. I'll have your son back to-morrow. Good day!"

And Mrs. Mulcahey came out with smiles breaking through her tears. Would her son be home

again to-morrow? Of course! Hadn't she the priest's word for it?

Then one or two went in whose troubles and the solutions therefor didn't reach me. Only one man remained with me on the bench, and he was wiping his eyes with a big red handkerchief, every now and then heaving a weary sigh—evidently a very sad case. As the sound of the last sharp "Good day!" reached him he pulled himself together and took his turn.

I heard the old priest give an exclamation. "Now ye don't tell me, Dick, she's run away at last! I feared it, but I thought the baby might hold her a bit."

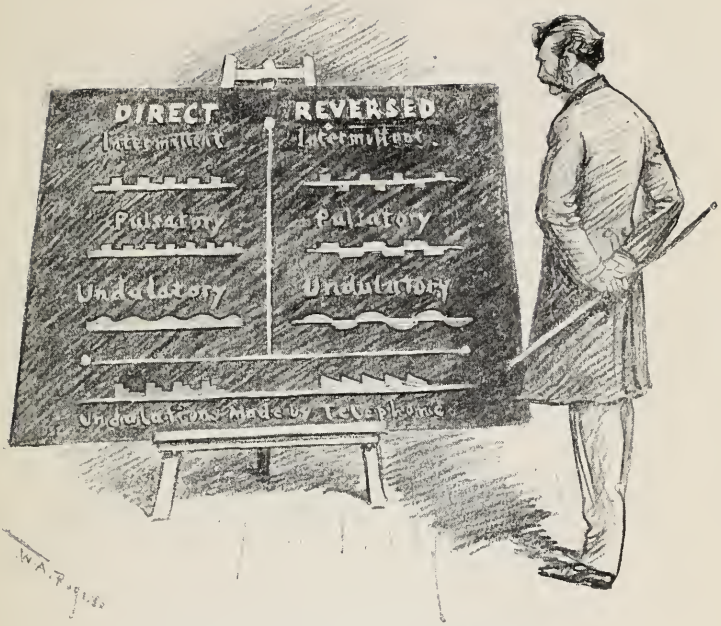
Then the man's voice: "No, Father, and the baby but three months old, and Jinny has run away an' the babe cryin' for milk!"

"Never mind, man, never mind; 'tis good riddance. A woman who'd abandon her child as well as a decent man is beyond thought. But the child! How long since it was fed? . . . Yes, it must have milk. Let us see; Mary Clancy is a fine, strapping young woman with a young child and a fresh breast. I'll send her down to your babe in half an hour. Good day!"

It was my turn.

I moved to the door and looked in. There in a big chair sat a tall, straight, old man with a shock of white hair and an eye—such an eye! sharp as an eagle's, yet kindly, too.

Only those who know how violent were the preju-



A WIZARD'S BLACK ART IN SALEM

dices of that day can appreciate how carefully I had to make my approach.

"Father," I said, "you receive many confessions, and before I state my business I must make mine; then you can determine whether or not you wish to hear my errand. I come to you from *Harper's Weekly*."

"Hum! That is indeed far from a recommendation to a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. But you have a friendly look. Go on!"

"Father," I went on, "when I heard of what you did yesterday up on the mountain I said to our art editor: 'Why can't we have a picture of that? I would like to draw a picture and print a story in *Harper's Weekly* favoring a Catholic priest. We've had enough on the other side.'

"Our art editor, who is a broad-minded man, said, 'Go ahead and get the picture and the story.' I have been all over the ground up on the mountain and have talked with the people up there who saw the riot, and all I need is your story to complete it."

"Well, my young friend," said the old priest, "I think you are the first person who has proposed to say something nice about us in your paper and it isn't for me to rebuff a friend; but my part in the affair on the mountain was but a trifle."

I had a hard time getting from him the details of his rescue of the besieged farmer out of the hands of the mob, but as nearly as I can recollect this was his story.

"The people were all up on the hill, worshiping God according to their lights, and somebody tres-

passed on that crazy old man's little farm near the cliff—at least, so it seemed to his poor cracked brain; and he got out his shotgun and fired into the crowd. It takes mighty little show of blood to set a crowd of people wild, and the farmer was a lucky man that he wasn't torn to pieces before he took refuge in the farmhouse of a neighbor. Word came to me that the farmhouse where he was hidden was likely to be set fire to or torn down and murder committed. I hired a carriage and drove up to where the crowd was massed about the house. Inside were the old farmer and several of his neighbors. The windows were being broken by stones showered in by the mob, and the farmers were threatening to use their shotguns on the crowd if this weren't stopped. I got my carriage slowly up close to the front door, edging my way in. The driver and I got a few clips with stray stones, but nothing serious, and I went inside and persuaded the old farmer that his only chance was to come with me. I knew my cloth would partly protect us even from an angry multitude. When we opened the front door, however, and the crowd saw what I was about to do, a shower of stones greeted us; but I sheltered the poor old fellow as well as possible and we reached the carriage.

"By a plentiful application of the lash we got started, and a stone or two striking the horses kept them going in spite of the hindrance of the crowd, who followed us, threatening to take my passenger out and hang him to the nearest tree. I stood up in the carriage and talked to them until we got clear.

Then they suddenly started back to cut us off as we swung back to the road leading into Paterson; but there is where I played them a scurvy trick, for I whipped around into a lane and took the main road again for Montclair."

From the people who saw the whole thing I learned that the old priest had a much more dangerous and difficult task getting clear with the crazy farmer than one would gather from his description, and that undoubtedly his priestly robes hid many sharp wounds from the stones showered on him by the mob. At any rate, he was a splendid old man and well deserves a place among those "worth while."

CHAPTER III

THE pursuit of news pictures carries an artist into little intimate associations, for a day or two at a time, with all sorts of people, and it is surprising how much alike all people are at close range. They are just "folks" when you get to know them.

One very hot summer day I found myself seated at dinner in the dining tent of Barnum's circus. My table companions were Mr. Bailey, then proprietor of the show, and George Starr, his business manager. The circus had opened for a two or three days' stay at Rochester, and I found the show people about as worth while as any men and women I had ever met. Mr. Bailey was a man who had every detail of the business at his fingers' ends. At one moment I saw him teaching a new canvas hand a number of rope knots; then he spent half an hour rehearsing a young Englishman, who was doing a "gentleman rider" act, in the duties of an understudy to the ringmaster.

A heavy storm had come up during the afternoon performance and made a swamp of the grounds, so he sent wagons to a sawmill and had a sawdust path ready, when the audience filed out, across to the road. Nothing escaped his attention.

A hostler came in to apologize for having had a

horse shod at a blacksmith shop in the town after the animal had cast a shoe on a cobblestone street a long distance from the circus. To have anyone but the circus blacksmith touch his horses' feet, I was told, always put Mr. Bailey in a rage. The frog of a horse's foot, Mr. Bailey maintained, should not be pared, as is generally done by blacksmiths. He contended it should be left in its natural state to take up the weight of the horse and absorb the shock when moving.

All day long and far into the night the showman watched every move of the complicated machine which he controlled.

Mr. Bailey had entertained an officer of the United States army on the road for three or four weeks some time before I visited the circus. This officer was detailed by the War Department to study the circus methods of transportation by rail and wagon.

"He was an intelligent man," said Mr. Bailey, "and I was glad to give him all the information possible. It was flattering to us and I hope will be useful to the army, but I have my doubts whether they will be able to follow our ways. You see, we have no red tape here. I am the absolute tsar. I am not a general who has to give his order to a colonel, who passes it along to a captain, he to a lieutenant, and he to a sergeant, who finally has a private execute it.

"If no private is available for the moment in my establishment I can order my first assistant to do the private's work, or, if no assistant is about, I can

do it myself. Now the show business and the army business are quite different."

An old showman, a driver whom I came in contact with one day while with the circus, gave me some illuminating views of the "tsar." He was talking with a citizen who had formerly been on the road.

"No, Tom, 'tain't like the old times when you could stop along the road an' pick up a load of good dry hick'ry cordwood for the cook and mosey along with it, sayin' nothin' to nobody; or go up to a sawmill and fill up with good clean sawdust for the hoss stable and give the sawmill man the laugh. Why, yistiday, when it rained, I had to pay out good hard cash for three or four loads up to the sawmill when they wasn't a soul about the place to stop me, an' I had to hunt up a feller to pay it to. Bailey 'ain't got the heart of a showman. What's good wages to a man if y' can't cop nothin' off as y' go along?"

As we sat at the dinner table Mr. Bailey seemed perfectly at his ease, casting off the cares of his great organization and carrying on a lively conversation. He had many questions to ask me about the Harper publications, but particularly he wanted to know all about George William Curtis.

"You know George William Curtis? You have talked to him? Shaken him by the hand? Well, well! that is a great privilege." At that time Mr. Curtis was writing the "Easy Chair" in the *Magazine* and the leaders in the *Weekly*, and I told Mr. Bailey how he used to come in on Thursdays and write his *Weekly* editorials up in the composing

room, sitting on a little bench close to an old printer who was busy at his case setting up type; how all the typesetters up there were his friends, in spite of the fact that he was popularly supposed to be of rather an exclusive turn of mind.

"When you see Mr. Curtis," Mr. Bailey said to me, "I wish you would tell him that a rough old showman" (Mr. Bailey was far from filling his description of himself) "looks forward to the 'Easy Chair' as a treat every month, and when the *Magazine* is due sends for it at once, in whatever town he happens to be showing. I don't know whether this will interest him, but it will inform him as to the wide audience he reaches and, I think, helps to civilize."

It was indeed, as Mr. Bailey said, a privilege to know George William Curtis, and a good deal of an education as well. He and Mr. Charles Parsons, art superintendent of the Harper publications, were great friends and had many things in common.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has said to me more than once that the growth of real and vital American art started in the department of Mr. Parsons in Franklin Square.

While Charles Parsons had neither the technical training nor the ability to do great things in art himself, he had a wonderful intuition and appreciation of what others could accomplish. He saw far beyond his little environment and, with a sure vision, pointed out the right paths to be pursued by the young men in his charge. Abbey and Reinhart and Pyle have over and again testified to their

indebtedness to him for encouragement and inspiration. No harder taskmaster, when you were going through the trying-out process, could be found than Charles Parsons. "Old boys" who read this will recall how Japhet, in Captain Marryat's story, learned the "rudiments" of pharmacy by grinding medicine with a pestle and mortar day after day, from morning till night. So it was in Mr. Parsons's art department. When a youngster entered it all the mechanical, uninteresting work of the place fell to his lot. No star parts were given to him to fill, and all the time old Charles Parsons was watching him.

Only a boy who had no "quitter's" blood in him was of the stuff Charles cared to encourage. I remember when I first went to Franklin Square I used to try to tempt Mr. Parsons with subjects picked up in the streets at lunch time. Perhaps I might get a half page to draw. But, no, back I was put at the hardest hack work. That went on until one day I stumbled across a penny restaurant in the slums—the first started in New York. It was a novel subject, and I was given a page block of good smooth boxwood on which to make my drawing. A young actor given a speaking part for the first time would know my emotions. I thought, "Now I am a star; my fortune is made." But when the page was finished, back I went to my old work, putting in backgrounds, laying out perspectives—the old grind. This continued for a whole year, with an occasional respite when I broke into the *Weekly* with some little subject. Then came the "Runaway

Assignment," the story of which is told in another place.

When I began this chapter I intended to devote it to Mr. Curtis, but everyone already knows what Mr. Curtis was and what he accomplished. Mr. Parsons's case was different. He worked in the shadow of the men he did so much to help. We have all seen the results of his fine ideals and practical methods, but only a few of us know the source. Mr. Curtis appreciated the beautiful idealism of the man, but I doubt if he or anyone outside of the little group of artists who received their early training from him ever knew what a really great man Charles Parsons was.

Mr. Curtis's day at Franklin Square was Thursday. After I began making cartoons for the *Weekly* it was my privilege to have a little talk with him up in the composing room, back of the old typesetter's case. It was there that I first realized how different is the strategy of the cartoon from the editorial. The cartoon makes a frontal attack. To be successful it must be one grand smash, while the editorial can attack from all sides—advance, retreat, sidestep, and get in a dozen raps before it is through. For that reason I used to get from Mr. Curtis a great deal of political information that was valuable as an education, but of not much help in determining what to hit for the next week's cartoon. George William Curtis had too broad and catholic a mind ever to have been a politician. In fact, his one or two excursions into the field of politics were disas-

trous; but in the discussion of political situations he was a master.

In a cartoon, however, you cannot discuss anything; you are bound by the natural laws of pictorial art to see your subject from one side only. You must make up your mind exactly where you stand and strike out from that viewpoint. You can no more give all sides of a question in a cartoon than you can draw all four sides of a house in a picture.

I remember making this plea, about as it is written here, to Mr. Curtis one day; but I hardly think it convinced him. He thought, probably, the natural tendency of artists in general to take exaggerated views of everything was the real cause of the one-sidedness of cartoons.

My work at Franklin Square was, as I have said, many-sided. *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is often spoken of as W. D. Howells's best book. It first appeared as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, and I made the illustrations for it from week to week, as it came out. I never saw more than three installments ahead, and that only at the beginning. Later on I had often to read hastily the galley proofs on Thursday afternoon and turn in my drawing Friday morning.

Mr. Howells's work is not easy to illustrate, because he is usually more interested in what people think and what they say than in what people do and how they do it. But I was compensated for all my troubles through making the acquaintance of Mr. Howells, thus forming a friendship which lasted for many years.

There was one character in the book over whom we differed; that was "Fulkerson," the syndicate man. Many people imagine that S. S. McClure was the model from whom Fulkerson was drawn, but it was not so. Mr. Howells had known a "Fulkerson" (by some other name, of course) in real life many years before, when it was the fashion for a man of the world to wear long side whiskers, and it was with these adornments that poor Fulkerson was described in the manuscript. Side whiskers had gone out beyond recall at the period which *A Hazard of New Fortunes* was supposed to reflect, and I pleaded with Mr. Howells to borrow the editorial scissors of *Harper's Weekly* and cut those whiskers off.

But on this point he would not give way. Fulkerson in real life had long side whiskers. Mr. Howells was a realist, and Fulkerson's whiskers must be introduced to the public in all their flowing glory. I hated to do it, but in the first picture of the syndicate man I made the whiskers appear flowing gently over his collar and giving him the appearance of a floorwalker in a second-rate dry-goods store. In the next installment his whiskers were trimmed a trifle shorter; and so, from week to week, I performed the office of barber, free of charge, to Mr. Fulkerson, until at the end he had just a small decoration in front of each ear.

One day I sat with Mr. Howells for a couple of hours, talking of many things—among others, of this story, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. The book was suggested, I know, by Mr. Howells's experi-

ences when he made a permanent change in his place of residence. The struggles of Mr. and Mrs. March, in the book, to establish a home in New York were his own struggles; and speaking of them led on to a reminiscence of his further experiences. At the time of our conversation Mr. Howells was seventy-nine years old, and was still, as everyone knows, writing with all the vigor and grace of his earlier periods.

"Some years ago," he began (of course, I give only the substance of what he said), "I was advised by a wise banker friend, who had my best interests at heart, to invest my savings in two houses in an excellent neighborhood on the West Side. I was sure then, and am still, that his advice was the best obtainable at that time. He told me that the income from the two houses would be a fine thing to have when I could no longer depend on my pen to support me. I bought the two houses, and later bought one on my own initiative on the East Side.

"I know nothing which illustrates the curious freaks of fortune that beset a small investor in New York real estate better than my experience. The house I bought for no reason in particular, except that it pleased my fancy, now just about pays for the expense of owning the other two."

Then Mr. Howells's face lit up with that wonderful smile known to all who had the privilege of his friendship, as he said: "So I haven't given up my pen. When I was forty I said, 'At fifty I shall retire from the field'; at fifty I put it off until I should be sixty; at sixty I felt perhaps I might continue

my work to the age of seventy-five; and now I look to eighty as perhaps a favorable time to cease writing —eighty, a fine round number, as one looks at it."

But the old weaver of beautiful patterns never laid down the shuttle until three more years were added to the round number he had chosen for the finish of his task.

The matter of visualizing characters in a novel is a very interesting one, and here is a story illustrating it, which brings in one of the most extraordinary personalities of his day, Mark Twain.

Mark Twain! It is difficult to think of him as Samuel Clemens; his pen name fitted him so much better.

Frank Mayo had dramatized "Pudd'nhead Wilson" while Mark Twain was abroad, and when Mark returned he went to see the play, occupying a box to the right of the stage. I was present, in the front row of the balcony, where I could see Mr. Clemens. The play, with Frank Mayo in the title role, was a great success. As scene after scene revealed the several characters Mark Twain became completely absorbed in watching them, and often appeared absolutely startled when one appeared on the stage for the first time.

At the conclusion of the third act some one called on Mark Twain for a speech. Mr. Clemens arose and eulogized Mr. Mayo as author and actor, and included the whole company in the credit for what he described as one of the strangest and most complete illuminations of a text that he had ever witnessed.

Then Frank Mayo was called on for a speech. He came forward from the flies at the left, looked over at Mr. Clemens, clasped both his hands together, and in pantomime shook hands with him. Then, pausing long enough to get the attention of the house, he looked quizzically at his audience and said, "Pudd'nhead Wilson is too wise to speak after Mark Twain!"

The next day I met Mr. Clemens in the editorial rooms at Harpers'. He was full of the play. "Do you know," he said, "I had never visualized some of the characters in that story at all, and when they came out on the stage I did not recognize them at first; but there they were in the flesh and blood, and I came to the conclusion that they must have looked like that and acted just so. It was one of the strangest experiences of my life to see my own creations acting independently of me."

I asked Mr. Clemens what he thought of the sheriff. This part was played by a fat man who wore a pair of trousers that were a work of comic art. "He should be taken right out of this play and another one written around him," was the reply. "And the twins," he went on, "I hardly remembered the twins, but there they were, playing quite a part on the stage."

It was always a delight to hear Mark Twain think aloud. Those who have seen him only in public have missed the best of him. If you were fortunate enough to sit down quietly with him for an hour you never could forget the new views of familiar things with which he would enrich your mind.

Nothing remained commonplace that was touched with the fire and light of his genius.

Mark Twain had a hundred sides, and I rather imagine it annoyed him sometimes when people, who knew him only as the author of *Innocents Abroad*, expected him to make them laugh.

Two ladies who moved in that society which is spelled with a large "S" had set their hearts on having a really amusing luncheon. They persuaded a gentleman who had some contact with their set, and also with the literary world, to arrange a luncheon party at the old downtown Delmonico's. Mark Twain was to be there—of course, he would be screamingly funny. In the innocence of their hearts the two ladies imagined that I, being a cartoonist, would cover the tablecloth with comic pictures. Hence I was invited.

Never did I see a more solemn countenance than Mark Twain presented on that occasion. In vain our host laid snares for an opening joke. Mark began a dissertation on the nothingness of man—the cosmos, interstellar space, atomic theory—anything in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth, but nothing to do with anything on this green sphere. The two ladies listened with strained attention, waiting for the colossal joke which surely must be in course of preparation; but Mark Twain went on serenely through bouillon, fish, flesh, and fowl, with never a break in the monotonous flow of learned discourse. At last, worn out with hope deferred, the ladies turned to me—surely a cartoonist could say or do or draw something funny.

But alas for their faith! Was I going to allow myself to be funnier than Mark Twain? And in his presence at that? Little did they know of professional etiquette. And, besides, I was so convulsed with inward laughter at the wonderful discourse which Mark Twain was delivering and with his earnest manner, that I could scarcely keep a decent countenance.

One of the ladies recovered sufficiently at parting, after the luncheon, to say to Mr. Clemens that she never had supposed he could be so funny. And he suavely replied that he could not very often.

CHAPTER IV

IN writing these rambling recollections of people and events that have played a part in my life I have begun in the middle. Let me now go back as far as I can remember, for there were interesting things going on when I was a small child, and pretty much everything we learn as we grow up comes to us in the form of a comparison with the few primal things we knew as children.

The earliest thing I can recall is a playground about the gnarled roots of a giant oak. Its great mysterious shaft shot up through the leaves into the sky and disappeared. To that first impression of a great tree may be due a curious twist of my imagination. To me personalities always resolve themselves into terms of trees. The noblest character is always an oak, the strongest a hickory, the most elegant an elm, the affable a maple, and the weird or ghostly a sycamore.

From under the giant oak I saw the first mobilization of troops before the Civil War, and from the top of a hill near by I saw the houses of our little town illuminated in honor of the laying of the first Atlantic cable.

About this time, or perhaps a year later, I came in contact with the first man of national reputation whom I ever met. I can give the picture only as I

saw it then. He was a sturdy gentleman and was seated in my mother's parlor. His tall silk hat rested on a table beside him. I was keenly aware of that silk hat, also of his gold watch chain and his black-velvet waistcoat ornamented with small pink roses with green leaves.

I was invited to sit on his knee, an invitation quickly accepted, as it gave me the opportunity to examine and touch with my fingers the pink roses and the gold watch chain. I am sorry I can give a no more accurate description of this gentleman, because he was then on the threshold of a great career. He and my father, previous to the latter's death in 1855, had practiced law in the circuit courts in Ohio together. His name was Salmon P. Chase.

In 1861 came the Civil War and hard times. The big house we lived in had to go and we moved into a little cottage. It was there I heard from day to day the story of the war. For economy's sake our next-door neighbor and my mother together subscribed for the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and at about eleven o'clock each morning the daughter of our neighbor used to come to a stile which stood in the hedge that separated our dooryards and read to us the war news. I can see Miss Mary as she stood upon those wooden steps and read the daily record of our army's success or failure or of hope deferred.

A young, handsome lad from Xenia, our nearest town, represented the *Gazette* at the front as a war correspondent. He wrote under the pen name of "Agate." His name was Whitelaw Reid.

It was at the old stile I learned the history of the

GRAY PARKER
From a Sketch Made in the '70s

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" ROOM AT MOUQUIN'S

Civil War. Confused it was—fragmentary, of course —but it got under the skin and it was burned in as no school-taught history ever was. I have seen the little circle gathered about those steps in the hot summer sun, when every nerve grew so tense that the only sound above a heartbeat was the voice of Miss Mary struggling to steady itself through words that carried the news of life and death.

The three supreme days that will ever dwell in my mind were the three crucial days of Gettysburg. The news was meager, it was contradictory. On the third day of the battle I made my way to the railroad station to fetch our paper. We received very little telegraphic news in those days outside of the papers; in fact, I think, none at all. A group of silent men and women waited at the station. As I look back on that day I can see the empty streets, deserted except for silent groups standing on the corners. It was the awful silence that sent a chill of fear through my heart. I remember that I could stand it no longer. I went up to an old man and asked him if there was any news. He looked at me and laid his hand on my head, but made no answer.

I was still a very small boy when the news was flashed over the country of Lincoln's tragic end. Life from my earliest recollection had been one long series of dramatic happenings which now culminated in the death of their greatest figure.

It is very often said in these days that it was not until many years after the Civil War that the greatness of Abraham Lincoln was appreciated, and that the veneration in which his name is now held

is of recent growth; but that is not according to my recollection. In my own home town in Ohio, at least, his death fell as a bereavement personal to every man, woman, and child.

I say everyone, but in that little town there was an exception. The morning of Lincoln's death a number of us—just careless youngsters—were playing hide-and-seek in a lumberyard. The lumber stood in great piles in what remained of a walnut grove, each layer of boards separated from the next by two-inch sawed sticks. As we clambered about over the lumber piles we would cease every now and then from our play and some one would say in an awed whisper, "The President is dead!" There seemed something very dreadful to us in that thought, and we would all sit very still for a moment or two.

One of the boys had just said this for the second or third time when the voice of a big, husky German workman (I am glad, at least, he was a German) shouted back: "And a goot chob, too! Serfed him right!" With one accord we armed ourselves with the two-inch sticks, which lay handy to our reach, and attacked that big fellow from all sides.

We gave him a most unmerciful beating, and he escaped serious injury only by flight, bellowing threats as he ran. As a matter of fact, several of us got thrashings from him later; but never mind, he got his first!

I was attending a little private school at that time, which, by the way, was kept by a young German woman who was a most excellent teacher, but

a strong sympathizer with the South, where her people lived. She was what we called a "Copperhead" in Civil War times. But Miss Knaus had never expressed her sentiments at all freely, and up to the time of the assassination of Lincoln had never clashed with the popular feeling. On the day before the memorial services, which were to be held simultaneously in all the towns in the United States, Miss Knaus made an announcement. She called up all the classes (there were about fifty children in the school) and informed us that school would be held as usual the next morning, and that any scholar who absented himself or herself to attend the memorial services would be expelled from the school.

We were only little bits of children, but I can remember the deep fire of indignation which ran through our hearts at her words. After school we all met out on the sidewalk and decided what we would do. It seems a very strange thing, as I look back on that time, to realize what we little folks determined on, there and then, without consulting any grown person. We decided to come to school at nine o'clock, as usual, the next morning, and when the church bell started to ring for the service at half past ten we were to rise from our seats, form in line, and march out of the schoolhouse and up to the church.

The next morning we were, every one, at school promptly at nine o'clock. Each one of us wore a tiny tintype portrait of Abraham Lincoln, framed in gilt foil, on a crêpe bow fastened on the left breast of his little jacket. These decorations won us black

looks from our schoolmistress. However, we had come to school, and she felt she had won a victory. But, the spelling lesson over and an indifferent recitation in mental arithmetic completed, the solemn clang of the church bell rang out. It was like a call to arms. Up from our seats we sprang, and in an instant that little schoolroom was as full of electricity as a dynamo room. Miss Knaus turned a deathly white and commanded us all to be seated. But we formed quietly in lines in the aisles and marched to the door. Our teacher made a dash to close it, but was too late. We larger boys—the oldest was about eleven years of age—put our backs against it until all the tiniest tots were safely out.

The next day Miss Knaus was informed by our parents that she could take us all back or close her school, just as she pleased. She surrendered at discretion, but her school dwindled away to nothing from that day forth.

When I was a very little boy every youngster was brought up on Mayne Reid and Captain Marryat. The generation before—poor souls!—were raised on the "Rollo" books, and the generation before that read "Sanford and Merton" for their sins. I learned to read rather early, and when not more than six or seven years old had spelled my way through several little books and had my eye fixed on a tale of South Africa, by Mayne Reid. In this book was a picture of a lion coming up out of the chimney of a hut, smoke and flame pouring out around him. Before I had an opportunity to start reading this

story the book mysteriously disappeared. My father had left us more books than money, a fine miscellaneous library, in fact, and I proceeded methodically to hunt for that lion through rows of books piled up on shelves to the ceiling. A small boy in quest of a picture-book lion has the patience of Job; day after day and month after month this particular one went through every book that had the least promise of a lion in it.

Once he thought he had tracked the lion to his lair—*Yaradee: A Plea for Africa*, with his grandfather's initials on the flyleaf, looked promising. But his grandfather was one of the original abolitionists of the Garrison school, and *Yaradee* was a part of his propaganda.

But, though the small boy hunted that elusive lion for several years and never found him, the quest was well worth the effort it cost. Seated on top of a stepladder, alongside of the bookshelves, he dipped, and sometimes deeply, into books that very few eight- or ten-year-old youngsters ever look into at all. He read all of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* from cover to cover. He read "The Tempest," hoping to see his lion spring out from behind the rock and eat old Caliban; he followed Orlando through the Forest of Arden. The trail grew very warm when Orlando's brother told Rosalind how Orlando had saved him from the lioness.

Of course, in pursuing these side excursions from the main trail of his story-book lion the small boy frequently got lost. Much of the great literature he dipped into was to him but a labyrinth of words;

but, on the other hand, he never was told what to think of a passage, what to admire, or what was negligible.

He read "The Tempest" only because he wished to; and if the *Faerie Queene* hadn't interested him and its peculiar rhythm hadn't fascinated him, he never would have made his way through those long volumes.

Ever on the spoor of his lion, he waded through many a deep literary jungle and enjoyed books that are made a task and an abomination to many young minds through being put before them in the form of something to be learned. One day he discovered a treasure—it was in parts—issued as a subscription book. The letters were very queer and black and close together. They puzzled the small boy not a little, but by dint of comparing them over and over again with common print he learned at last to decipher them.

Some of the words were as queer as the letters, but this book soon held more of a fascination than any other in the library. The hunter could sometimes read a whole sentence, with only two or three strange words, and get the sense of these by the context.

The part of the book he learned to read was called "The Nonne's Preeste's Tale." It was like a puzzle picture; often there were gaps in it as he put it together; and then a sudden light would fall on its meaning, and, while he never got the puzzle completed, he found in it a beautiful rhythm which stirred his imagination. The story of "Canticleere"

was one no small boy could resist when once its black-letter shell was penetrated.

But imagine setting a child of eight years the task of learning to read Chaucer in the "black letter"! It could hardly be done, and even though accomplished, the child would hate his teacher and Chaucer in about equal proportions.

When I think of my vain struggles at school with another book called Stoddard's Mental Arithmetic, I am convinced that it is much easier to learn things when you do not have to.

Here in facsimile are a couple of verses from "The Nonne's Preeste's Tale." It is easily to be seen how pleasing to a child it would be to discover this wonderful description of "Canticleere," the cock hidden away in black letter.

Perhaps I have already intimated that I made an early entrance into the world of business. Some sympathetic soul may think it was a great hardship for a boy to go to work at the age of thirteen; but before any tears are shed over it allow me to tell just what a glorious job it was. I was made check clerk in the freight house of the C., S. & C. Railway of Ohio, and keeper of the "way-bill book." It was my duty to go over the freight yard and make a record of all the empty freight cars by number and telegraph this every night to the headquarters in Sandusky.

Imagine a boy of thirteen sitting in the cab of a switch engine, ringing the engine bell, at about the hour when his best pals were just coming home from school every afternoon loaded down with Stoddard's Mental Arithmetic and Green's Analysis of Gram-

mar and geographies and slates! That was part of my job as I numbered the empty cars—and I was being paid for it, when every boy in town would have put up all his taffy and ju-ju paste for the privilege of being in my place.

And then I knew the engineer of the switch engine and could call him Hank, and the fireman, Mike Burke, was my dear friend. Mike had bushy red hair and a little mustache which he curled up at the ends, and when Hank was off duty at noon Mike used to run the switch engine down to the high-school crossing, where the schoolgirls passed at about that time on their way to lunch.

Mike would blow off steam, give a toot or two on the whistle, hang out of the cab window, and curl his mustache. But a locomotive was not such a loadstone to the schoolgirl as it was to the schoolboy, and Mike, it seemed to me, wasted a good deal of energy at this crossing.

Mike had worked as a "scroll artist" before he became a fireman. He used to paint scrolls and little landscapes on threshing machines—and he was clever at it. He and I used to climb up from the top of a box car into a loft over the freight office, and up there we practiced drawing scrolls with red chalk on the plaster walls.

There were several of those "scroll artists" in the town. One of them was an old German who wore a rusty cloak with a red lining, let his hair grow long over his shoulders, and seemed to imagine he was a real artist. Maybe he was in his heart, poor old chap! Then there was another, who had a shock of black

curly hair which he oiled prodigiously. He wore a pair of fierce mustachios and a goatee, and was suspected of using ivory black on them to hide the frosts of time. On Saturday afternoons he used to appear on the streets in an immaculate suit of white duck and a big gray sombrero which he wore with a tremendous swagger. He, too, appeared to imagine that he was a real artist, yet I fear he was mistaken.

If this were an autobiography I should not be able to skip so easily from one period to another, but in writing about "worth-while" people I have known it is permissible to turn back the hands of the clock and begin over again when the occasion calls for it. As I have said in a former chapter, the Hancock campaign was the beginning of my work as a cartoonist in *Harper's Weekly*. But more than ten years before, when I was a boy of fourteen, I made a short series of cartoons in Dayton, Ohio, which I believe were the first cartoons ever syndicated in this country. They were two columns in size, drawn on wood with pen-and-ink, and were engraved by Daniel Auchey. These little political cartoons were syndicated in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois among the small country newspapers. I have an idea that they were pretty crude specimens of the art of cartooning.

Two years afterward I went to work in the engraving house of Bogart & Stillman in Cincinnati. The engravers employed there looked down from a lofty height on the youngsters who were learning to be mere draftsmen. They designated us as "goats" —and not so inappropriately, either, for our prin-

cipal duty seemed to be to carry boxwood blocks all over Cincinnati. "Jim" Wales and I were the principal "goats" at that time. Jim afterward joined the staff of *Puck* and made some famous cartoons for that paper.

I lived, while in Cincinnati, in an enormous, rambling old mansion, very much dilapidated, which was attached to the steep side of Mount Adams much after the fashion of a mud wasp's nest. One side of the house was one story in height, the other side three stories.

In it was gathered a curious company: a young coal merchant with a fancy for private theatricals and several young fellows, clerks and what not, ready for any amusement. There were also several young women employed in shops, an old lady who had been on the stage and knew all its traditions, and a young woman about twenty years of age of very distinguished appearance, who was making a serious study of dramatic art. The basement of this old mansion contained one enormous room with a brick floor and a great fireplace. To this room we used to repair after dinner and, on an improvised stage, a dozen or more of the lodgers rehearsed little scenes from the old comedies and farces.

The coal merchant was a rather clever actor, and I remember some well-acted scenes between him and the young girl with stage ambitions, coached by the old actress.

Some of the women in the house, whose talents ran more to gossip than to acting, used to question the mode of life of the young woman, and took

pains to draw attention to the fact that she had no very visible means of support. But there was about her such an air of good breeding and earnestness that no one dared openly say a word in her disfavor.

To be sure, she frequently disappeared for a day; and occasionally at night a telegram would come for her and she would instantly take her leave for the time being, going off alone on some errand known only to herself. She was a woman of mystery and also of very great talent, and for the one reason as much, perhaps, as for the other she appealed strongly to the chivalry of a sixteen-year-old boy.

One night, after many rehearsals, we gave a little play. Our audience, which consisted of the neighbors and the servants, was pleased with the performance. Our twisted, rheumatic old cook was so enthusiastic that she danced an Irish jig on the hearth after it was over, and just then a messenger boy came in with a telegram for our leading lady.

She left for her room immediately, and a few minutes later I met her in the hall, where she called me aside and asked me if I would do her a favor. She had to go to the other end of the city and to cross through a very tough quarter on her way. Would I accompany her? Would I travel at midnight into the land of mystery which surrounded her? I was ready in a moment. We caught a street car which made its crooked way through various streets, past the old Longworth mansion and up Fourth Street; then another car, and then a walk through the part of town which she feared to cross alone. I think it was called the Mill River district,

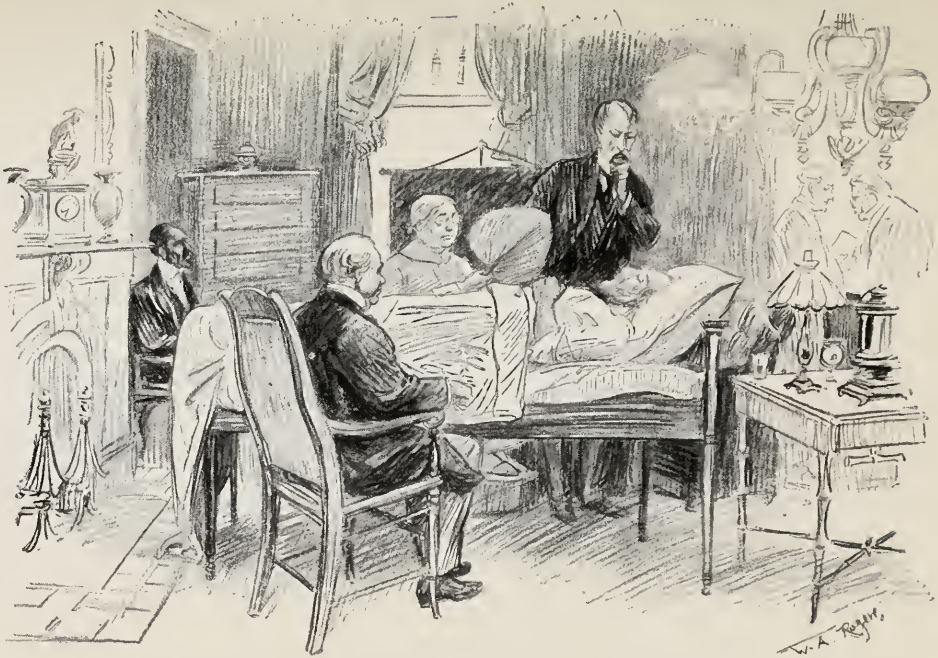
and it was certainly at that hour a dark and dismal place to traverse.

Up to this time my lady of mystery had said very little; nothing, in fact, of her destination or the object of our expedition, and I asked no questions. But now she turned to me and said: "I am afraid when you see where I am going you will think me a horrible sort of person. Of course, you must have heard some of the gossip that goes on at the house. Nobody there knows what I do for a living, and that doesn't prevent unkind surmises. Perhaps if they really knew, the comments would be more unkind still.

"When we get into the better neighborhood before us, I go to a house where there is black crêpe and a white ribbon on the door. A tiny baby has just died there and my work is to dress it, to surround it with flowers, to make the last view its mother has of it a beautiful memory. My work comes to me through the florists. To some people it might seem a ghoulish business; certainly, it is a strange occupation for a woman who aspires to play comedy."

We were through the worst part of our journey now, and, after climbing a long hill, arrived at the house of mourning, where I left milady at the door. Many times afterward I fancied that I saw a resemblance in some clever actress on the stage to this extraordinary girl, but the camouflage of make-up and stage names concealed her always if by chance it were she.

A few months spent as a "goat" in the engraving office convinced me that I was in the wrong place to pick up an art education and I shifted my line of



FROM A SKETCH MADE AT PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S BEDSIDE

endeavor to the Worcester Technical Institute. A vacation job brought me into New York just in time to witness the riots of July 12, 1871. After periods of peace and quiet lasting many years, law and order in New York have a habit of being temporarily suspended now and then by serious frays between the authorities and the rough element. There has usually been no one set of lawbreakers responsible for these outbreaks; but let an occasion arise where any set of citizens becomes discontented or displeased with the way it is governed, or where prejudice of race or religion is stirred, and a turbulent minority seems always ready and waiting to take advantage of the chance to try conclusions with the city or state authorities. In the Macready riots on May 10, 1849, in Astor Place, the mob was probably composed, three-quarters at least, of people who had but a very hazy notion of what they were fighting about. Nevertheless, the riot became a serious one. Before it was quelled by the Seventh Regiment one hundred and forty-one members of that regiment were wounded and many of the rioters were killed. Everyone knows of the draft riots during the Civil War, on which occasion the city was in a state of anarchy for several days.

On July 1, 1871, I arrived in New York to make working drawings in a chandelier factory on Tenth Avenue. I went to live with the superintendent of the factory in his house on Twenty-fourth Street, only a few doors west of Eighth Avenue. New York was a great, mysterious place to me and I was destined very soon to see it in its most sinister mood.

On the morning of July 12th I went to my work on Tenth Avenue at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street. We had all heard that a parade of Orangemen was to start down Eighth Avenue during the morning, and it was rumored there would be trouble when they arrived at the lower end of the avenue. No one, however, had the least idea that there would be any serious attack on the procession in our "uptown" neighborhood, as we called Twenty-fourth Street in those days.

But suddenly we heard numerous stray shots fired, and then a volley. The superintendent rushed into the department where I was at work and shouted that the firing was at the Twenty-fourth Street corner, only a few rods from his home.

He and I immediately proceeded up Twenty-fourth Street. At Ninth Avenue we were held up a moment by a policeman, but, in the rush of people fleeing from Eighth Avenue, we slipped by and pushed and jostled our way through the crowd until we arrived at the house.

There we found the doors barricaded. Apparently no harm had come to the superintendent's family, who were in the house.

Shots were being fired from the housetops down into Eighth Avenue, but the militia—Jim Fisk's regiment—were standing quietly in the middle of the avenue. My companion, who was a cool-headed person, led the way to the corner, advising me, as we went along, to say nothing to anyone, to ask or answer no questions—mighty good advice, too, it was.

When we arrived on the avenue, in fact before we turned out of Twenty-fourth Street, we saw dead and wounded men being dragged away by friends, often with deep curses muttered at the soldiers. I remember that at the corner where the crowd was thickest I stumbled over the body of a poor fellow who had been shot at such close range that he was almost blown to pieces.

We walked up to Twenty-eighth Street without being molested, although every now and then could be heard the bark of a pistol from the top of a house on the east side of the avenue. I had no means of knowing how many volleys had been fired by the soldiers, but evidently one at least had been fired over the heads of the crowd, for the red-brick houses along the avenue were clipped, where the bullets had struck, up to the top floors.

So far as I know, no accurate casualty list of that riot has ever been published. In fact, I do not believe the figures are known. The friends of the dead and wounded undoubtedly tried to conceal their losses under the guise of sickness and natural death. It was believed at the time that one hundred people lost their lives, but this was probably an exaggerated estimate.

It was a terrible introduction which I had to New York, but sad and gruesome as were the happenings on July 12, 1871, they ended from that day to this the idea of mob rule in New York. A curious after-effect of my experience that morning on Eighth Avenue was the reaction in the evening. All day while the excitement lasted I felt, boylike, a very

brave person; but when night fell and the streets were deserted and all was unwontedly still, I became suddenly panic-stricken, hauled my bureau about, and barricaded my door with it, closed the window tight, although it was a hot, stifling night, pulled the covers over my head, and lay awake until long past midnight, frightened at I knew not what.

New York when I first saw it seemed an enormous city, with more people within its borders than it could well take care of; and yet, compared with the city of to-day it was but a village, or at most an association of several villages considerably scattered. There has always been to me something very real and very terrible in the personality of the city itself, apart from the individuals who compose its citizenship. I have seen it as a great serpent lazily basking in the sun by the sea, apparently motionless, unchangeable, yet silently growing, until with a great throe it sheds its ancient skin and rises up finer, with the light playing on new and shining surfaces.

The old serpent has shed its skin many times since I made its acquaintance. Think of rocky cliffs covered with squalid and ramshackle shanties extending from Thirty-fourth Street northward to the Park and from that oasis westward as far, in many places, as the North River.

Harlem seemed as far away then as Poughkeepsie does now; stages were the only means of transit up and down town, with the exception of two or three horse-car lines; an elevated line had been started and was a failure!

That was the dreadful brownstone age of house

architecture and the cast-iron age of business construction; the period of the jerky cable line down Broadway and of the two-dollar derby hat.

Sixth Avenue was then the dry-goods and general-store district—where prices and business began at last to languish. The exodus to Fifth Avenue, where prices caught their second wind, was still in the unsuspected future.

It took a long time to cover with a new skin that part of the old serpent's body which lay between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. But that was only a small patch, which counted for little. Meanwhile the silent, inevitable expansion ceaselessly went on. Whole streets of glittering playhouses came into being—the moving picture, the dazzling electric sign, the diabolical taxi, the jammed and crowded subway, tunnels, bridges, and bandits. The glorious old ophidian before long outgrew the island of Manhattan and with one great convolution cast his coils over Kings and Queens and Richmond and the Bronx. Now he rears his golden head above all the world in the peerless Woolworth Tower!

I cannot say that life between the North and East rivers is as comfortable as it was some years ago. There is not much room left for us poor mortals! We are squeezed into the corners or off the island entirely. The great city is admirable to look upon; yet in our own little homely way we miss the old Grapevine Inn, the seventy-five-cent *table d'hôte*, room to get about on streets unscented by the muffler's fumes, the hansom cab, and the two-dollar derby.

CHAPTER V

IN 1907 I wrote the following account for an anniversary number of *Harper's Weekly*. It commences the story of how I played hooky while a "cub artist" on the *Weekly* staff.

Pretty nearly every man in the world can remember the time when he succumbed to the lure of the fishing pole, the circus, or the old swimming hole, and played hooky from school. Consequently I feel assured of sympathetic readers for this chapter, at any rate.

In order to tell the story of my runaway assignment as a "special artist" for *Harper's Weekly*, it will be necessary to give a glimpse of the old art department as it existed under the supervision of Charles Parsons, a man of fine intellect and wide sympathy and discernment.

He did for the men who came under his influence pretty much what Mr. Belasco has done for the people whom we now know as stellar lights in theatrical skies. He picked out with unerring judgment the points of excellence of each raw recruit and cultivated those qualities with sedulous care.

In those days news events were illustrated through the medium of drawings on wood, which had then to be slowly and laboriously cut, line for line and tint for tint, by skillful engravers. This necessitated a division of labor by both artists and engravers in order to prepare the plates in time for the day of publication. After an outline had been made by one of the artists, the block was taken apart into as many, perhaps, as eighteen pieces, and each man given his portion to work on.

This sounds like a very mechanical, inartistic way to produce a picture, but it was on such work as this that Edwin A. Abbey, Arthur B. Frost, Charles S. Reinhart, and a score of others whose names are household words received much of their early training. Of course, all these men were working outside the art department, from nature, whenever the opportunity offered, but the interchange of ideas and of methods, as the little blocks were passed backward and forward from one man to another, were invaluable to the young artist.

Then with it all and through it all were the guiding words of advice and experience from Mr. Parsons. I have often compared the outcome of this method of work to the excellent results obtained by the old-fashioned crossroads school, where all the young scholars hear the older ones recite their lessons, and thus, if at all alert, learn half their next year's tasks in advance. So it was that I had the inestimable privilege of hearing and seeing Mr. Abbey "recite." Although a very young man at that time, he was beginning to do his great work on the Herrick series, yet he did not hesitate to lend a helping hand at a "news" block when he was needed. As I said before, Mr. Parsons had a faculty of finding out a raw recruit's good points, and, as I thought at the time, he most unfortunately discovered that I could draw very round wheels, and I saw myself in danger of being handed down to posterity as the wheelwright of *Harper's Weekly*. I was kept at the most grinding mechanical work by that dear and wise old man for what seemed to me an interminable period. Once in a long time I was permitted to go out and try my wings; but after a flap or two I was back at my wheels or far-off crowds or architectural detail.

My first assignment of any importance came during the administration of President Hayes. I was sent to Minneapolis to portray the incidents of his visit to a state fair held there in the late summer of 1878. This I did to the best of my ability, and was preparing regretfully to return to New York when a card was handed me at my hotel, inviting me to call at the offices of one of the directors of the fair.

At the address given I found a grizzled old soldier. His first words sent a tingle of blood to my finger tips, "Young man,

how would you like to see the real Northwest?" Then he continued: "You are a long way from New York. Why not go a little farther? With that pencil of yours you can make a record of your trip which will be very valuable not only to you, but to the country through which you travel." This is about all I recollect of his conversation, except that, when I replied I should have to write to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for permission, the old gentleman sat up, looked me straight in the eye, and said: "If you want to go, telegraph them you are going. Come in and see me to-morrow."

I went out of that office with visions of the wild life of the plains dazzling my sight. But then the call of duty came, cold, severe, "Back to the round wheels, back to the grind of Franklin Square." Still, New York was a long way off. I stood at the gates of the Northwest, and the old soldier was holding them ajar.

Promptly at the opening of business hours on the next morning I appeared at the old gentleman's office. He was expecting me and he asked no questions. Instead, he handed me several large envelopes which he said contained letters to commanders of military posts, owners of stage routes, post traders, and so forth. "You needn't bother looking them over now," he said; "but they may be good things to have with you later on." Then he went over a map with me, showing the "Bad Lands" of the Upper Missouri and the then new country of Manitoba, with its great lakes and rivers, and its Hudson's Bay posts with headquarters at Fort Garry.

I started next day. Twice in my subsequent wanderings a telegram, covered with mysterious signs of forwarding and receipt, caught up with me. Under all the hieroglyphics I could dimly see the words, "Come back at once. Harper & Brothers." But the spell of the wilderness was on me and I only replied, "Please send me one hundred dollars."

My route lay over the then recently constructed Northern Pacific Railroad to Bismarck, North Dakota, which was in 1878 the "jumping-off place"

for travel into the Northwest. The old famous Deadwood stage ran from Bismarck down into the Black Hills, and this route was usually preferred to a rival line from Cheyenne, for the reason that the manager of the Deadwood line was reported to be paying the chief of a band of "road agents" who infested that territory a salary to confine his attentions to conveyances using the other route.

While in Bismarck I wrote a letter to Mr. Parsons. In a paraphrased extract from it I may be able to give some impression of a typical Western town of those crude times.

In a frontier town the "opera house" is a very important institution; and Bismarck in 1878 boasted a combination under one roof of courtroom, faro bank, saloon, and theater.

It was thus that without undue exertion one could litigate, speculate, "irrigate," or be entertained, according to his tastes or needs. Perhaps the most useful of the four divisions of this municipal building was the theater.

The courtroom furnished material for contention, and the faro bank was not far behind it in this respect. Contention in those days led to gun-play, and the saloon furnished inflammable material which often flared up and set off a good deal of gunpowder. But the theater let down the tension of those strenuous times and promoted peace and good-fellowship. Bismarck was perhaps the first place where the drama was elevated through the co-operation of the best citizens. When performers were scarce the district attorney would leave the legal atmosphere of the courtroom and give an excellent performance on the trapeze.

The first night I attended the show two men came in who seemed to be bosom friends. One was small and slight, the other a tall, burly fellow. The big man was under sentence of death by hanging; the other was the sheriff. It was due to the influence of the district attorney that the condemned man was

allowed the liberty of the theater—not that there was any maudlin sympathy for the prisoner, but because the little sheriff had no safe place to leave him while attending the show.

Although normally the theater was a factor for keeping the peace in Bismarck, yet a few days after I arrived in town a practical joker (may his tribe decrease) made the Bismarck Opera House the cause of the next thing to a riot. One of the regular patrons of the theater was one Shang, a bad man with a record like an undertaker's. He had his regular seat about halfway between the door and the stage. It happened that on this occasion a girl just from Chicago, who knew no one in Bismarck, was to appear for the first time. The town practical joker had written a song for her which reflected on the family history of a Mr. Shang, and she, entirely innocent of any idea that such a man as Shang existed in the flesh, came out and sang it at the top of her voice.

From a raised seat near the door I saw Shang rise as the song ended and walk out into the saloon, which was also the foyer of the theater. The proprietor was behind the bar. I followed Shang out and heard him say with a smile, "That's a fine singer you've got from Chicago!" And as he said it, with his left hand he grasped the big man's right and pulled him forward across the bar. Then with his right Shang picked up a heavy beer mug and gave the bartender a crashing blow in the face that dropped him behind the counter. With that Shang disappeared into the street.

I went back to my seat, and in a couple of minutes the stage manager came to the footlights, cast hasty glances over his shoulder, and announced that, "owing to a slight misunderstanding with Mr. Shang," the performance would close.

As he said it, out went the lights on the stage. In less than a moment the whole place was in total darkness. Fortunate indeed it was that Shang had come unarmed; but at the time no one knew that and everyone expected to see the company shot up at the stage door. The crowd rushed around there, but nothing happened beyond Shang's declared ultimatum that the opera house was to close its doors.

For two days the proprietor of the opera house nursed a pair

of black eyes and declined to take any chances of further damage. Then the leading citizens of Bismarck got together at the hotel bar and declared the town should not longer bear the disgrace of being bulldozed by one man, "bad" or otherwise.

A dodger was printed, stating that the opera house would open that night and that "DOTTY DOLORES, THE BELLE CANTO OF CHICAGO," would sing a new song especially composed for the occasion.

Promptly at eight o'clock the entire male population of Bismarck filed into the opera house. Mr. Shang was there and took his accustomed seat. The amount of arms and ammunition in that hall would have made a respectable showing in an armory. Being about the only person present without a gun, I discreetly seated myself near the door.

The curtain was rung up on an empty stage. There was a moment of dead silence, with all eyes wandering from the stage to Shang and back; then Dotty Dolores appeared attired in a short black spangled dress; she carried in front of her a little wooden stand which she set down in the middle of the stage and then disappeared behind the scenes.

In a moment she reappeared. In each hand she held an enormous horse pistol. She advanced and laid them crossed on the little table. "My name is Dotty Dolores," she declared, "and here I take my stand! I'm going to sing a song about what I please and who I please, and if Mr. Shang doesn't like it, he knows"—and here she picked up and flourished the horse pistols—"he knows what he will get!"

The old wheezy piano started up and Dotty Dolores sang her song. Of course, it entirely avoided any reference to Mr. Shang's family tree, but when Dotty finished there was an almost imperceptible pause. Everyone looked at Shang; the girl's pluck appealed to him and he led the applause.

It was less than two years previous to my visit to Bismarck that Custer's little band had been annihilated by the warriors of Sitting Bull not so many miles away in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Many of the officers and men under the command

of Major Reno on that fateful day were still stationed at the Standing Rock post (afterward Fort Yates), which was reached by a drive of seventy-five miles out into the Bad Lands from Bismarck.

I was fortunate enough to secure a "lift" in an army ambulance going to the post. Reno himself, I soon discovered, was stationed elsewhere; and it was well that he was, for the feeling against him on account of his failure to go to Custer's support was bitter as death itself. One and all felt that Reno had disgraced himself and that some part of his disgrace had undeservedly fallen upon their shoulders.

No more devoted and heroic band of men ever wore the uniform of the United States than the officers and men of our Regular Army in those days of Indian warfare. They stood between the Indian, ever retreating westward, and the irresistible tide of migration of the white races from the overcrowded East. They were far kinder and more merciful to the red man than were the civilians, but it was their misfortune to have to repress outbreaks by the savages, whether justified or not, to bear all the brunt of the fighting, and often take the blame for actions forced upon them by fate and fate's immutable decrees. I hope some day a writer of the caliber of a John Fiske, if such there may be, will rise up and give to these men the glorious place in history which they deserve. It needs only the simple record of the truth, for their deeds will shine by their own light.

In the evenings at Standing Rock we would repair

to a little log hut which the officers had dubbed "the club." There they would play dominoes or poker, and occasionally one of the young lieutenants, newly arrived from West Point, would play the banjo or sing. The conversation was usually about the routine of the day, and in the early part of an evening the subject of the Big Horn battle was carefully avoided; but before the night was over it was certain to crop out, and, once out, it became the all-absorbing topic of conversation. At times I could see that to some of these men the tension was greater than they could bear. One officer in particular, a fine, high-strung, sensitive fellow, would sometimes fall into a curious morose state and leave the club in silence. One night at midnight an old sergeant in charge of the stables came to the particular hut in "Slabtown" where I lodged and reported to my host that Lieutenant So-and-so had saddled his horse and started off across the plains.

"I didn't like to report it, sir," he said to the captain, "but I was afraid something might happen to him." Morning came and guard mount, and the lieutenant had not returned. We got out our horses, half a dozen of us, and started off into the Bad Lands in search of him, dividing into two parties, for in that fantastically eroded country there were no roads, with the exception of a scarcely visible wagon trail which the stage traversed three times a week on its route to Bismarck.

I remember that ride very clearly and painfully, for to my lot fell a rough-gaited horse and a McClellan saddle belonging to a short, fat quartermaster

who had very tiny feet. The wooden stirrups were closed in, and with my knees up almost even with the horse's back, and only the tips of my toes in the stirrups, riding in a rough country was anything but sport. At the same time I did not dare dismount to adjust my stirrups for fear of losing sight of my companions who were riding ahead of me.

We rode hard all morning, jumping dry gullies and sliding down steep banks, a trick at which those Western horses are very clever, until at just about noon a shout from an officer who was a little distance in advance drew our attention. He was pointing to something above us and to the left. There at the very highest point on the edge of a tremendous crag our lost lieutenant sat upon his horse silhouetted against the sky.

The three of us gathered in a group to consult as to just what to do, now that we had sighted him. We had our doubts about his mental condition and feared to ride within hailing distance. There was no telling what he might do if we shouted to him. While we were endeavoring to think of some plan of approach he evidently espied us and, waving his hand, turned his horse about and took a trail invisible to us which led down the cliffside.

In a few minutes he rode up to us, calm and smiling. He had "ridden it out." Nothing was said by anyone except a greeting as of men who had met on a morning ride. We made a detour to the southward, picked up the rest of our party, and, with my stirrup straps lengthened at last, arrived at the post before sundown.

One of the unwritten laws in the West in those days was never to ask a man where he came from or what brought him there; and I was very careful to observe this rule, because the West had few laws, and what there were seemed founded on very good grounds.

One day I met a man who was running a steam sawmill at the post, and after a few days I noticed that he made every endeavor to talk with me whenever I met him. He was a rather curious-looking person and had the appearance of a man of good breeding considerably disguised by drink and careless habits. I made up my mind that running a sawmill engine had never been his calling in the East. He had a habit of taking off his hat every few minutes and running his hands through his hair until it stood out all over his head like that of the "Circassian beauty" in a side show. His eyes were generally bloodshot, and altogether he was not a man I should have chosen as a comrade. Still, he seemed to have picked me out as a valued acquaintance and I had to treat him with a semblance of consideration.

One evening after dinner I stepped out of the old shed in which I was quartered, thinking to go over to the club. I found my friend the engineer waiting for me. He proposed that we take a walk over to the home of an old Indian woman who lived down on the banks of the Missouri, just outside the reservation.

This woman was a really fine character. She was the widow of an old French trader and had on more

than one occasion prevented attacks on the whites by her own people. She had several daughters who were educated and refined women. I was very glad of a chance to see this household, so we set out over the hills at twilight, avoiding the Indian villages on account of the dogs, and arrived after a four-mile walk at one of the most curious homes it was ever my good luck to visit. The house, built of cottonwood logs and adobe, nestled in what they call a "draw" in the West. In part it was a dugout, several of the rooms running well back into the bluff.

The moon was coming up when we arrived, and its silver track could be seen on the river below. The house was so much a part of the bluff that it looked small in the half light, but on entering we were, to our surprise, taken through several good-sized rooms and passageways into the principal living room.

We were received by the Indian woman's eldest daughter, who had come from her home in St. Louis on a visit to her mother. Mrs. D——, the daughter, was a graduate of an Eastern college and had the well-bred manner of a woman used to the refinements of civilization. Her mother, dressed in full Indian costume, greeted us pleasantly and called a woman servant in Indian dress to take our hats.

The daughter showed the Indian strain of blood so little that it was impossible to realize we were not in an Eastern drawing-room, until her young sister, a girl of sixteen, came in. She was fresh from an Eastern boarding school and had every little air and grace of a white schoolgirl of that age—all that

exaggeration of "grown-up" mannerisms which very young girls affect—but she was pure Indian in type. Her hair was intensely black and straight, her complexion dark, and her eyes contained fathomless depths.

Mrs. D—— had inherited from her French father a faculty of brilliant wit. It was curious to note how it supplemented the peculiar quality of the Indian mind, which, as I have often found, is full of a deep satirical humor. The full-blood Indian mother was reputed to be a rich woman. She still carried on the trading business established by her French husband, and my real business out there that night was to purchase some Indian beadwork and costumes. I succeeded in getting, among other things, a Sioux bead belt of great beauty and some handsome moccasins.

I had noticed that my companion was very restless during the evening. His nerves seemed to be jumping in a very uncomfortable way and he ran his bony fingers through his hair more frequently than ever. I put it all to the credit, or discredit, of drink; but whatever the cause, I felt sorry for the poor fellow. However, we had not gone far on our way back to the post when he almost collapsed.

I was afraid I should not be able to get him home. His trouble seemed to be as much mental as physical, for he mumbled incessantly to himself and at last turned to me and said, in a curious, harsh tone, "I have gone as far as I can go."

We sat down in the moonlight on the edge of a dry gully, and it was so still I could hear the labored

breathing of the poor, shaking man beside me. I felt a great pity for him and started to express my sympathy, when he held up his hand and in the same strained, harsh tone said:

"Don't say a word to me. I have gone as far as I can. I must talk. I haven't dared say a word to a soul in seven months. I've got to talk!

"I've been studying you ever since you came here. I trust you, boy; but, trust you or not, I've gone as far as I can go. By God! I've got to tell it! I'm out here because seven months ago in Chicago I killed a man! Yes, by the God above! I killed him—after he drove me to it! And over and over I go through it again. Every night I see it all, and his face turned up toward the sky that he couldn't see!"

He sat there clasping his hands together, and then, clenching his fists above his head, rocking his body to and fro.

It is a strange thing how one's standards of abstract right and wrong all fall down when one's human side is directly appealed to. I suppose I should have been shocked and horrified at the crime this poor, shivering wretch had committed, but I remember well how we sat there for an hour like two brothers, my arm around his bent shoulders, while he poured out his story in all its detail.

It was a terrible story and it has no place here; but the telling of it then perhaps saved that poor fellow's reason.

I do not know that he was justified at all in that killing—I rather doubt it—but if the suffering of the damned could expiate a crime, his punishment was

sufficient. My place, it seemed to me that night, was to do all I could to help a tortured soul.

About one o'clock we passed the sentry at the post and my companion, greatly calmed, bade me good night and we parted. I carried my Indian belt and moccasins, which I had slung over my shoulder, to my quarters. In order to avoid waking the two officers who slept there I opened the door very quietly, but no sound was so light as to escape the ears of the great mastiff which was owned by one of them and had acquired the habit of sleeping under my cot. Entering the door in the half light, I saw his great body hurtling toward me as he sprang for my throat.

Instantly I realized that it was the smell of the Indian stuff on my shoulder that had enraged him, and, throwing it in the air, I ducked low just as the great beast sank his teeth into the belt. I called him by name and he instantly recognized me, but he slunk back under the bed still growling as the hated scent continued to reach his sensitive nostrils. I thanked my stars that I had not followed a whimsical notion to put the belt on.

CHAPTER VI

FOR three weeks I had lived the life of "Slabtown," the candid name given in those days to the officers' quarters at Fort Yates. The enlisted men lived in neat shingle-roofed barracks, but the officers were quartered in a lot of slab-walled, mud-roofed sheds, any one of which would have been condemned as unfit shelter for an army mule.

"Slabtown" with all its drawbacks had afforded me the finest hospitality. My corner in the quartermaster's house was dry except in heavy rains, and the great mastiff which slept under my cot contributed a feeling of security not to be despised. Now I had already bidden good-by to my kind hosts. The Bad Lands "stage," an open, two-seated mail wagon, was to stop for me at daybreak and carry me the seventy miles back to Bismarck, from which place I intended taking a railway train eastward to Fargo, thence to descend the Red River of the North to Fort Garry.

I seemed to have just fallen asleep when a great heave of the faithful backbone underneath my bed, followed by a deep growl, brought me sharply to myself. Outside, some one was tapping lightly on the window. I got up quickly and, with the hound at my heels, went to the door. There I found the

stage driver. He apologized for his untimely visit (it was just midnight), but wanted to know if I would mind, "as a great favor and to lift a good man outer a hard place," getting into my clothes and starting on my journey at once.

Exposure to rain and sun, fierce heat and bitter cold had beaten every soft line out of the driver's face and faded his hair to the color of tow, but his eyes were just the same, I imagined, as they must have been when he was a boy, and had a young, kindly face to match them. He came in and sat down on my cot while I hurriedly dressed.

Then he explained what the trouble was and how he wanted my assistance.

"I don't want you to go into this thing 'thout knowin' what you're gettin' inter; but there's a man here who's been ordered off the reservation. I knowed him when he was all right, an' now he's no good and got an abyration of his mind, and he's been ordered off in twenty-four hours as a disorderly and dangerous person.

"He's spent many's the dollar on the stage company travelin' from post to post, fixin' up post traders' an' Indian agents' books for 'em—he's an expert accountant an' made big money at it—but he got a-drinkin', and three weeks ago he took a horse and went out, all fired up, into the Bad Lands. Last Monday he come back afoot, wrong in his head, and without a cent on him. Now he's a nuisance, they say, and he's got ter git. He can't pay his fare to Bismarck on the stage (it's nine dollars), and if I take him and the company finds it out I'll

have to pay his fare myself, and likely lose my job besides. You're the only passenger that's goin' out this trip and I ask you as a man," and here he bit a large piece off a black plug, "if you'll help me git him to Bismarck and say nothin' about it to the company."

This appeal, which he got out with a good deal of difficulty and as though he felt he was proposing something very much in the nature of a crime, backed up as it was by the deep kindliness of the honest eyes set in his weatherbeaten face, won my instant consent. He came over and shook my hand, told me his name was Jim Caldwell, and he was glad to make my acquaintance. With a warning that I had best shut the dog in before he drove up to the door, he returned to the stables for his team.

I coaxed the great mastiff to his bed under my cot, stroked his fine head a moment or two, and then, carrying my bag outside the ramshackle house, carefully closed the door.

Standing out there in darkness, relieved only by the deep-red glow in the northwestern sky from a distant prairie fire, I had the other side of the situation thrust very uncomfortably on my attention. Here I was about to commence a long night journey through a rough, uninhabited country with a man who had an "abyration of his mind" and had been pronounced disorderly and dangerous, for my sole fellow-passenger. All the old stories about the wonderful strength and reckless ways of exerting it, common to men in his condition, came trooping up before me, and I was beginning to have a chilly feeling

TRYING TO LOWER THE WHITE HOUSE TEMPERATURE

creep up my back when the stage drove up to the door.

The driver, without a word, put out his hand for my bag and helped me to a seat beside him.

"Where is your man?" I asked in a low voice, for the rear seat was unoccupied.

"Under the mail bags," he replied in a whisper, "and if he'll keep quiet till we git past the sentries it 'll be more luck than I look for."

If the last sentry, as we cleared the fort, had not been exceedingly sleepy he must have observed that the United States mail was certainly alive when we passed him, for I had to creep back over the seats and sit down on the mail bags very hard to keep our stowaway passenger from coming to light. We were well out on a level stretch of road, north of the fort, before I felt it was safe to let the poor, smothered fellow out from his hiding place. Then he raised himself up—he was a big man of fine physique, as I well remember—and we sat there under the dim-red glow of the northwestern sky, with just the width of the wagon bed between us, and looked at each other.

The poor fellow was angry; there was no mistaking the glare in his eye and his threatening attitude. To be sat on for fifteen minutes by a stranger, while being jolted over a rough road, was a state of affairs calculated to stir up the wrath of a man in his right mind. My task was to explain the situation to a man whose mind had strayed away somewhere on those waterless plains, never, so far as I know, to be found again! I sat there watching him as a mouse

might a cat, every fiber of my being strung up to a defensive encounter in which I saw I must be worsted. Suddenly I heard myself say, as though it were some one else speaking, in a most indifferent, careless tone:

"It's a very cool evening, sir."

"Quite so," he replied, and then he took the rear seat, while I climbed forward to my own.

Jim, the driver, who had kept an eye on us, said nothing; but he heaved a sigh of relief and furtively looked me over, a good deal as a veteran would a raw recruit who had neglected to run away at the first fire.

As for me, I sat there wondering what good angel had wagged my tongue for me to such good purpose, for it was only because I knew my own voice that I was sure I had spoken. We had gone but a little way farther when we came to an outlying Indian village.

Jim hadn't thought what a commotion our driving through it at such an unusual hour would stir up.

We had barely passed the first tepee before we were surrounded by more kinds of dogs than are to be found in all the Eastern states. A wolfish strain appeared to run through all this tribe of hybrid dogdom, and if their bodies differed in size and shape and shagginess they were one in their prolonged and dismal howling. Another peculiarity of the Indian dog is that he seldom reaches old age with a tail to wag, though, to be sure, he usually has but little to wag it over. Very fortunately, my fellow-passenger was just as much afraid of the

snapping, snarling pack that surrounded the wagon as I was. If the notion had struck him to get out and fight them, he must certainly have been torn to pieces. As a matter of fact he burrowed under the mail bags in fear and trembling and did not venture forth again until we were far out on the uplands.

Where the wind had full sweep it was very cold, and we got out a pair of gray blankets, wrapped the poor accountant up from head to foot in them, and settled him comfortably in his seat. Then we drove on; the road was rough and the wagon made a great racket in the dark, still night. Suddenly Jim pulled up his horses with a jerk and nearly fell out of his seat. I brought up against the dashboard, but was in no danger of falling out of the wagon, for something had seized my right ankle with a grip of steel. As I looked down, there, gazing up at me from between Jim's feet and mine, was the face of our passenger. His left hand was clasped about Jim's ankle and his right around mine. He didn't seem disposed to let go, insisted that he was comfortable lying on the bottom of the wagon with his legs propped up against the rear seat and his feet waving about in the air, and tried, with a cunning smile, to persuade us it was a most natural position.

We did our best to coax and wheedle him into getting back on his seat, but in vain.

Jim whispered to me that he couldn't drive through the Bad Lands with that face staring up at him. Finally, when we least expected it, a new notion came to our friend and he rolled himself up

carefully in his blanket and resumed his seat. Everything went well for a time—he seemed to have become drowsy; the road was much cut up with gullies, and Jim had all he could do to watch his horses. I kept looking back from time to time, but, finding everything quiet, dozed off at last, myself. It was Jim's hand on my arm that awakened me, and my first thought was to look back. Our passenger had disappeared!

It is hard to describe our predicament so that one who reads this in the quiet surroundings of streets and houses and the safeguards of a settled country can realize it. It was as though we had let a child stray away from us into the terrors of the night. There was nothing for it but to undertake the difficult task of recovering our lost passenger.

"He can't be far," said Jim, "but if he's tryin' to give us the slip, we kin never find him in this devil's country!"

Unlashing the lantern from the dashboard, I started back over the road to look for him. I was to go back not more than half a mile, and, should I fail to find him, was then to return to the wagon. It wasn't a pleasant errand, and, as I stumbled across gullies, skirting weatherworn hills that rose in jagged outline to the west, I kept hoping and rather dreading to meet my troublesome fellow-traveler at every turn of the road. Even though I should find him, it was a question whether or not he would return to the wagon with me.

There was nothing to do but tramp on, looking up and down the dry gullies and trusting to some

fortunate chance to suggest a way of coaxing him back to the wagon if he came in range of my lantern. I had come to a bit of swamp that was corduroyed, which I dimly remembered jolting over as we crossed it in the wagon. There was something going on at the farther side of it—a great splashing and falling of logs one on another. I held the lantern before me and made my way across the creaking logs. There, up to his knees in the swamp, was our lost passenger, busily tearing up and prying out the tree trunks that formed the roadway. Evidently he had been annoyed by the jolting and had slipped out of the wagon and proceeded to tear up the offending roadbed.

I swung my lantern around until it caught his eye, then stood still, saying nothing, but waiting for him to forget his present occupation and hoping his next notion would be to follow my lantern.

It seemed a long time that his glittering eyes rested on me. It was certainly an uncomfortable time, for I had seen him tear up logs that, jammed as they were in the mud, were enough for three men to handle; and I knew that the first thing to enter his poor, empty head would be the thing he would do. Presently he pulled himself out of the mud, picked up his blanket, which he had left in the roadway, and, wrapping himself up from head to foot in it, stood up before me.

I turned about and slowly walked back in the direction of the wagon, listening intently all the while for his footsteps. A man walking on a corduroy road steps about as he does on railroad ties—not

always finding a log just where he expects it, he makes long and short strides. Soon I heard my man shuffling irregularly along over the logs after me. Before we had left the little swamp far behind he halted at the mouth of a gully, and I set my lantern down in the middle of the road and waited, fearing that he would strike out into the hills; but instead he sat down and pulled off his boots, which were full of water, and started forward again in his stocking feet.

Here was an awkward problem added to the one I already had on my hands—how to get possession of those boots without losing their owner. Its solution came to me at the time as a kind of grim joke. I picked up my lantern and let my poor friend come up close behind me as I trudged along for a few rods; then I wheeled around in as large a circle as the roadway permitted and we retraced our steps to the boots. I picked these up and was about to repeat the wheeling about, when my fellow-passenger suddenly became very angry, tore the boots from my hand, sat down at the side of the road, and, after a hard tussle, pulled them on.

We resumed our march back to the wagon. Arrived there, I secured the lantern, climbed aboard in as matter-of-fact a way as possible, and a moment later our charge pulled himself up to his seat in the same manner. Then, without a word being said, we drove on.

I was shivering and cold now that the strain was over, and well I remember how carefully Jim wrapped a big gray blanket around me. There was gratitude

and an apology for mixing me up in this troublesome adventure in the way he did it.

Our passenger had done nothing violent to speak of, so far; in fact, we had been surprised to see how easily we had controlled him. Yet, somehow, the farther we traveled that night the harder it was to keep our nerves steady.

By this time we had swung well away to the westward from the river—Fort Yates stood on a high bluff on the west bank of the Missouri—and were wending our way among the grim buttes of the veritable Bad Lands. It does not require any great amount of imagination to see in these weatherworn crags Gargantuan castles, cities, and towers; and I am free to admit that, although I have traversed that country several times, it has never been without an unreasonable but unconquerable feeling of dread. On this night all the somberness of that broken land was accentuated by the deepening red glow in the northwestern sky and the strange company in which I found myself.

"Them buttes make 'most everybody talk queer when they first see 'em," said Jim. "I had a passenger wonct; he was a kin' of a letcherer goin' around, I think, and he said, in a sort of big way, 'This, gentlemen, is the arketekcher of Hades.' I asked another passenger, an old trooper, what he meant by that, an' he said he meant 'it looked like hell.' I've got so I've named the worst-looking of them buttes kinder common names like the 'deepo' and the 'opery house' and such—it makes it easier to pass 'em of a dark night."

To make matters worse, it soon became evident that we were going to encounter at least the outskirts of a great prairie fire before the night was over, and, while we knew what to do and had no fear of being caught, yet we were fearful of the effect of it on our unfortunate comrade. He, by the way, was pretty well exhausted from his exertions in tearing up the corduroy road, and, rolled in his blanket, lay fast asleep on the rear seat.

The wind was rising and the faint odor of burning grasses was beginning to reach us. Jim had driven over that road with many a prairie fire raging about him before.

"Long as I got matches no perarry fire can't catch me; all yer got to do if it gets too clost is to set fire t' the grasses to leeward and drive right over the black stubble. But how will he take it if we git near a big blaze? I'm feared of his running into it like a fool horse 'll do."

As the night wore on we settled down into almost absolute silence. Jim and I were troubled a good deal by the smoke, but our charge, with his head wrapped up in his blanket, still slept soundly. It was along in this part of the night that we heard the long, mournful howl of a dog or wolf—I could not have told which. Jim only remarked, "Injun dog," and as I knew we were beyond the bounds of the reservation, I inquired what kind of Indians he supposed owned that dog.

"Hostiles drove in by cold weather," he replied. "Some of Sittin' Bull's crowd comin' down from Canady, I reckon. I used to carry a gun for them

fellers; but they don't go around with targets painted on 'em, waitin' to be hit, and I said to myself one day, 'Yer safer without a gun. If they want to shoot you, they'll lay for you in the dark an' do it.' So I hain't carried a gun since."

We presently heard the swish of tent poles being dragged through the grass by a pony, and then the grim figure of an old buck on horseback, with a rifle across his saddle bow, appeared coming toward us. Behind him came a pony loaded down with four or five youngsters, besides the tent poles, so that his back was bowed. Then came a still smaller pony—a yearling colt, it looked—with a tiny youngster strapped on its back, two or three dogs loaded down with camp stuff, and finally an old squaw sturdily tramping along, with a baby and everything else there was left of the family belongings packed on her back. They passed by with a "How!" and we were well pleased that our poor absent-minded friend snored through it all in the seclusion of his blanket.

We had come out from the lee of an enormous hill known as Castle Butte, which had sheltered us from the wind for a mile or two, and were now on a more open stretch of prairie where the smoke-laden wind caught us with a full blast.

"You've got to git behind one of them little buttes ahead pretty quick if you don't wanter git your tails singed," Jim muttered to his horses; and he gave them what might be termed more than a taste of the whip, for the first time that night. So far we had seen only the reflection of the fire in the sky; now we could see the flames themselves, broken

here and there by the irregularity of the land and many miles away, but traveling toward us like a pack of wolves.

"There's a big gully washed out at the fur end of the 'court house'" (the keen lash cracked in the direction of a particularly nasty-looking crag ahead), "and if we can only make it we can pull up in there an' our deadhead passenger 'll never know there was a perarry fire."

We made a gallant race against the onrushing flames for the "court house," and if one of our horses hadn't picked up a stone we should have won it; but the wind was blowing a gale, with now a lull for a moment and then a fiercer blast than before. The smoke was suffocating, and at last it set our poor accountant to gasping in his blanket. A long line of flame seemed to shoot forward ahead of us like a train of gunpowder.

"We can't make it," whispered Jim in my ear. "I hope he won't get excited. Try an' keep him tangled up in his blanket while I set fire to the grass." In a moment Jim had an old newspaper on fire and had started a blaze in half a dozen places. The grass burned slowly at first, but when the flames had once united, away the fire sped like some wild creature trying to escape the mighty sea of flame that was following it, now barely half a mile away.

Then our passenger sat up and tore off his blanket and looked wildly about at the blazing prairie, while I, having all I could do to hold the plunging and terrified horses, was powerless to prevent him from doing whatever he chose.

With a cry of, "Save the mail first!" he began tossing the mail bags out of the wagon.

Then I saw Jim coming. With one bound he was in the wagon and, with his powerful arms gripping the poor, daft creature about the legs, had tripped him up; a second more and the two men were in the bottom of the wagon, struggling for their lives, and from the confused black mass came Jim's voice; "Git onter the stubble!"

The frantic team needed no urging and, with the half-burnt grass showering sparks from our wheels, we tore after the retreating backfire.

Before we had gone a hundred yards Jim had shaken himself free from the terrible grip of his passenger and called to me to drive on, that he was going back after the two mail bags which had been thrown out. He slipped over the tailboard and started back toward the trail. I drove on fifty yards farther and then pulled up the horses and looked back. It was like looking into the mouth of a furnace; there was nothing but fire—except the tiny black figure outlined against it. That was Jim. I saw him stoop and pick up a mail bag and grope about for the other; then came a fearful blast of fire-laden air and I could see nothing but flame.

My fellow-passenger lay stretched out on the mail bags in the bottom of the wagon; his seat had been overturned and knocked out of the wagon during the struggle. Whether he was alive or dead I did not know, but that he could do no harm at present was a certainty. I jumped to the ground, slipped loose the traces, and secured the horses as

best I could to the tongue of the wagon; while I was doing this the flaming sky seemed suddenly rent apart, one-half going by to the right, the other to the left. In a moment it had passed, leaving the stars shining through a veil of smoke. I started back over the smoldering stubble to find Jim, and soon saw a blackened figure coming slowly toward me, dragging along the two mail bags, his hair singed and his hands badly blistered.

"I thought I was gone over the range that time, sure," he said. "I just laid flat and pulled the mail bags clost over my head when the fire flashed over me. They took fire, of course, but I trampled it out when the big flame got by.

"How's *he?*" continued Jim, gripping my arm. "I hope I didn't choke him too hard, but I had to pertect the mail."

We made our way back to the wagon with a good deal of dread, and Jim said: "You take the lantern an' look at him. Dern me if I can." I took the light and, standing on the wheel, managed to turn him over; he gave no sign of life. I opened my traveling bag and got out a flask of whisky, and with a good deal of difficulty got his mouth open wide enough to pour in a few drops. He gave a gasp and swallowed. That was enough for Jim. He went off a little way and coughed a few times; then he came back, put the wagon to rights, hitched up his team, and, when his passengers were once more settled in their seats, pulled back into the trail.

We changed horses at the Cannon Ball River an hour or so later, and, after dodging prairie fires

several times during the ensuing day by driving in behind buttes while the fire divided and went by on either side, we at last drew up on the bluffs below Fort Lincoln.

Here we prepared for the ferry across the Missouri by stowing away our charge under the mail bags and blankets once more, as Jim had managed to impress on his poor, clouded brain the necessity for concealment from his enemies. With the ferry safely crossed, our anxieties were about over, and when the houses of Bismarck were plainly in sight we halted. This was as far as Jim dared carry his deadhead passenger.

We had secured enough food to last him for a day at the Cannon Ball relay station. This he carried tied up in his handkerchief. I wrote a brief statement of his case on a leaf torn from my memorandum book and put it in his pocket; and as he had acquaintances in the town, we felt that he was comparatively safe. We had done what we could for him and there was now just time to catch the night express for the East—yet I should have liked to tarry a little. He looked lonesome, poor devil, tramping behind us along the trail in the dusty twilight.

CHAPTER VII

IN due course the Northern Pacific Railway landed me safely at Fargo, North Dakota. Owing to its location near the head of navigation on the Red River of the North, this frontier town was then the "jumping-off point" for the Canadian Northwest, just as Bismarck was for our own Northwestern Territory. Winnipeg, then still known by the Hudson's Bay Company name of Fort Garry, lay about seventy-five miles beyond the border, on the Red River, and was the chief center of trade, population, and government for all the western half of the Dominion of Canada. It was this picturesque outpost of the white man's world that I had set my heart upon viewing before the inrush of settlers should destroy forever its old-time flavor.

I spent some days in Fargo, waiting for a steamboat to take me to Fort Garry, and I made the acquaintance there of the freight agent, who was at that time the leading citizen of the town. There was no jail, or need of one, in Fargo. There was no mayor, no policeman, no sheriff, no judge—only the freight agent.

I asked him how he accounted for the good behavior of the entire community. He said it was

because everyone in Fargo had such a respect for the law.

"Why, only last week, if you had been here, you might have seen an example of how we administer justice," he explained. "We believe in fairness and in helpfulness to our neighbor.

"To go back a little, a young fellow came to town six months ago and said he wanted to start a shoe store, but he hadn't enough money to finance it alone. We—that is, myself and a few of the most influential citizens—talked the matter over and decided to help the young man. The town needed a shoe store; so we raised a few hundred dollars to add to what he already had, and told him to go down to Chicago and stock up.

"Well, he came back from Chicago with just two boxes of shoes—ladies' shoes—and there were only two ladies in town. We asked him where the rest of his stock was, and he said it was coming. But it didn't come, and finally he confessed. He had never had so much money in his hands before, and he got excited and lost most of his money down there in the city playing the black and the red.

"Well, we—that is, myself and a few of the most influential citizens, had a meeting down to the freight office, and we decided to give the boy another chance. We believe in fairness and being helpful to a new citizen, so we raised some more money and sent the young fellow back to Chicago for shoes (men's shoes, which were needed bad) to stock up with. That time he came back with the goods. We were glad to see a young fellow appreciate fairness and

helpfulness and we said among ourselves we'd forget he owed us for the shoes he didn't get the first trip.

"The boxes he had brought from Chicago were standing in the freight house, ready to be hauled over to his store. That evening the train for Bismarck was just pulling out from the station, and as I looked out of my office window there I saw the young fellow with his grip, swinging himself aboard.

"I jumped out of the door and pulled the lever that dropped a semaphore down the track a ways and the train pulled up with a jerk. I took that young fellow off the train and marched him back to his pile of shoe boxes. He whined and cried while I pried the top off of one of 'em; and there was every kind of old trash packed in that box, but not a single shoe.

"I called a meeting of a few of the influential citizens together at once, and just as the sun was settin' we all took a walk together, the young fellow and the men that had twice trusted him, a stranger to 'em. We went over to the big elm by the river, and then we all came back—all except the young fellow. People in this town are law-abiding. We couldn't see how that young man fitted in."

Fargo proved too law-abiding to be long interesting. The water in the Red River, which, by the way, flows due north, was too low for the little stern-wheel steamer to come as far up as Fargo, so eventually I took a branch railroad up to Grand Forks and there embarked in a rickety old craft which the captain hoped would hold together long enough to make the trip to Winnipeg and back.

With the exception of Mark Twain, this captain was about the last survival of the old Mississippi pilots whom it was ever my good fortune to meet. He used to be a pilot between New Orleans and St. Louis when a Mississippi steamboat was one of the great institutions of the United States; when the gambling in the cabins ran high, when thousands of dollars were wagered on races between rival lines and the black deckhands were supposed to take turns sitting on the safety valves; when the best of food and the best of cooks made traveling a joy; and when the traveler had always before him the interesting possibility of ending his voyage and his life in a grand display of pyrotechnics as the tinder-box on which he was a passenger disappeared like a meteor in the night.

Our captain maintained his traditions even in this dilapidated old stern-wheel steamer. He sat at the head of the table at dinner, and he had brought from the south an old woolly-headed cook who surprised the three or four cabin passengers on a five days' journey with wonderful desserts concocted in fantastic shapes.

Then, too, the captain had with him a villainous-looking first mate—just such a mate as one reads about in the stories of old Mississippi days. He was a little, wiry old fellow with a yellow face and hair dyed jet black and plastered down over his right eye. I couldn't tell whether he was French, Spanish, Indian, or a mixture of all three, but he was certainly a close relative of the Old Harry, and he could (and did) bedevil the deckhands in a wide

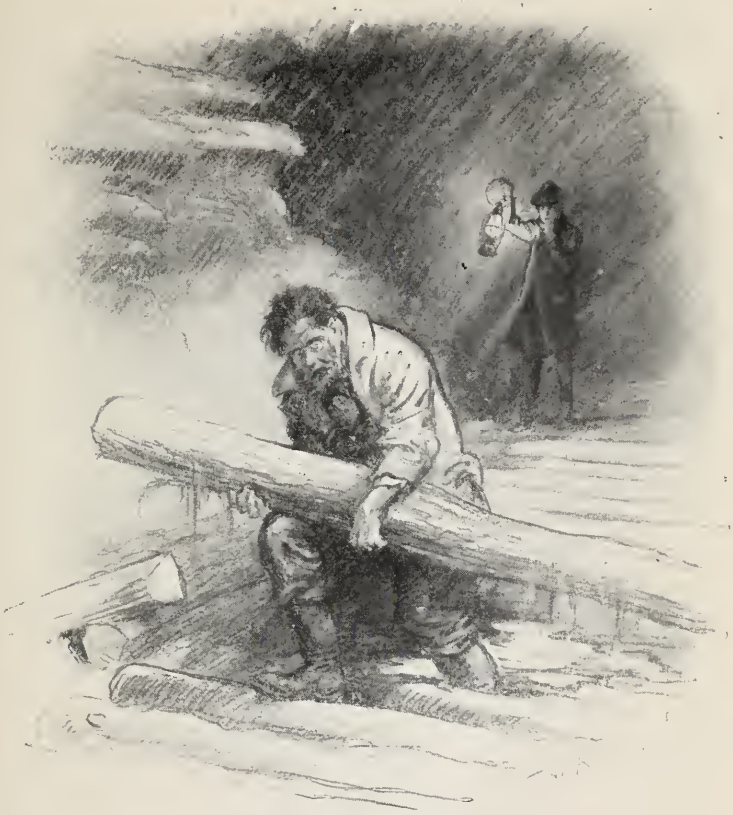
assortment of languages, to which, in this Northern land, he had added the Scandinavian tongue.

There was, however, one man whom he let very much alone after the first day. This was a young giant who wore a woodsman's mackinaw—a handsome fellow with hair that curled over a fine forehead and with just a suspicion of a beard.

The little mate started in, before we left the landing, to pitch into this big fellow, evidently on the theory that if he cowed him control of all the others would be easy. Two or three times the little squeaking voice of the mate cracked about the big, good-humored boy's ears like a whip lash. He just looked surprised and went on with his work, carrying enormous piles of wood on his shoulder for the boilers. Then all at once, when the mate grew even more abusive than usual, the young fellow walked up alongside of him, towering up over him with his load of cordwood poised on one shoulder, and simply looked down at him without a word.

The mate returned his stare in dead silence. It was a picture, to the life, of a fox terrier looking up at a Newfoundland. Well the little mate knew that just one word from him would bring down a load of firewood upon his head. He addressed his further remarks to men a trifle nearer his own size.

I soon discovered, on closer acquaintance, that the mate's language was purely professional and his relation to the Old Harry only, after all, like the rest of us—he had a bit of the devil in him. He saw that the deckhands had plenty of good food to eat and, of course, he had to get a day's work out of



HE DIDN'T LIKE THE ROAD-BED

each of them or lose his job. Outside of dyeing his hair, he was a pretty decent citizen.

One night about midnight the captain sent some one to my stateroom to wake me up. A big prairie fire was raging to the west and north of us and was sweeping down toward the river. The Red River winds and twists at a level from thirty to forty feet below the surrounding plain, and its banks are lined for miles with cottonwoods and underbrush, much of the latter dead and as dry as tinder.

Now these dead trees flamed up like torches above the general conflagration and up on the deck it was almost as light as day. Just ahead of us the flames had reached the river and there we saw a sight which held us enthralled. Elk and antelope, timber wolves, coyotes, jack rabbits, foxes, and one pure-white creature which dashed into the shadows before I could make it out—each one oblivious to this strange companionship with his deadliest enemies—all swept madly down headlong into the river.

Late in the evening of the fifth day aboard the little steamer we discovered lights ahead.

"That's Winnipeg," the captain informed me, and in half an hour we were at the dock. About the only thing we could see was a scow, anchored just below us, on which rested a little wood-burning locomotive with an enormous smokestack. On the locomotive were the initials C. P. R. It was all that existed at that time, west of Ottawa, of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

That night, I slept in a small hotel near the river bank and the next morning I was awakened by a

strange noise. It sounded like the scream of some great bird, but it was too long continued to be that. Still only half awake, I got out of bed and went to the window.

It must be a very dreadful thing to be the victim of an attack of aphasia, to lose for a time your own identity. As I looked out of that window the sense of location had left me absolutely. All memory of the voyage up the river was gone, and a feeling crept over me not very far removed from fright. From the nineteenth century I had dropped, as from the clouds, into the seventeenth or eighteenth.

To the southward I saw the four turrets and the frowning walls of an ancient fort. Across the river lay a row of low thatch-roofed buildings and an old stucco monastery. Down in the street voyageurs walked about with bright-colored woolen scarfs wound about their waists. Several Indians passed by. In vain I sought a clew to my whereabouts.

Then my eye suddenly caught a glimpse of that little wood-burning locomotive and my own familiar world came back with a rush. But the little locomotive could do no more than strike a small discordant note in this picture of bygone days—the days of the old exploiting companies with their strange charters entitling them to things which belonged to nobody, or, at any rate, to nobody strong enough to defend his rights.

Fort Garry was still one of the great depots of the "Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company." The business of that great institution was going on pretty nearly in the same way that it had been

conducted since the day when it took charge of the lives and liberties of every creature of the North which was unfortunate enough to bear fur on its back. Winnipeg, which is now a large and flourishing modern city with electricity and strikes and bandits, was then a small town or village centering about old Fort Garry. As I stood at the little window, trying to get myself adjusted to this strange old world, I heard again the wild screeching cry that had awakened me, but it was some time later in the day before I discovered what produced it.

After breakfast I started to walk about the town, and I was soon in a state of mind much like that of Alice in Wonderland. In front of a store where one would naturally have expected to see a few barrels of potatoes and heads of cabbage stood a row of moose heads with their spreading antlers. Down on the river I saw a battered flat-bottomed and square-ended boat (we used to call that kind of a craft a "John boat" in the West), and in it were a stove, two or three reed-bottomed chairs, and a respectable old red-and-white cow that looked as though she ought to be ashore eating grass.

A fat old priest was sitting in the stern of a canoe, paddling across the river. The bow of his ridiculous little cockleshell was clear out of water, and the combination so strongly reminded me of Father William that I could hardly keep from asking of him, "Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

As I continued down the river bank I heard again that mysterious screech which had awakened me at daylight, only repeated now and multiplied a hun-

dredfold. The sounds seemed to come from a wood that stretched along the west bank of the river. These must be pretty large birds, I thought, to make such a loud squawking; but I was prepared to see almost anything except what emerged presently from the wood—just a long line of two-wheeled bullock carts, the wooden wheels of which, turning on wooden axles without aid of grease, had squawked and screeched and screamed for hundreds of miles as they brought in packs of skins. This was the final stage of a journey begun on the backs of Indian trappers two thousand miles north and continued on dog sleds, canoes, and bateaux till the final land stage was reached.

Curiously enough, in all this runaway trip I felt that I was just having a glorious holiday, as carefree as the grasshopper in the fable. My sketchbook, with which I started out, was filled long ago and "tea paper," "butcher's paper"—anything I could get at trading posts or "Company" stores—was pressed into service. There was another point of resemblance between myself and the fabled grasshopper. Winter was fast approaching up in that northern land and by the time I had made a canoe voyage far beyond Fort Garry my clothes had become so worn and were so thin that I began to think it would be advisable once more to metamorphose myself into a Franklin Square ant and go to work.

For weeks I had camped with the hardy voyageurs, the most cheerful fellows I ever met, ever singing as they swung to their paddles and telling stories around their fires at night.

We lived well, up there in the woods. Our cook had the Frenchman's genius for his trade. He would dig a deep hole in the ground and build a fire over it, allowing the coals to drop down until his impromptu oven was very hot; then he would rake out the coals, put a great earthen pot of beans in the hole, and pile dirt and coals on top. In the same way he baked bread. Game, which was plentiful in those days, added a zest to our table.

Always with a Frenchman one feels the touch of art—a little flair in the way he wears his cap or ties his woolen scarf about his waist, the manipulation of his paddle, and the swing and rhythm of his boating song. Through all the rough life, the hardships of twenty generations, this heritage from the men who left France to conquer the forest and found a new kingdom has survived.

Our little expedition in the canoes was undertaken for the purpose of meeting a small steamboat which was bringing pelts across a wide lake and of transferring its cargo. On our way back to Winnipeg we encountered many frosty mornings and I found it necessary to prepare at once for my homeward journey. I was sorry to leave old Fort Garry where I had so suddenly plunged from the nineteenth back into the eighteenth century and beyond. It was hard to leave the romance of the voyageur and come back to the clatter of the Elevated train. But when the Pembina stage drove up to the little Winnipeg Inn on a cold damp morning before the sun was up, I felt it was time for the grasshopper to get down to a more genial climate.

My fellow-passengers were the wife of an officer in the Mounted Police, her six-weeks-old baby, and her sister. The stage was well supplied with buffalo robes and we managed to keep comfortably warm. A few miles out from Winnipeg a howling blizzard struck us and our driver had great difficulty in keeping the road.

About nine o'clock we came to the first station for a change of horses, where one might also, supposedly, get breakfast. We entered the station, which was a one-room log cabin, and there found our hostess, a half-breed squaw, standing just inside the door, extending a greasy hand for our half-dollars, advance payment for the meal. She pocketed the money and then set out three disreputable-looking plates on a bare table, and beside each a tin spoon. On her stove stood an iron pot in which some kind of an inky mass bubbled. With a cracked wooden ladle the old squaw filled our plates with this dismal mixture and bade us be seated.

We were all hungry and we pulled up our chairs to the table. We called for bread and butter. There was no bread and butter. There was no coffee. "Only meat, good meat—eat 'em." But although the ladies had doubtless roughed it many a time and so had I, we balked at the contents of our hostess's iron pot. It looked too much like a devil's brew from the River Styx.

Out into the blizzard we went, minus fifty cents and a breakfast apiece, and with fresh horses struggled on, only to lose the road entirely. All day we traveled southward as nearly as our driver could

keep his direction. Then after darkness had closed in and it looked as though we would have to drive into a clump of willows and tie up for the night, I discovered a glimmer of light to our left. The village of Pembina it certainly must be, and we made for it joyfully. Suddenly, as we approached closer, we found ourselves on the bank of the Red River, and saw that the lights were the lamps in the cabin of a steamboat which was tied up to the bank. Through the windows on the upper deck we could see the captain at the head of the dinner table and things to eat everywhere.

With no waste of time the boat was hailed and a gangplank was thrown out by my friend, the old Mississippi mate. I knew him instantly by his unique brand of profanity. Our grand old captain welcomed us to his table. He knew the two ladies and remembered me and my sketchbook. We made the remainder of the trip on the steamboat. She lay all that night where we boarded her. Next morning the sun came out, the snow melted away, and in two days, when we reached Grand Forks, it was bright and warm.

On the way down I saw, just at sunset, what looked like a small bathhouse perched up on the bank. Several men with guns and dogs were gathered about it, and one of the men was signaling us to stop. We pulled up alongside and threw out the gangplank. Then the old mate and his crew swarmed ashore and began dragging the "bathhouse" on to the gangplank, some of the men wading in the icy water alongside to keep the unwieldy freight from

toppling over into the river. They had almost reached the boat when somebody slipped on the muddy bottom and over went the huge crate into the river. A steam winch and all the mate's vocabulary were required to land it safely on the forward deck.

The owner of this remarkable piece of personal baggage was a short, good-looking young English sportsman with a blond beard, a pipe, a tweed suit, and an imperturbable manner. When his crate went overboard he merely remarked, "I say, upon my word!" and went on smoking. The crate which stood on the deck, oozing Red River mud and water at every crevice, contained the trophies of his entire summer's campaign: buffalo heads, elks' antlers, antelope skins, the hides of timber wolves, and even rattlesnake skins.

Personally, I shall never be able to get the point of view of the mighty hunter. When you meet him, he is a simple, charming, kindly person, and yet his sole pleasure in life seems to be to kill some peaceful creature that is enjoying itself in a way that interferes with nobody in the world. This young Englishman was true to type, and I found him a delightful fellow-passenger. He was very happy because he had killed so many fine animals and because he was to join his uncle in Equatorial Africa the next season, there to kill still more and bigger game. He brought out from their leather cases for my edification two heavy elephant guns which he had brought along for practice. He had taken one of them on a buffalo hunt, with the result

that the buffalo was badly frightened but unhurt, while the hunter suffered a dislocated shoulder.

When the steamboat reached Grand Forks, then the end of a little branch line of the Northern Pacific Railway, we had just two hours until the train left. Captain Powell, my English friend, was in a quandary about his box of trophies. He had but just time, if he made all connections, to catch his steamer for Liverpool, but he could not bear to abandon his buffalo heads.

I had noticed on the river bank a wooden box nailed to a big elm tree on which was painted in large letters, "U. S. Express Co." (or maybe it was "Fargo Express." I have forgotten). There was a small tent alongside the tree. In the box, protected from the weather, was a telegraph instrument. I took Captain Powell over to this primitive express office and we explained the captain's predicament to the agent.

"Easiest thing in the world. I'll telegraph to Chicago for a through rate from here to Liverpool. Cost you something, of course. I saw the box at the landing. Answer 'll be here in plenty of time for you to catch your train. Meantime I'll have a blacksmith put bands of strap iron 'round the box. . . . Come back in about an hour 'n' I'll give you the rate."

The agent was as good as his word. Before the train left we had the through rate, the price to Liverpool being ninety dollars from Grand Forks; (iron bands two dollars and fifty cents extra), and a shipping receipt signed. The captain, standing bare-

headed before the agent, declared that he took his hat off to him and the company and the whole United States, for not in the best-equipped office in England could he have had the quick, accurate service he obtained at a store box nailed to a tree in a year-old town in North Dakota.

Some day, perhaps, I may write a new fable entitled "The Industrious Grasshopper" and tell how he "put it all over" the Ant who never hopped about in the Gay Sunlight and never saw the World; but it would not be quite fair, because, after all, this particular Grasshopper wasn't really a Grasshopper at all, but just a wild young Ant escaped for a summer season from the grind and toil of his ant hill in Franklin Square. I had played hooky often enough as a boy to know what sort of reception awaited me on my return there, and when I saw Mr. Parsons's face, with sorrow and displeasure written all over it, I was not surprised. He informed me that "the house" was extremely dissatisfied with my behavior and personally he was very grievously disappointed. As he turned away he said, "I am going downstairs to make as strong a plea for you as I can, but I do not hold out any hope that your services will be retained."

The moment he left his little office I lugged into it the most disreputable, travel-stained bag ever seen in the neighborhood; and while that kindly gentleman was pleading my cause below I plastered his sanctum from ceiling to floor, covering desk, table, chairs, and all with sketches of everything I had

seen on my runaway trip. I was just opening another mud-stained packet when Mr. Parsons, who was very nearsighted, returned. There was a sorrowful expression on his sympathetic face, which suddenly changed to a dazed one. Then, as he saw the mass of material I had brought back, his whole countenance cleared and the enthusiastic, appreciative spirit of the man shone in his face. We planned pages and double pages and more pages for the *Weekly*. Finally, Mr. Parsons brought out from Mr. Alden's safe the manuscripts of several articles on "The Honourable Hudson's Bay Company," which had been laid aside years before, for lack of suitable material for illustration. I had the pictures for these, too. Thus my runaway assignment, to which I had assigned myself, ended happily for all concerned; and, to show how they appreciated a good joke on themselves, Messrs. Harper & Brothers sent me with almost a free hand, the next year, to Colorado.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the early 'eighties I had the highly ornamental but not very lucrative position of cartoonist for *Life*. Every week the printer loomed up in front of Messrs. Mitchell and Miller like a profiteering landlord and took away most of their available cash. But that first year of the little paper's existence had hardly ended before the money began to roll in and my checks grew larger.

I had read old Ben Butler's advice to all young men: "Go into debt, young man!" and had followed his admonition very literally. But now my financial affairs were mending and I grew ambitious to become a landowner. I bought a pretty bit of hillside with a tiny house on it, for a thousand dollars, from Mr. Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company, and went into debt, as Ben Butler advised, for half the amount, giving my mortgage note for five hundred dollars. Mr. Roswell Smith was the father-in-law of my friend George Inness, Jr., who now became, thanks to this transaction, my near neighbor in Montclair, New Jersey.

On the day my mortgage note fell due I went to the bank, drew out five one-hundred-dollar bills and a few small bills over for interest, and called on Mr. Smith at the *Century* offices. I handed him

the money and he had a release of the mortgage made out, leaving me full owner of the property without encumbrance. Then, like the kindly and fatherly gentleman he was, he said a few very pleasant words about how good it was to see a young man careful of his obligations, etc., all of which sent me home feeling quite important and "worth while." The next morning I made up my mind to knock off work and take my ease for the day, perhaps to go out in the fields and try a water-color; when, oh, joy! there at my door stood young George Inness. He had some kind of a roll of blue paper under his arm.

"Come on!" he said. "You don't want to work all the time. Let's take a walk over the hills. First we'll go down the Old Road. We'll stop at Mrs. Rohlpillar's little garden and have a glass of her good beer and then we'll go wherever we like!"

Off we went in the careless freedom of youth bent on a holiday.

Mrs. Rohlpillar had a little place not quite important enough to call a beer garden; but there were three or four tables out under a wistaria vine and we sat down there and sipped our beer. In those days we had no idea that in years to come our little diversion would be rated a crime and an honest hostess a criminal.

Our consciences were clear. I was a thrifty man who had just paid an honest debt and tasted the joy of rectitude. George was happy because he had that roll of blue paper under his arm.

"You know how I have wished for a glass studio

to pose cattle in in the winter time. Well, old man, I'm going to have one at last. Yesterday I went to New York and had dinner with my father-in-law. He's a fine man."

"Yes, indeed he is," I said.

"George," he said to me, after dinner—"George, you've always wanted to build a glass addition to your studio. I remember you made the plans for it last year, but you thought it added a little too much to the cost of the studio at that time. You thought it would cost something like four or five hundred dollars. Well, to-day I received five hundred dollars which I did not at all expect to get, and I am going to hand it over to you for your glass studio!"

"And Mr. Smith," said George, "handed me these five bills"—and George spread out on the table my five hundred-dollar bills.

As I look back through the softening mists of time this seems a huge practical joke that the fates played on us that morning, and I can see the intensely ludicrous side of it; but at the time it rather flattened Mrs. Rohlpillar's beer. I tried my best to show deep interest in the blue prints of the new studio, but by and by I remembered some unfinished work at home that must be attended to.

Several years later it happened that Mr. Smith changed his plans in regard to the development of his real-estate holdings in Montclair, and my lots were wanted to complete his programme. He offered me a very generous advance on my original investment and I got back my thousand and a considerable sum besides.

A year later George Inness, Sr., came to Montclair to live, and so he may be included among the worth-while people I have known, although I moved away too soon to know him well. I remember, while the paint was still wet, seeing several of his woodland pictures which are now among the most treasured of his productions. Judging by the careless way he left these canvases about, I am sure that he had no idea of their value.

About the oldest art in the world is the art of make-believe. The child begins it as soon as he can talk and he never gets over its fascination. Everybody wishes to know what goes on behind the scenes at the theater, the grown-up land of make-believe; and, as I happen to know a good deal about the inside doings of a very celebrated playhouse, it would be selfish to keep it to myself.

In the 'seventies, when the old Union Square Theater was in its prime, a young man with ambitions to become a playwright came to town and, adding his impecuniosities to mine, took a couple of rooms in a house on East Twelfth Street. Here we lived for two or three years. He made an uncertain living as a shorthand reporter and amanuensis until the latter work brought him into contact with Mr. A. M. Palmer, of the theatrical firm of Shook & Palmer. Palmer took a fancy to him, and my chum, Frank Harrison, became his private secretary. At that time John Parselle was stage manager at the Union Square and played the heavy old-man parts. He was particularly effective in

some of the melodramas of that day, having a wonderful deep voice that would make the goose flesh creep up and down one's spine when he stole to the door of the forsaken house, with the lightning playing through the broken window.

During this same period Stoddard was playing his eccentric old men, "Money-Penny" and all the rest, in his quaint and whimsical way, which was partly not acting at all, but just his nature. He lived out in Rahway then, and worked in his garden until train time, when he dropped his hoe and came to town. His first stopping place was a little eating house on Broadway, near Twelfth Street, where Frank and I, fortunately, had established a limited credit. Parselle also took his dinners there, and one or two other actors of the Union Square company.

When Frank had made his connection with the company, even in so humble a capacity as private secretary to the manager, he was inside the charmed circle; and we felt extremely important as youngsters who were privileged to exchange greetings with Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Parselle. I really believe if Charles R. Thorne, Jr., or Charles Coghlan had bade us a good morning in those days we should have exploded. As has been mentioned before, the south side of Union Square from Fourth Avenue to Broadway was then called "The Rialto." Every would-be actor, as well as a great many real ones of the second and third rank, paraded up and down that short block each fair day in the week. With our new sources of information we learned how

many tragedies were concealed under these masks of "Hello, Steve! Glorious weather, old boy!" or, "Just waiting for my new play!" etc.

It had been glorious weather out there on "The Rialto" for Steve's friend, but a cold draught had blown outward upon him at the stage door these years back; and the man who was waiting for his new play may be waiting still in a more shadowy Rialto. In spite of the fact that play after play succeeded under the able management of Mr. Palmer, there were troubles inside the theater none the less.

I remember, in one play, Miss Sara Jewett threw herself into the emotion of her part with such an intensity that at the end of the third act it was almost impossible for her to go on with the fourth. On several occasions she dropped in a dead faint on her way to her dressing room. She was very young then, hardly more than a girl, and greatly beloved by the whole company. To the public she gave more than they could ever repay, and to that generous use of her great emotional powers was due an early nervous breakdown. One of the reasons why plays were so successful at the Union Square was because big, sterling John Parselle was stage manager. And, curiously enough, one of his chief sources of worry came from as good an actor as he had in his company.

In "A Celebrated Case" Stoddard took the part of an old Irish sergeant (Denis O'Rourke). After the first ten minutes on the stage he would forget his brogue, which had been evident enough at the

start. Then in some other part he would forget where he was to stand, and this would keep the others guessing; but through it all Parselle would good-naturedly weave his way; and Stoddard had such a wonderful personality that with all his little faults he often represented a large portion of the success of any play he took part in. No one who ever saw him as Newman Noggs could forget that make-up. I never knew an actor who impressed one so much with what he seemed rather than with what he did.

One of my friend Frank's duties was to round up actors who were careless about hours. A certain member of the cast in "The Banker's Daughter," who played the part of a very "fresh" American commercial traveler visiting Paris, was in the habit of "sitting in" at a game of poker in the afternoon, and if the cards were running well he would frequently forget that he was due at the little narrow lane on Fourth Avenue, just below Fourteenth Street, at 7.30 P.M. At about seven o'clock Mr. Palmer would begin to get nervous, and then it would be, "Frank, have you seen Mr. Blank? . . . No? That rascal will be the death of me." And Frank would have to put on his hat and make his way to sundry back rooms—he soon came to know the channel (marked by various "lighthouses")—and before the last deadline of time had passed he would return, like a faithful shepherd dog, bringing in the delinquent.

One night the search took longer than usual, and Mr. Blank kept the stage waiting for fully five

minutes. Mr. Palmer was furious, but he was a man who always treated his people with the utmost courtesy. "Mr. Blank," he said, as the culprit stood before him—with a piece of grease paint in one hand and a wad of cotton in the other—"this is outrageous and cannot continue; you must immediately mend your ways. If you have no respect for the company, think of what you owe to the public! Man, why can't you act like a gentleman, like Mr. Coghlan, for instance?"

"Well, Mr. Palmer, I know I've got a good deal of the rounder in me, but if I was a thorough gentleman and acted like Mr. Charles Coghlan, I couldn't play this rotten part!" and Blank disappeared. Mr. Palmer fumed a little and then turned to his secretary with the remark, "I don't know what we would do without Blank!"

But more serious troubles came up at times. Old theater-goers will remember what a sensation the production of "The Danicheffs" made when it was put on at the Union Square. Charles R. Thorne Jr. made the hit of his life as Osip the serf, and James O'Neill was a fine and fiery figure as the Russian Count Vladimir Danicheff. But the days when this piece was in preparation were charged with explosives in Mr. Palmer's domain just off "The Rialto."

Thorne thought he was entitled to the part of the Count, which everyone looked on as the leading part.

There were fine clothes to be worn and fine speeches to be made. In fact, it had every characteristic of a

conventionally popular role. But to Thorne was given the humiliating part of the serf, and the more he thought about it the angrier he got.

Charles R. Thorne Jr. was a large man, powerfully built, with strong and not very attractive features and a broad manner of acting. I can remember him in many parts; always when he came on the stage he took, by some sure instinct, exactly the right position to make the stage picture a perfect composition. It is a great gift and it always made him an important figure in any scene. He had no particular grace of action, but the fact that he was invariably "in the picture" was a grace in itself.

"The Danicheffs" rehearsals went on, and Thorne grew moodier every day, until, on the opening night, he was in a state of smoldering rage. If I remember rightly, O'Neill came on first and had a scene where he could exhibit all his clever elocution and show his splendid costume. This scene ended with only a glimpse of Osip the serf. Then followed a scene in which slowly, gloomily, Thorne, as Osip, advanced a third of the way across the stage. He was angry clean through. He felt and looked the part of a strong man humiliated by the position as a serf. He simply stood still for a moment and from that moment he had the audience with him.

So far he hadn't uttered a sound, but he had made the hit of his life. He did not realize it then, however, nor for some little time afterward. Harrison told me that Thorne left the theater after the play was over, still under the impression that the Prince had carried off the honors.

JIM SAVES THE MAIL

He must have been astonished when he saw the papers the next morning, for my recollection is that James O'Neill, fine actor though he was, got scant notice; but Osip the serf was the talk of the town.

Now I must relate how my chum became a playwright and produced a play. In one of Harpers' publications appeared a story about a wonderful Chinese jewel called a Shay-lee. (The story was by James Payne.) Harrison obtained permission of Harper & Brothers to dramatize it. He really made an excellent play out of the material—so good that John Parselle offered him $500 and royalties for it. But, no, Frank saw millions in it. He would organize a company and produce it himself.

With all the faith and enthusiasm of youth he walked out on "The Rialto" and picked up one of the most remarkable companies ever assembled in New York—men who had not had an engagement for years were rehearsing at last.

A small theater uptown was engaged, a drop scene with plenty of pagodas was painted, and an interior of a Chinese jail. The town was billed for the new production. The actors were all paid a week's salary at the last rehearsal—for it was a cash-in-advance affair. When the curtain went up on the opening night the young author had just fifteen cents left in his pocket.

"It's strange," he said to me as the audience filed in, "Don't you see that everybody in the house hails from Ireland, or at least their fathers before them?"

Up went the curtain. There was a surprised mur-

mur. What were those "pajodias" doing on the back drop?

The fact was that "The Shaughraun," by Dion Boucicault, had taken the town by storm not very long before this. Of course the "Shay-lee" must be another Irish play; but here were a dozen singsong Chinamen and an English soldier, and a lot of pagodas that suggested nothing stronger than tea! It was a cruel hoax, and a howl went up from the audience that frightened the leading man so badly that he refused to come out in the second act, and his part had to be read by a scene painter.

The poor "Shay-lee" died a victim to mistaken identity; for a perfectly good Chinese melodrama could claim no relation to Conn the Shaughraun.

At the time when Abbey had a studio on Thirteenth Street, which he shared with several other young artists, and my play-writing friend and I lived around the corner on Twelfth Street, we used often to meet in Brentano's little basement store on Union Square. Mr. Brentano was a little man, very much crippled by rheumatism, so that he could scarcely move; but he was enterprising beyond any book or periodical dealer of his day—he kept all the leading foreign periodicals and was particularly kind and helpful to the young artists. He allowed us to pore over his foreign illustrated papers and magazines without any obligation to purchase them. In fact, he invited us to look them over; and if by chance one had the price and bought a copy of *Le Monde Illustré* in order to enjoy a Vierge masterpiece at leisure, he was sure of thanks at the

cashier's desk. That little crippled gentleman was remembered with gratitude by Abbey and Reinhart and all the rest of that group for many long years.

Every week when a steamer came in with *Le Monde Illustré* we used to meet at Brentano's to see what Vierge had to offer. Many a time I have seen half a dozen young fellows crowded about Abbey, who held the paper, as a center, commenting enthusiastically on the amazing effects of sunlight, where by the white paper's dazzle the great Spaniard had made magic somethings out of optical nothings. Then we would all disperse to our dens, there to dream dreams of being Daniel Vierges ourselves on some future day.

I have previously referred to Ben Butler's advice to a young man: "Go into debt, young man! Saddle yourself with a mortgage and pay it off!" and of how I followed it. My first transaction of this nature was with an upright and honorable man, but it isn't always that a young home builder is fortunate enough to deal with a man of Roswell Smith's character. My second experiment was with a type which, unfortunately, flourishes in every community —one which lies ever in wait for the unwary.

I had found a vacant lot in a near-by suburb. It was beautifully situated and was offered me at a very low price. It was a part of a large estate which was about to be cut up into small plots. The owner, finding that I intended to build at once, was pleased with the prospect, as it would add to the value of his remaining property.

I could see that he was particularly delighted on

finding he had an artist, innocent of the devious ways of business, to deal with. We had finally agreed on the price—I was surprised that my modest offer was finally accepted after I had satisfied him as to the style of house to be built on the lot.

Then he assumed a fatherly tone and gave me a great deal of good advice as to contracts with builders—"a lot of sharks they were"—and finally warned me against another set of sharks—"lawyers." I recollect he always wore a very shiny silk hat, calculated to emphasize his position as a man of means; and when he talked he usually took it off and gestured with it. As this was a time when he wished to be particularly impressive, he waved it about as he warned me to beware of the real-estate lawyers who sent a ten-dollar-a-week clerk up to the Probate Court for half an hour to look up a title and then charged their client one hundred dollars for the search.

"My dear boy," he said, "you know little of business. I am a man of wealth and my warranty deed has a quarter of a million dollars to back it up. You will not need to waste a penny on lawyers in this transaction."

But, alas! how deceptive are appearances! The young and inexperienced artist with whom the old gentleman was dealing had once fallen foul of a panic—the great panic of 1873—and had been compelled to take a position for several years as bookkeeper and assistant to the treasurer of one of the largest waterwheel and milling-machinery manufactories in the country.

For nearly three years I sent out mortgage notes every few days to mills all over the United States. The firm which employed me held mortgages on about one-third of all the mills in the Western states and many elsewhere, and at that time I knew the laws relating to mortgages in every state in the Union and the exemption laws in the Southern tier of states. I was as familiar with the laws of foreclosure, the flaws of titles, et cetera, as a clerk in any real-estate lawyer's office in the land.

But how was a poor, innocent old land shark to know all that? I thanked him for his fatherly interest and proceeded at once to find out who, in that community, was the best-posted and most responsible lawyer; and, having found him, had him begin at once a search of title. In ten days we had discovered that a blanket mortgage for many thousand dollars covered the entire tract in which my lot was situated. Had I built a house upon it every dollar I put in it would have been swept away.

My fatherly old friend came to see me in a hurry. He wore a pained expression under his shiny silk hat. I was allowing myself to be bamboozled by a firm of "skinflint lawyers," he told me. Why not trust to him who had every interest in seeing me comfortably housed, where my improvement would so help his remaining property? What was a trifling blanket mortgage on property so valuable?

It was really cruel to bring him down from the flowery land of humbug where he had flourished so long, but I felt the time had come to tell him not to trust too blindly to surface appearances; and I

related to him how fate had thrown me into an unwilling knowledge of the mortgage laws of the entire United States, including an experience in foreclosures and flaws of titles in the very state in which he and I were attempting to do business together. I must say the old fellow was a pretty "good sport," for when he knew he was beaten he made good his title and helped me fix up a very decent bargain with my builder.

Perhaps this old gentleman and his silk hat have no place in a series of sketches purporting to be of things and people worth while, but I have included him as a warning to any homeseeking young artists who may read this book.

CHAPTER IX

IN the palmy days of *Puck*, that little magazine was full of vital energy, and talents of many kinds met in its pages. The saucy little figure on the cover, clothed only in a silk hat and armed with a pencil, would have scoffed at any suggestion of *Puck* posing as a "highbrow" publication. And yet "Our Colored Contemporary," as *Life* airily called it, had for its editor one of the most cultivated literary artists of his day.

I have no recollection of making H. C. Bunner's acquaintance. It seems to me I always knew him. At any rate, we knew each other on sight.

He had one of those crystal-clear minds which take up understandingly one's imperfectly expressed thoughts. I always felt with him that he was listening to what I meant rather than to what I said. We made a little journey together once to New London. Will Carey, a young man of brilliant wit, junior editor of the *Century*, accompanied us. Though ostensibly we were going to see a boat race on the Thames, I found, on our arrival in New London, that the real object of our visit was to see as much as possible of a very delightful family by the name of Learned.

A great many people will remember quaint verses in the back pages of the *Century Magazine* by Walter Learned. You felt in them the impress of a cultured and gently philosophic mind. Walter was well worth knowing, and on our way up to New London I recollect that Carey and Bunner talked about him a great deal.

When we arrived in New London I discovered that Walter was by no means the entire attraction for my young companions. I verily believe the two rascals had brought me along to talk to him while they talked to his charming sisters.

It is unfortunate that a mistranslation of "*Kultur*" has spoiled for us the word "culture." There is no word that so described the atmosphere of the Learned household. Imagine—in the days when "Rah! Rah! Rah!" was the intellectual cry of the undergraduate—imagine a family whose everyday songs were the old English ballads of the time of Queen Anne.

Of an evening, out in the deepening twilight, some one would start up such an old song as Abbey would have delighted to illustrate, and the whole family would join in the chorus. It was the commonplace of their lives, as natural to them as college songs are to other people of less fine fiber. Some of Bunner's most beautiful short stories were inspired in this atmosphere.

I recollect Bunner's telling me that the incidents in "A Red Silk Handkerchief" were real happenings and the characters real people; and after my visit to New London I was very sure I knew the source of

some pretty sentiments which took on even greater beauty through their shaping by his subtle art.

Mr. John Harper has been kind enough to loan me a sketch of Bunner's old friend, Will Carey, by Stanley Reinhart. Carey was known and much beloved in New York during his short life, and this hitherto unpublished picture will, I am sure, give pleasure to many people.

Here is what Judge Henry E. Howland wrote in 1904 of Will Carey and Stanley Reinhart's sketch of him: "It is a charming reminder of one of the most delightful characters I ever came in contact with—genial, unselfish, sunny-tempered, with a wit of the finest edge tempered with such kindness that it never caused a wound; and such a loyal friend that one could always be sure of him in any stress of fortune."

Bunner's span of life was also a short one; but, like Theodore Roosevelt, he lived as much in one year as most people do in two. In point of accomplishment Bunner lived a full life. He set a high standard for the short-story writer. His "Short Sixes" and such stories as "Love in Olde Cloathes" are marvels of an easy style founded on an inner structure of infinite care.

A roster of *Puck* contributors in the days just referred to would fill this page with names worth while. Keppler, Opper, Taylor, Harry Leon Wilson, W. J. Henderson, Munkittrick, perfect versifier and humorist of high degree—these are but a few of the bright minds that made *Puck* a living power. This, however, is not a volume of *Who's Who*, but only a

modest attempt to give a few pen pictures of people as I knew them.

Puck gave an outlet for a certain quality of satirical humor which James L. Ford possessed, or, maybe, was possessed by. At any rate, Ford couldn't help saying and writing things which bit deep into any kind of humbug that came under his observation. This gift of "Jim" Ford's came to its flower a little later on, in a book called *The Literary Shop*, which, I venture to say, is now a classic. It was freely predicted when this book was published that James L. Ford had written his own death warrant so far as his chances of ever having anything printed in a magazine or book in New York were concerned. But the publishers of New York, who were unmercifully pilloried in this book and exposed with mighty little to cover their naked faults, could not help laughing at themselves and their neighbors who appeared in such a ridiculous plight before the world. Who can ever forget "The Poet's Strike" in "The Franklin Square Prose and Verse Foundry?" And "Henry Rondeau," who broke it? Yet I have noticed a Franklin Square imprint on several books by James L. Ford since.

When was there anything written about the making of a magazine to equal his account of the plot to ruin William Sonnet, foreman, I think, in the "Empire Prose and Verse Foundry" of Hackensack? Somebody had filed off the burr from a Scotch-dialect story intended for the columns of the *Century Magazine!* No magazine of prominence, or editor, or publisher escaped without a sting

of the lash in this most amusing account of the shops where literature was turned out or turned down.

In spite of James L. Ford's accurate reports of the large business carried on by Messrs. Prose and Prosody in machine-made magazine articles, Ford himself and a score of other young writers who did "hand work" were making themselves felt in the 'eighties and 'nineties.

There was young John Kendrick Bangs writing *The House-Boat on the Styx*—paragraphing for the daily press, joking for the weeklies, writing editorials—quite a busy young fellow; and there were Henry Guy Carleton and Guy Wetmore Carryl, Harry Leon Wilson, George Ade, and Eugene Field.

Bangs, more than all the others, kept closely in touch with current events; and as my work as a cartoonist carried me into similar fields we were often closely associated. In all political movements Bangs was to be found exercising an independent judgment, taking sides as conscience or reason demanded. Like Davy Crockett, he always acted on the precept "Be sure you're right—then go ahead!"

There are many people, especially in the professions, who claim to be independent in politics, but who are really neutral—which means that they count for nothing. There is a considerable divergence between a Declaration of Independence and a Declaration of Indifference. Having once taken sides in politics, Bangs fought to win; no weak-kneed measures appealed to him. He was never a compromiser or trimmer. I was associated with

him in more than one campaign and always felt a sense of security when I had him to stand with me or to back me up.

No chronicle of the worth-while people of the past few years would be complete without a little story or two of Oliver Herford. He and I were among the early contributors of *Life*, and we used to get together every now and then. Of course, a great many stories are told of him which he would not recognize, but if he ever reads this one I am sure the incident will come back to his mind.

I was waiting for a train at the Grand Central Station, being at that time an unfortunate commuter, when I saw Oliver impatiently pacing up and down. He was on his way to the White Mountains and had an hour to put in until train time. In those days the package department at the station was a small affair, presided over by a very crabbed old gentleman who had charged Oliver thirty cents for checking a bag, umbrella, and package a few days before, which Oliver thought was an imposition. He begged me to keep him company until the White Mountain Express was ready, and we chatted awhile until the gates opened. Then Oliver gravely took a check out of his pocket and we approached the package stand. I saw the crabbed old gentleman give Oliver a look which, had it been a knife, would have cut his throat, but Oliver handed him the check and very sweetly asked for his package.

The old man produced a suitcase. Attached to it hung a piece of heavy twine which extended back behind the counter. Hauling this in, he brought

forth a book firmly tied in a loop of the twine; an umbrella came next, securely tied to the book; then a magazine, a second magazine, and a cane, each with about a yard of twine trailing after it. And last of all came a quart bottle of a liquid to be mentioned now only in connection with a doctor's prescription. Oliver gathered up all these various parts of a single package and handed the old gentleman, whose face was now a deep purple, the sum of ten cents.

It is singular how, in spite of such instances as this, the delusion persists that authors and artists have no business instincts. But the humorous pranks that Oliver Herford has performed and the wit which has gilded so many of his sayings have almost obscured the really extraordinary things which he has done. His caricature portraits, with their quaint verses attached, are, to my mind, of a higher order than anything ever before done in that vein. So, too, his book *The Gentle Art of Pen and Ink*, a satire on the "society artist," so deliciously funny that even our society artist-in-chief must have laughed at the antics of Herford's "Bertie," who fell into the sea in evening clothes and could not be rescued until 6 P.M. In everything Oliver Herford draws, no matter how trifling the subject, there lurks the intangible something which makes it art.

In these days we hear a great deal about Greenwich Village; and not all that we hear is to the credit of that section of New York. It seems a great pity to one who lived in the real Greenwich

Village years ago to see an old stronghold of truest Americans exploited as the home of a bohemianism entirely foreign to this country. The Bolsheviki in art, literature, and politics have fastened on the fringe of Washington Square and given it the name of Greenwich Village. The real village lay much to the west of the square, and, so far as I can remember, only one real bohemian ever lived in it.

He was of a type so different from the professional bohemian of the Washington Square neighborhood of to-day that I hesitate to give him that designation. In all that went to make a good citizen, an artist to his fingertips in his chosen field of literature, a clean-cut gentleman who yet elected to live his life in his own way, a true bohemian in his tastes —that was Thomas A. Janvier. He lived for many years in a little house on Seventh Avenue. You approached it through a rickety gate and up a little brick walk. It had porches and balconies on each floor, and in the spring the wistaria blossomed about his windows. Janvier was a tall, good-looking man with features that were strong and yet of extraordinary beauty. His little apartment resembled a bookstall. From floor to ceiling every room, with the possible exception of the kitchen, was piled with books, books, and more books.

I remember seeing Janvier standing on the west side of Union Square one day, waiting for one of those little blue "bobtail" cars that ran in eccentric fashion from somewhere on the East River over to the Christopher Street ferry. As was his usual custom, Janvier was dressed immaculately—black

cutaway coat, striped trousers, silk hat, etc. On either side of him were two immense piles of old books, bound mostly in pigskin and tied together with ropes. Mr. Janvier told me he had just attended an auction sale of old Spanish books on Fourth Avenue, had spent all his money, and had nothing left to hire a wagon to carry home his plunder. There was your true bohemian—totally unconscious of anything unconventional in carrying home by hand a drayload of valuable books.

Some of my most delightful days of that period were spent in his company searching out picturesque and quaint material in old Greenwich and Paisley villages for the pictures and text of a book on Old New York.

I have always had a soft spot in my heart for men who order their lives after a pattern which they have devised for themselves. Thomas A. Janvier was of this rare sort. Here is the story of another. At one time I occupied a studio on Lafayette Place in old "Colonnade Row." That was in the 'eighties. Early one afternoon a visitor came to my door. Daniel Boone at the age of nineteen must have looked much like the boy who stood there. To be sure, he lacked the traditional buckskin jacket, but he wore a coonskin cap and carried a long-barreled squirrel rifle. His shirt was of blue flannel and his tweed trousers were tucked into his boots. He introduced himself through the name of a mutual friend, and then he began to talk.

The boy's voice was musical; he expressed himself remarkably well, and one instantly felt the pres-

ence of a mind entirely out of the ordinary. He told me of his journey on foot from his home on the shores of Lake Erie, through the mountains of Pennsylvania, living, just as old Daniel Boone lived, on the products of the forest and of the streams. Then he drew a little book from the pouch in which he carried his belongings—a book which he said had been company for him on his journey. Most naturally and without the shadow of a pose he began to read aloud. The book was a volume of Keats, and the story "Endymion." We were soon far away from our surroundings, when suddenly I saw my visitor's hand tremble. The book fell to the floor and the boy toppled over in a faint. He had walked twenty miles that morning on a very light breakfast and had entirely forgotten about luncheon.

It must not be supposed that there was anything eccentric about this young artist. When he came to live in the city he was as careful of all its conventions as anyone, but he lived his ideals more nearly than any man I knew; he has always lived them, and now holds, through the integrity of his work, a very high place among the landscape painters of to-day. I hope Mr. W. L. Lathrop will pardon this little sketch of his picturesque entrance to New York, for it has always been a delight to me to recall the youthful enthusiasm which made him forget everything but art.

One of the things that is hardest to reconcile oneself to, as we look on the world about us, is the apparent waste of good lives. Probably a more useful American citizen than Frank Millet would

FORT GARRY, MANITOBA, IN 1878

have been hard to find while he lived. And yet he was chosen as one to die in the *Titanic* disaster. From his earliest boyhood up to the very last he was bubbling over with vitality and love of life and everything in the world that made life worth while to a man of fine instincts.

It was impossible to talk with him without catching some of his enthusiasm. He had what is generally termed executive ability, but I should call it magnetism. When he occupied positions where subordinates were to carry out his plans, as, for instance, at the Chicago Exposition, where he was director of decorations, he kept everyone about him in a state of enthusiasm. They did prodigious things out there, which they would never have undertaken save under the spell of his personality.

Frank Millet had also a fine vein of humor in his make-up. It stood him in good stead one day at the Exposition. "England's Day" was approaching and some Irish patriots declared they would haul down every English flag on the Administration Building on that day. They waited on Millet the evening previous and declared it their intention to prevent the British emblem from flying over the principal buildings. Frank Millet smiled an enigmatic smile at and with his visitors, and they went away feeling that at heart he was with them.

The next morning British flags flew from every available pole, and in the early dawn groups of incensed "patriots" rushed the guards and swarmed to the roofs of the buildings, determined to haul down the offending banners. But there were no

ropes attached to any of the flags, for Frank Millet had commandeered every steeplejack on the grounds the night before, and they had carefully nailed the flags to the masts. It was such a huge joke on the "patriots" that they could not help seeing its humorous side; and "England's Day" passed off without any untoward incident.

As a rule, these impressions of people I have known have been confined to men whose activities made them figures in the events of a past generation, but in a little talk I had with Mr. Booth Tarkington a short time ago he put himself back into the class of the "old-timers" in such a delightful way that it would be shame to leave him out of this honorable company.

Tarkington said, as nearly as I can recall his words: "You caused me a great deal of trouble when I was a youngster; it was a close study of your drawings reproduced in the early numbers to *Life* that fired me with an ambition to become an illustrator.

"I used to copy them over and over until I thought I knew the trick; then I sent in a drawing of *Life* which, to my surprise and joy, the editor accepted, and for which I received thirteen dollars. I felt that my fortune was made, and I produced thirty more drawings—all of which were rejected. It was thus I was driven to my present laborious occupation, which hasn't the joy of yours.

"When one draws all day he has something to show for his effort, something to look at; but when one has spent a long day at his desk with his pen, when evening comes he has before him only a pile of

sheets of paper, each sheet just like all the others, and all of them covered with little pen marks which only mar the beauty of the white paper."

It would be a very interesting problem to speculate upon what the result would have been had Booth Tarkington made the thirty-first drawing. It is possible that we might have had a very notable artist to add to our list, but how many thousands of people would have missed the wonderful pictures painted with those little homely pen marks on many sheets of white paper!

When I was a youngster one of my schoolmates in Ohio moved with his family to Kansas. He was the captain and catcher in our baseball team and we missed him mightily. His family had previously been very well off, but fortune frowned upon his father, and when Frank McLennan arrived in Emporia he was glad to get a job as printer's devil. It wasn't so many years before he owned the Emporia *Gazette*.

He sold it and later it was bought by William Allen White. McLennan bought the Topeka *State Journal*, which he still owns. While on a visit to him, during a political campaign, I met a few of the great Kansans.

There was that fine old pessimist, "Ed" Howe, who wrote the story of Joe Errol's downfall in *The Story of a Country Town*, and who, as editor of a small Kansas newspaper, was more frequently quoted than any editor in the country. I have called Howe a fine old pessimist because his pessimism has a quality of delightful humor running through it like a thread of gold.

Then I had a day with Eugene Ware (Ironquill), who wrote "The Washerwoman's Song." In that and many of the *Rhymes of Ironquill* you feel the mind that sees much but believes only a little. It seems odd that Kansas, young and free, should give us two such men, to whom the world looks old and a trifle wrinkled. But then there is William Allen White (his neighbors call him "Bill"). He looks out on life and finds it good. I went down to Emporia one day to see him. The impression I carried away was of a big, sound, red apple; the kind they put on the top of the barrel to make you believe they are all like that; but they are not, and don't let anyone make you believe Kansas is full of "Bill" Whites. They are rare anywhere.

He has done much for Kansas. It isn't always the men who build with brick and mortar who make a city or a commonwealth. A new country has need of the "Bill" Whites to inspire and the "Ironquills" and "Ed" Howes to guide and criticize.

I was glad to know them all, and so to know Kansas better.

Along about 1906 I was hammering away at my daily cartoon in the *Herald* with the feeling, perhaps, of "the man with a hoe"; a daily task was there to be done. But as I looked down one row and up the next I felt my potatoes were very small, and there came over me a sort of despair of ever accomplishing anything worth while. One day while in this mood I picked up an evening paper and in it saw a letter from John La Farge. The letter contained a complimentary reference to a cartoon of

mine in the *Herald*. It had never occurred to me that a man like John La Farge would even look at the drawings of a workaday cartoonist in a daily paper, and it was almost like an electric shock to find appreciation in such a quarter.

If one of the angels from a La Farge stained-glass window had with the tips of its wing brushed the shoulder of "the man with a hoe," he could not have gone at his task again with more renewed strength and courage than I went at mine. For years after the thought often came to me, "This is only my daily work, but I must make it good enough to pass muster with John La Farge." I wrote him a very brief letter thanking him and expressing surprise that he had even seen my everyday work. I had never supposed it would interest anyone whose art was on a plane so high as his. I received, soon after, a letter from him, which I shall quote in part:

I do not wish to allow you to imagine myself upon some higher path, as you imply. To me all the paths are important; and what you do I have tried to appreciate in words, to imply that this daily task of yours has called upon all the powers of the artist; the imaginative faculty; the knowledge of fact and its expression in a special manner of drawing; a quality of line and composition and, of course, a something unexplained which is perhaps still more important and to which I can only allude.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LA FARGE.

From that time on Mr. La Farge would every now and then write me in regard to some cartoon which interested him. A grotesque figure made out

of a rake and called "The Muck Rake" brought a page letter from him. Only one who has toiled at a daily task with pen or pencil can fully appreciate what a noble help a word of encouragement is now and then from a master of his art. So without shame I have set down what John La Farge wrote me, the correspondence surely being a credit to him, as well as to me, on account of its generous spirit.

I wish I had a stenographic report of a conversation with John La Farge back in the prewar period when we had a little more time to think. He referred, as he had done in his letter, to his belief that all walks of art were important. It is impossible to quote him exactly, for even in a casual talk such as this was, his command of the right word and the perfectly constructed sentence was remarkable. This is, however, in substance, what he said:

"The public are misled greatly by the possibilities of actual representation in oil painting; and the painter in the oil medium has taken advantage of this to arrogate to himself the title of artist. Yet the painter in water-color exercises far more skill, must be far more resourceful, and, in the end, with his simple means, often suggests more than the oil painter is able to represent. The Japanese are good examples of this art of suggestion with a few simple tones and lines. When one is restricted to the line, as in etching and in pen drawing, the artist's power of suggestion is put to a supreme test.

"Many a young man," he continued, "imagines that holding a paint brush in his hand makes him an artist, but I feel that a mastery of the line which

suggests what is left out of the picture is one of the greatest of arts."

It will be seen later on how closely two great masters in their respective fields, John La Farge and Joseph Jefferson, agreed as to what constituted the highest form of art—"suggestion rather than representation."

It has always seemed to me an inestimable privilege to have had these expressions direct from two such consummate artists in their different professions; and I intend to pass them on as clearly as it is possible to reflect, in an imperfect mirror, the thoughts of two great men.

CHAPTER X

THERE are some men whom you greatly admire and about whom you can write with a clear judgment and feel, when you have done, that the picture is true and does fair justice to the sitter. But when I think of John A. Mitchell—"the General," we all affectionately called him in the old days—it is with a sense that I shall never be able to delineate even poorly his remarkable personality. *Life* had been in existence only a very short time when I climbed the long staircase at number 1155 Broadway and found Mr. Mitchell in a curious mixture of studio, editorial room, and publication office.

Anyone who knew him in later life would have found him about the same then. He looked pretty nearly the same age to the end of his life. He had the same smile with a little nervous jerk in the middle of it. He had the same love for capable work and the same kindly friendship for the capable worker that characterized him to the end.

I made cartoons for his paper for a little more than a year. At first he could afford to pay only a small price—and even so I had often to wait as much as a month for my check. There was one week when *Life* came very near breathing its last. There was no money to pay the printer—a strictly cash

proposition. Mr. Mitchell has, I think, told the story of how he and Andrew Miller raised the necessary twelve or fifteen hundred dollars; so I will only say that within a few months after this crisis the paper began to pay. Immediately "the General" doubled my check for the cartoon, and did it with such a pleased gesture that it was worth much more on that account.

One day, when prosperity was becoming more and more a reality, I had brought in a cartoon, and Mitchell suggested that we go to the St. James on Twenty-ninth Street for luncheon. We sat there for quite a long time, "the General" evidently in a curious state of expectancy, but for what I could not tell. Finally a boy came in with a message for him and we went out to the Broadway entrance. A very smart little rig was drawn up at the curb, and at the horses' heads stood a groom. Mitchell looked at me quizzically and said, "Jump in, young Rogers!" (I was always "young Rogers" to him); and in we climbed.

Mitchell had always wanted a pair of horses to drive and this was the realization of his desire. The next week my check was a little larger, for "the General" was never one to hide in a corner and eat his cake alone.

One day Mitchell seemed particularly thoughtful. I saw he was turning something over in his mind. This I tell to show the breadth and bigness of the man. He said at last:

"Do you know you and I are engaged in a hazardous business? We are using a dangerous weapon.

To strike at fraud and wrongdoing, at folly and all that, is, of course, a good and useful thing to do. But the weapon, satire, is a double-edged sword, and poisoned at that. We must do something to counterbalance the tendency toward being cynical, or we are lost. What natural sweetness and generosity we have will dry up. *Life* must take its part in some good undertaking; I don't know exactly what, as yet, but I am going to think it out—something to do with children. You have made pictures for children; you must somehow use that faculty for us."

From that conversation came an institution, *Life's* Fresh Air Fund. Several months afterward Mr. Mitchell and I went up to Branchville, Connecticut, where he had hired an old mansion and its grounds as a place to send little waifs of the streets for a breath of fresh air. We walked about the place and he said he felt sure it would fill the bill; but what to call the place he did not know. I suggested *Life's* Farm and I have always been proud of the fact that *Life's* Farm it was from that day.

On one occasion a rather worthless fellow applied to Mitchell for help. It was by no means the first time, and some of us, who knew the circumstances, protested against Mitchell going to his assistance. We felt he was being imposed upon and insisted that the man was unworthy.

"I know he is unworthy," Mitchell said; "you can't tell me anything against the man that I do not know; but, after all, isn't it the unworthy who need our help the most?" It is easy to pick a

flaw in Mitchell's reasoning here, and yet to me no statement of our duty to our fellow-man has ever shone out with such a calm light of pure charity.

The little waifs who have been taken out into the fields and woods by the different "Fresh Air" institutions have always had a strong place in my affections. I first came in contact with them when I went to the Rivington Street Newsboys' Home to make sketches for the *Daily Graphic*. It was presided over at that time by Mr. Calder and his wife, two of the biggest-hearted people I ever met. The poor little newsboys used to suffer a lot from sore throats. Their shoes were often more like sieves than shoes, so Mrs. Calder got a prescription from a good doctor for just such cases. She had a quantity of the mixture put up and gave out word to all the boys to bring bottles the next day for a supply of the medicine.

The next day a row of the little ragamuffins lined up before her. One had brought a quart whisky bottle, another a homœopathic pill bottle, another a shaving mug, and one a tin dinner pail. These little waifs of the streets, boys and girls, in whom one would think every higher instinct must have been trampled out in the fierce fight to keep alive, have really a remarkable sense of appreciation. I know them well, for I spent many a hot summer day in the tenements with doctors of the Health Department or tramping about on my own account. For instance, the love of nature, of the forest, and the greenwood tree never dies in the hearts of these youngsters. Once I saw a little Maying party in the most arid

region of the slums. The May queen carried a broomstick decorated with colored paper streamers, for a Maypole. The small boy who led the procession knew where there was a tree and they were aiming for that. Dodging among the heavy trucks at the street crossings, the little captain led his band through a maze of crooked streets. I followed them, and at last they reached the tree—a stunted, broken, crooked wreck of a tree, and on its gnarled branches perhaps a dozen leaves to shade this brave company. But it was the only living vestige of the wildwood within their reach, and the sure young instinct of these little children clothed it with all the charm of romance.

On one intensely hot summer's day I accompanied two young Health Department doctors in an inspection of tenements in New York. We took in one of the worst sections of the city—old houses with many rooms as dark as the Styx. One of these young doctors and I found ourselves in the home of a poor woman newly arrived from the other side. She was evidently very devout, for her walls were covered with cheap prints of religious designs. The two rooms she occupied had scarcely any ventilation, and the air was stifling. Her baby was sick. She brought it from a dark closet, and the poor, emaciated little creature was pitiful to see. She held the babe up for the doctor to examine. I can never forget seeing him bury his fine, clean head in that mass of rags as he listened to the faint heartbeats of the tiny infant.

Not a particle of disgust disturbed the kindly ex-

pression of his face as he told the poor mother what to do. I made a picture of this little scene for *Harper's Weekly* and in a short time forgot all about it. Nearly thirty years afterward a well-known physician rang me up on the telephone and asked me if I remembered spending a day many years ago in the slums with two young "medicos." He was one of them, and the other, he said, had recently died. The widow had always remembered the picture of her husband, and after his death felt a great desire to own the original drawing. The drawing had been made on the wood block; so it, of course, was destroyed in the process of engraving. But by the merest chance I found an artist's proof of the engraving in fair condition. It was a rather singular fact that this was the only artist's proof of a *Harper's Weekly* drawing which I had preserved, and it was a great satisfaction to have it go where it might be a source of comfort.

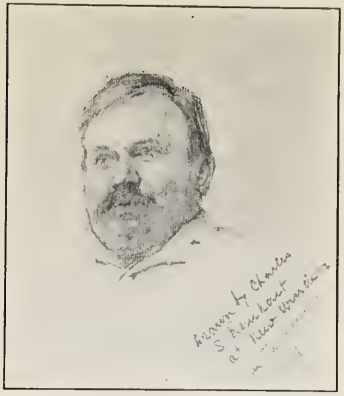
One night, a long time ago, I stood on the sidewalk looking at a group of Salvation Army people in the street. It was a murky night, the street was muddy and steaming, and the usual crowd had gathered when the cymbals crashed and the old cracked cornet blared out of tune. The flat booming of a bass drum, which sadly needed stringing up, smote my ears in a way to arouse every particle of prejudice against such a coarse, common, inartistic band of ignorant fanatics.

An old woman stood near me, on the sidewalk, who looked the worse for many long years of close association with the gin bottle; the rest of the

crowd were the riffraff and scourings of the gutter and a few poor creatures whose prowling place is the street. The scene of this tawdry little picture of the Salvation Army at work was in one of the filthiest slums in the city of New York.

I asked myself the question: Can this be religion? Can this brutal music, these ignorant exhorters, do anything to save this hopeless, sodden mass of humanity? I felt irritated at the futility of it all and aggrieved at the horrible bass drum. Then suddenly I heard a smothered scream; a poor street-prowling girl had been smashed in the face by some brute in the crowd. A young woman in the costume of the "Army," who had taken no part in the service up to this time, walked to the center of the circle. She was a rather handsome young woman, and there was something in the way she wore her uniform and her poke bonnet which distinguished her from her companions.

Without a moment's hesitation she knelt down in the muddy street, and all the circling band knelt likewise. The drum and cornet were silenced. The young woman raised her hand in an impressive gesture and held it there. For a moment not a sound could be heard except a sob from the poor girl who had been struck in the face. Then began a prayer for that poor creature which was of a beauty and eloquence such as I have seldom heard. Not until the last word was uttered did the Salvation lassie lower her hand. With rare hypnotic power she had held the crowd of derelicts, made them feel their souls struggling, for a moment at least, for freedom



WILL CAREY
by C. S. Reinhart

A FEW ATTEMPTS TO PENETRATE A GREAT MASK

from their covering of misery and sin. I saw one hard-faced woman across the circle throw her apron up over her face. Tears were trickling down the cheeks of my old gin-sodden neighbor. But the person who I was most sure had been deeply affected by that prayer was myself.

At that time the Salvation Army was looked on by most people as a band of cranks who were a good deal of a nuisance on account of their noise, and who could not possibly do any good to the cause of real religion. For several months from that night I made a sympathetic study of the Salvation Army, attending the meetings in its Bleecker Street hall and watching its activities on the street. I used the incident just related as the subject for what I think was one of the first pictures published in this country which took the Salvation Army seriously. I found that in almost every band of Salvation Army workers there was at least one intelligent and often cultivated woman in those days; probably to-day the proportion is much greater. I recollect one cold winter night when the Bleecker Street hall was crowded. Many of the people gathered there, poor souls, were there because it was warm. That was just why the Salvation Army people wanted them to be there, had they but known it.

The service was in progress; a hymn was being sung, when a man who had staggered in at the door, suddenly, in the unaccustomed warmth, became uproariously drunk and, springing from his seat, started up toward the platform, shouting foul and blasphemous words as he went. Halfway up the

aisle he collapsed and fell to the floor, frothing at the mouth.

"Put him out! Put him out!" came from all parts of the hall; and two or three husky fellows sprang up and started to drag him to the door. But the young woman who was leading the meeting bade them leave the poor wretch to her. She knelt down beside the ragged, drink-sodden creature, lifted up his head from the floor, and pillowed it on her knee. Then she took her handkerchief and wiped the froth from his lips. She had the three husky fellows who had started to drag him out carry him to a bench, where they laid him down carefully. If she had asked them to throw him out of the window they would have obeyed just as cheerfully. Nevertheless, the beauty of her act of service was not lost on those rough characters, and there wasn't a man in that room, I imagine, who had ever heard a sermon which hammered as much true religion into his soul as did that little incident.

When the Great War broke out the churches and the Y. M. C. A. and the various other organizations which undertook to ameliorate its horrors had to learn how, but the Salvation Army simply went on with its accustomed work, only transferring its activities from one sort of people to another—from the gutters and the slums to the camps and the trenches.

There is a consistency in the methods of the Salvation Army which has always won my admiration. The little band never plays good music. It doesn't wish to attract a crowd of music lovers.

Its work is among the lowest of the low. The bass drum is the biggest bait it has ever been able to find to attract the kind of people it wishes to reach.

A Salvation Army band always stands in the gutter. That is partly so as not to obstruct the sidewalk, but mainly, I believe, because it is typical of the humility of Him whose work the Army strives to carry on.

The Salvation Army never preaches to a man with an empty stomach. That is the wisest thing it knows.

What is called settlement work in the slums, the tenement district, or among the masses—whatever you choose to call the scene of its activities—is of two distinct kinds. The first—the original settlement work—was done by people who hated the slums but loved the poor unfortunates who were compelled to live in them. These fine, unselfish people left their homes and went down into the midst of squalor which tortured their nostrils and offended their eyes. The Calders, away back in the 'seventies in Rivington Street, Charles Loring Brace, and later Rose Hawthorne Lathrop—these and many others gave the best years of their lives to better the condition of the unfortunate, the sick, and the thriftless.

But their example, unfortunately, stimulated the imagination of people of another type, those whose great desire in life is not to help, but to change. The rebuilder never appeals to the lazy idealist as does the radical reformer. Rebuilding is too much like work. The radical is happy only when he is tearing something down—something which may be

imperfect, but which has stood the test of years. It is very much to be feared that a number of what might be called, not inappropriately, "unsettlement houses" have been established where they will do the most harm.

The radical element which has taken up this mischievous work is largely made up of people who are not quite normal. They rather like the slums; yet they don't care a fig for the people who live in them. They are enamored of a host of crude ideas of government which can be most successfully propagated among the densely ignorant. There is an enormous difference between a fine, clean man or woman who hates filth and squalor, and yet endures both for the sake of a loving service, and the neurotic who hates conventional order and decency and goes among the poor and unfortunate to sow discord and unrest.

One never hears of the Salvation Army trying to start a new form of government in the United States; yet it has worked among the poorest and most ignorant element of the people for forty years and has done more to improve the condition of the poor than all New York's radical reformers put together. Let us, who have too frequently passed by on the other side, speak in deep humility of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, who devotes her life to the care of the cancerous poor, a service which in self-sacrifice and courage deserves to rank with that of Father Damien on the island of Molokai.

Helping the young in their struggle upward often carries its own joys and rewards, but to hold the

withered hands of the hopeless, to minister to the dying and to the needs of those who cannot die—this is to become of the saints themselves.

Long before I ever saw New York I came in contact with some of the work done by Mr. Brace and his organization for the welfare of the city's waifs. To my home town in Ohio he sent a boy with close-cropped, bristly head and hangdog air. What his history in New York had been could be read in his sullen eyes and browbeaten manner. Kicks and cuffs and cruel blows were about all he had ever known. Cal was the only name he brought with him; that and his memories were all he had to bring!

Cal was taken in by two brothers, hackmen, rough-and-ready citizens, none too gentle in their manners. Cal used to duck his head whenever his new bosses spoke to him, expecting a blow. It took him a long time to get over that.

When a boy accosted him it was different. Then his ugly little jaw shot forward and down over his beady eyes came his shaggy eyebrows. Cal was no coward; if the odds were at all even he was always ready for a fight. When he found at last that he wasn't to be beaten without cause, his devotion to his employers became a pathetic sight. Anyone but Cal would have considered them the hardest of task-masters. They drove Cal as hard as they drove their horses. Early and late the little fellow was on duty, but the boy loved them with a deep devotion. No stray dog rescued from the street could have been more loyal to his new master than Cal to the two rough hackmen.

Cal had been in our town two or three years before I ever saw him smile. Gradually his features improved; even his hair became smoother and less bristly; and he finally grew up into a decent, orderly citizen, honest and straight and well thought of by everyone. That is just one example of the work done by Mr. Brace in rescuing boys from intolerable surroundings and placing them where they had at least a fighting chance to grow up to be decent men.

It is a great mistake, however, to imagine that a boy cannot grow up a good citizen right down in the tenement district of New York. I watched a group of boys one Saturday afternoon out in a wooded tract near the Grassy Sprain Brook in Westchester County. They were Boy Scouts out on a hike and had walked all the way from the northern terminus of the Subway, some nine miles, to the place where I observed them.

It was in the autumn and the ground was thick with dry leaves. A spark would have started a raging fire in a moment. The little band halted under some tall trees, gathered dry sticks, and prepared to build a fire. One boy hunted up an old tin can and filled it at the brook. He kicked away the leaves in a circle ten or fifteen feet in diameter and wetted the ground thoroughly at its edge, going many times to the brook for water. Then another boy whittled a bit of pine wood into a kindling stick in good woodcraftsman style. A fire was quickly made and a coffee pot suspended over it. Everything was done in an orderly manner and as effectively as Dan

Beard himself or any other old camper could have done it.

I joined the group and directed them to where there was an excellent spring not far away. The little fellows soon told me all about themselves. Two of them were Jewish boys from Hester Street; another, named Tony, was an Italian; Slovak blood was evident in others. Only one or two of these boys were of native American parentage, and all came from a part of the city where the surroundings are of the worst. It was good to see what the Boy Scout organization had done to bring to life the love of nature, the latent decency, and the regard for the rights of others which are almost smothered in the fierce struggle for existence in tenement-house life.

When they left the woods the little fireman of the band carefully drowned out the last embers of their camp fire. It would be interesting to know what the radical reformers of the Rand School type teach young East-Siders that is as valuable as the simple maxims of the Boy Scouts.

Every now and then, after periods of stagnation, when it seems impossible that old conditions can ever be mended or done away with, along comes a man with an idea; and if he combines with it a strong executive personality the world moves. This combination never was stronger than in the late Col. George E. Waring. I remember one morning, when I was at work in my studio, a sharp knock took me to the door. A tall gentleman stood there, faultlessly dressed, straight as an arrow, his small mustache waxed.

"I am Colonel Waring," he said, as I asked him in. "I have come to thank you for certain pictures you have made in *Harper's Weekly* of street and market improvements I am trying to put through."

My experiences in studying the life of the East Side had convinced me that certain projects of Colonel Waring's, reported in the daily papers, were on the right lines, and I had gone down to the places indicated and tried, in pictures, to visualize his ideas as though already in existence.

This little graceful act of Colonel Waring's in coming to my place to express his thanks contains the secret of his success in carrying out his campaign against King Garbage and King Dirt, who had reigned for three hundred years on Manhattan Island. His idea in life was to give credit to everyone who was helping him. Before his day, not a soul had ever said a good word for the street scavenger. He was a pariah to his fellow citizens. In a single day, the day on which for the first time in the history of New York the street cleaners paraded up Fifth Avenue in pure-white uniforms, the "pariah" became a self-respecting man.

I well remember the howl of laughter that went up when Colonel Waring proposed the white-canvas uniform for the street cleaner. The New York *Sun* found it funnier than "The Stuffed Prophet" or any of its other standard jokes. When the parade was proposed the *Sun* suggested that Colonel Waring, having made spectacles of the men in their "White Wings" uniforms, ought to wear one himself. "Good idea," said the Colonel, and when the "White

Wings" marched up Fifth Avenue the colonel headed the procession, a splendid figure on horseback, clad in the pure-white uniform of a street cleaner. Not until the returning troops from Europe's battlefields marched up the historic avenue in khaki has there been a parade which made such an impression as that first procession of the street cleaners. The *Sun* came out next morning with apologies for its past lack of understanding of Colonel Waring's great idea of creating self-respect among his workers, and from that day forth its influence was no longer a hindrance, but a help, to the colonel in his undertakings.

After his visit to my studio I became very well acquainted with Colonel Waring and talked with him many times about his ambition to clean up Havana. That was the desire of his life. To end the reign of yellow fever in Havana and so protect our own Southern cities was the ideal on which he had set his heart, and to that desire he devoted the last years of his life and in the end gave up life itself, for yellow fever, which he was one of the great factors in destroying, took him as one of its last victims.

I know no man to whom Theodore Roosevelt's words, "Let us pay with our bodies for our souls' desire," would apply more appropriately than to Colonel Waring.

The colonel was a great smoker. I have watched him smoke one long black cigar after another, and one day he talked on the subject. But first let me say that he was then about sixty years of age, in perfect health, straight, and vigorous.

"When I was a youngster, aged about twelve years," he said, "my father caught me with one of his cigars in my mouth. I had just lit it and had taken two or three puffs. My father asked me if it tasted good. I was a good deal frightened, but managed to say that it did.

"'All right,' he said, 'then smoke it to the end,' thinking, of course, it would sicken me. I smoked until only the butt was left.

"'Well,' said my father, 'what have you got to say now?' I felt pretty dizzy, but I managed to brave it out, and replied, 'I'd like another!' Of course it made me sick, but I began smoking regularly soon afterward and have smoked ever since."

This story, I am afraid, will give no aid or comfort to the theory that early smoking stunts a boy's growth, but it is true, and just as the colonel told it.

When Thomas Nast invented a symbol to represent a party or a principle it was generally so appropriate that it could never be improved upon. To him we owe the elephant as the symbol representing the Republican party; and the tiger symbolizing Tammany Hall is a characterization which has stood the test of time.

The "Tiger" to my certain knowledge, has been killed a number of times since I first made cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. Nast killed it the first time, and it was extremely dead for several years; but, being of the cat tribe, it had a number of lives yet to be lost before it should finally give up the ghost. I

remember being in at the death of Tammany several times, giving what little aid I could in the way of cartoons to the powerful forces which were arrayed against Mr. Croker and later against Mr. Murphy.

The trouble with the killing of Tammany lies in the fact that Tammany represents a vital element which exists in every large city. There must be some organization to take care of the poor and ignorant who are unable to manage their own affairs successfully. Tammany is the organization in New York which performs this necessary office. Not being an altruistic body, it requires payment for its service. All the poor and ignorant beneficiaries of Tammany have to offer is their votes; but this is no mean compensation, for it spells power. The mayoralty, the comptrollership, the courts, the police, and every branch of municipal government is in the hands of Tammany a good deal more than half the time.

Unfortunately, the opponents of Tammany, who could really outvote that organization a great deal oftener than they do, have no deep roots extending down into the lower strata of the community. When Tammany becomes too outrageous in its administration of public affairs some association of citizens arises and fights the "Tiger" through one political campaign. If they win, that ends their interest in municipal politics until another crisis arises. But Tammany is at work all the time. The next day after it has lost an election it is already rebuilding from the bottom what has just tumbled about its ears. In this one characteristic Tammany

could be well represented by a picture of a beaver—always working under the surface, eternally mending its dams when the floods have swept them away.

There will never be recorded the final demise of Tammany until a society formed on the same lines, but altruistic in its motives and honest in its administration, takes Tammany's place. It can hardly be called cynical to doubt if such a society could exist for long, but the next group of civic reformers who become imbued with an ambition to oust Tammany might try it to advantage.

While the old Tammany methods bred a tribe of officeholders who had a tender regard for their own pockets, it also was responsible, through its very intimacy with all grades of citizens down to the lowest, for a number of excellent thief catchers in the past. Life on the streets of New York was certainly safe under Byrnes, Murray, Devery, and McLaughlin, largely because those officers were close to the people and knew where to locate pretty nearly every criminal in town.

The Tammany of to-day seems to have lost some of its skill in this line of endeavor; perhaps the town has outgrown that intimate acquaintance with itself which made it possible for a police officer simply to order a certain type of thief to keep away from the financial center of the town with the assurance of being obeyed. In those days it was absolutely safe to walk the streets even in the slums at any reasonable hour. My work as an illustrator frequently took me into the worst quarters of the town at night, but I never was seriously molested. Now on

Fifth Avenue or Broadway in broad daylight a citizen is more likely to fall a victim to gun play or robbery than he was then in the "gas house district" at midnight. Some of those Tammany-trained thief catchers came a little high to the community, but perhaps, after all, they were worth the money.

New York was in many ways a much more comfortable place in those days than it is now. We hadn't nearly so many theaters then, to be sure, and we had no "movies," but you could see John Drew and Jimmy Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert and Ada Rehan all at once for a dollar and a half. Or you could go around the corner of Twenty-fourth Street to the little Madison Square Theater and see Tom Whiffen, Agnes Booth, Couldock, and Annie Russell for the same price.

I have told some of the doings behind the scenes in the old Union Square Theater. In making the pictures for a little illustrated souvenir of the play "Esmeralda," for the Madison Square Theater I had a good opportunity to see how a part is built up by a clever company who work harmoniously together.

Miss Annie Russell was then just a slip of a girl and she came to the Madison Square Company, I am pretty sure, without any theatrical experience whatever. I saw her performance for a number of nights, also rehearsals betweentimes. It was surprising, indeed, to see how a part could be enriched without changing a word. Little subtle intonations, an almost imperceptible emphasis, a little hesitation, or what appeared to be an accidental move-

ment—all these made an enormous difference between the first performance and that of a week or two later.

It was a wonderful school of acting which Miss Russell fell into; and that extraordinary actress, Agnes Booth, recognizing her exceptional aptitude, put all her own great talents and experience at the service of "the child," as I often heard her call the younger actress.

It was a pretty sight at rehearsals to see the company grouped about Miss Russell and the actor who played the part of her father. (Couldock played the part during a portion of the run, but was not in the cast just at that time.) They would go through the principal scenes over and over again, and it was easily to be seen that the whole company was charmed by the young actress who had so much to learn and was learning it so rapidly. The play, which really was very insignificant, ran for many months.

It is dangerous to boast too much of "the good old times" when everything was better than it is now; but in the march of progress and economy in the production of magazines and books, one beautiful art, which flourished in France and America above all places in the world, has been trampled underfoot and is scarcely practiced at all to-day. The invention and perfection of mechanical reproduction of drawings by the half-tone process of engraving made it a practical impossibility for publishers to continue the use of wood engravings.

While no half-tone engraving has ever equaled the

THE FIRST SPADEFUL

best wood engraving, the average half tone was far superior to the average work on the block. The cost of a good, serviceable half tone was so much less than an engraving of equal merit that no publisher could afford to go on with the old methods. It was thus that a wonderful art which had in America attained a perfection rivaled only by the French was killed almost overnight.

As for the engravers, it was as though a black frost had cast its blight over a fair land in the very midst of harvest time. I knew personally a great many of these men, great artists of reproduction, sensitive as musicians, many of them men of education and culture. It was, indeed, a cruel fate which drove them from their beautiful art which had taken them years of infinite pains to perfect.

W. J. Linton, an Englishman by birth, was, I think, the first great engraver in America. He had a peculiar "singing" line, somewhat resembling the line of the great French engraver Pannemacker, but with just a little more freedom if less mechanical perfection. I shall not attempt to name his successors in any chronological order, but among the early followers of Linton to attain a great place in the art was John S. Davis. Davis used to enter into the very spirit of the illustrator whose drawings he interpreted on the block. When he engraved your drawing you felt much the same satisfaction that Mark Twain felt when he saw his characters in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* walking on the stage. You felt he had lost nothing, perhaps had added a great deal.

Smithwick was also one of the engravers whose

work added charm to the drawing it reproduced. His associate for many years, French, was another engraver whose work had a distinct flavor of its own. Smithwick was particularly strong in the reproduction of drawings on a large block, in which he succeeded in preserving a perfect scale of light which illuminated the whole engraving. I knew Mr. Smithwick intimately for many years. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking Irishman of an extremely fine type—the most sensitive, high-strung character I ever met. A careless word of criticism of his work would drive him to despair or anger, depending on his mood at the time, and another more just or careful word would instantly restore his balance. In all his work he was one of the most conscientious of engravers. One had only to approach him with a little tact, giving him always to understand that one had absolute confidence in him, to work with him in perfect harmony.

Tinkey was another engraver who reproduced a drawing in a sweet and silky line and rich texture. A little later on came Juengling, an extraordinary and artistic engraver who got out of the wood block certain qualities of rich color (black and white has its effect of color) never before dreamed of as possible. All during the great period of wood engraving Kingsley and Cole practiced their splendid art and with Wolff survived the cataclysm that swept away so many of their comrades.

The reproduction of pen drawings by mechanical means — direct process, or photoengraving — was brought to a great state of perfection about twenty-

five or thirty years ago by George Wright, assisted greatly by Benjamin Day. As Joseph Pennell very justly said of mechanical reproductions of the pen drawings of Daniel Vierge, they give a better idea of the original work of the artist than the most skillful engraver could have done. An "interpretation" of a line drawing would be somewhat of an absurdity.

Yet while the half-tone plate is a thing of mechanical beauty in itself, it inevitably flattens values. Over a drawing of extreme delicacy or of elusive quality it runs with the crushing effect of a steam roller. A rough, crude original fares better; its hard edges are softened. But a wood engraving at its best follows the mood and the method of the artist. The sensitive art of the engraver joins hands with the art of the draftsman. I wish that it were possible to give an adequate idea of the great debt all of us who drew pictures for publication in the days when wood engraving was at its best owed to the skill of those artists of the graver.

CHAPTER XI

AT the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, Mr. John Foord, a representative of the state of New York at the Exposition, invited me one day to lunch with Thomas B. Reed and himself. I had made a good many cartoons in which Mr. Reed figured, but had never met him. We had a very pleasant luncheon party, and after it was over Mr. Reed and I walked down the steps together.

During the luncheon he had never intimated in the slightest way that he had ever seen a picture of mine or had ever heard of me in his life; but just as we parted he looked at me with those half-closed eyes of his and said, in the long Yankee drawl habitual to him, "Mr. Rogers, when next you draw a caricature in which I appear, I wish you would send me a copy of it; I should like to see what your ideal of manly beauty is!"

I afterward met Mr. Reed a great many times. Once when Congress had just assembled I was looking about for pictures on Capitol Hill; I called on the Speaker in his private office and made an attempt —in fact a number of them—to put the "tsar" on paper.

No scintillating personality was ever so camouflaged by nature as was that of Thomas B. Reed.

The inside of that remarkable head and the outside of it bore no resemblance one to the other, except that a glimpse of the real man occasionally reached one in the flash or twinkle of his eyes.

Perhaps it was through reliance upon this great mask that he took little pains in his manner to conceal his opinions of the people with whom he came in contact. A number of members of Congress came in to pay their respects to the Speaker while I was with him. To many he was frigidly polite; to a few icy; and to still fewer he was cordial and expansive. He had no time for the oratorical or for those who were swelled up with a sense of their own importance; and I think he enjoyed setting down a ruthless heel on a palavering, favor-currying soul.

But a modest man, one who made no attempt to impress him, was his especial delight. To such a one he gave a warm welcome. My most distinct recollection of any of the members of the House who came to see him that day is of Gen. Joe Wheeler. Physically a small man as he stood alongside of the Speaker, his manner was so simple and unassuming that it was almost impossible to imagine him as one of the most dashing cavalrymen of the Civil War.

He seemed more like a quiet country gentleman who had never taken part in any of the turmoil of public affairs. To him Tom Reed paid all the respect due to a great national character. All the austerity of the Speaker melted away at sight of the little Southerner, and I had, for a moment or two, a glimpse behind the mask.

An artist has sometimes a little advantage over a reporter in his contact with public men. A man like Reed, for instance, is cautious in what he says to a newspaper man unless he knows him intimately; but he will often express himself very frankly to a man who is sitting there making a sketch of him. After the lapse of years, now that Thomas B. Reed is a figure in history, it may be permissible to print a little story of his criticism of a portrait which John Sargent painted of him.

In the anteroom of the Speaker's office hangs this portrait of Mr. Reed. It certainly is not one of Sargent's best. I have looked at Mr. Reed's face many times. To me it did not in any way resemble a yellow pumpkin, but that was what Sargent's portrait always suggested, and Mr. Reed detested it. On that particular day I was trying to get a sketch of Mr. Reed, and I tried over and over without much success. His face was a mask out of which the man showed scarcely at all. My struggles evidently amused him.

"You seem to be having difficulties," he chuckled.

"I am," I replied.

"You are not the only one," he said.

Then he got clean away from the subject and began a long account of all the things his enemies had said against him; of the accusations they had made, the names they had called him, and in his slow, drawling voice he strung this out for over half an hour. It was all interesting stuff, well worth listening to. I wish I could remember it well enough to set it down here. Nevertheless, I wondered why he

was repeating all these slanders (and occasional truths) against himself, when suddenly he wound up, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

"But no one, in Congress or out, disgruntled Republican or partisan Democrat—no, not even my most bitter enemy—has ever intimated that I looked like the picture John Sargent painted of me!"

By all the laws of contrast Theodore Roosevelt should follow Thomas B. Reed in these pages. No two men in public life were so totally different. One with his dry, cynical wit, the other with the boy in him ever alive just under the skin—but everyone knows all this.

Once during his term as Vice-President I visited Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The family had not accompanied him to Washington that winter, and he had come up to his Long Island home for a little outing. It happened, when he served as police commissioner in New York City, that I made some cartoons in *Harper's Weekly* which fell in line precisely with what he was trying to do. He had no use for a group of theoretical reformers who balked at his practical methods for the accomplishment of the very reforms they were continually talking about.

This group went by the name, collectively, of the "Goo-Goos." It was a good name for a man in my line of business to have a little fun with, and I made some pictures of the innocent little "Goo-Goos," which I am afraid they failed to appreciate. But Mr. Roosevelt had saved them all, and he brought them out and commented on them. I have mentioned these cartoons here because later on they

come into the story. While we were talking, the younger Roosevelt boys were romping about the room. Quentin was a little chap and I remember I said something about its being easy to guess Mr. Roosevelt's choice in the Scott novels. The adventures of Quentin Durward in northern France could not fail in their appeal to the daring spirit of Theodore Roosevelt.

As I look back now to that evening on Sagamore Hill, I can see how the name of Quentin Durward stirred the imagination of Mr. Roosevelt. His memory was extraordinary, as many who knew him will testify; and he knew the story, both the adventurous and the political sides of it, down to the last detail. The romantic origin of Quentin Roosevelt's name must ever be associated with that brave lad's death.

Over the forests and plains of northern France—where Walter Scott in fancy led gallant Quentin Durward—young Quentin Roosevelt circled like an eagle, and to him fell adventures as daring, yet far more wonderful. Perhaps the valiant soul of young Quentin owed something to the idealism of his name, and the spark of fire that the old romancer struck blazed out again, gloriously, in his brief career.

At the beginning of Mr. Roosevelt's public life, as I have said, I found myself in the ranks fighting the same foes; and it was my privilege in the last great battle of his life, the battle for a place in the ranks of the civilized nations who were fighting our battles, again to follow his banner.

There was, however, a time when I could not

follow him. A third term as President of the United States has always seemed to me to be dangerous for the occupant of the office and for the country as well. A man who has held that exalted office for eight years, with the prospect of four more years of power, might easily come to the conclusion that he was indispensable, and the people might easily fall into a slumbrous state and forget their part in a government which is of and by and for them.

During the campaigns in which Theodore Roosevelt ran for a third term I fought on the other side; but when the Great War came on, it was with joy that I found myself once more in harmony with his purposes. In a series of cartoons in the New York *Herald* I had the satisfaction of supporting him in his efforts to arouse the country to a sense of its duty to the Allies in their desperate need.

In recognition of the help I had given to him he paid me the honor of a call at the *Herald* office. In his generous heart remained no thought of old antagonisms. The first thing he spoke of was our troubles in the days when he was a police commissioner, with the "Goo-Goos."

"And do you realize that in your cartoons attacking the pacifists you are fighting the lineal descendants of those selfsame slackers?" he asked. "The 'Goo-Goos' wanted certain reforms, but were unwilling to take the only practical means available to bring them about. The pacifists say they have a 'passion for peace,' but they refuse to fight for it."

Theodore Roosevelt had another engagement at the *Herald* Building that day. The blind newsvendor

who sells papers just outside the door had confided to Mr. Nat Jennings, an old and tried friend of Colonel Roosevelt's who always covered Oyster Bay for the *Herald*, that the ambition of his life was to shake the hand of Theodore Roosevelt. Jennings had only to ask the colonel in order to obtain a hearty consent to gratify the blind man's desire. I witnessed the meeting, and it was a fine man-to-man affair, no mere formal handshake, but a charming, friendly talk which must have sent a penetrating ray of real sunshine into a darkened life. It was in little acts of this kind that Roosevelt made friends even among those who disagreed with him—the human touch which put life into all his contacts with men.

Not so very many months before Colonel Roosevelt's death I sent him a book of my cartoons which had been selected from those published in the *Herald* during the war; and on the flyleaf I wrote a little inscription which ran something like this: "To Theodore Roosevelt, whose words, 'Let us pay with our bodies for our souls' desire,' furnished the spark which fired the heart of the Nation." A few days afterward I received from him the following letter:

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt.

October 25, 1917.

My dear Mr. Rogers:

If I were allowed to choose my own epitaph, and if I felt that I deserved what you said, I should ask to have what you have

inscribed in the volume you sent me, used as such epitaph. Believe me, my dear fellow, I am very proud of it. As for the pictures themselves, they have been from the time you started them, among the not too many things which have kept up my pride in my country. At a time when almost every cartoonist or writer was nervously endeavoring to seem to attack brutality without hurting the feelings of the brute, and was therefore denouncing war with a vagueness which made the denunciation apply as much to Belgium as Germany, you served the cause of decency by striking fearlessly home at the offender. It was a great and manly service, and all Americans owe you a debt of gratitude.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. W. A. ROGERS,
NEW YORK *Herald*,
NEW YORK.

A tremendous effort has been made from time to time to discredit Theodore Roosevelt because he put through the Panama Canal in what they call a high-handed way. But nobody will deny now that an interocean canal was bound to be built. The world's commerce wasn't going to halt at a little strip of land the breadth of one's finger on the map.

If we hadn't built it, and built it then, it is only a fair question to ask who should we have liked to see undertake the task in our place? Theodore Roosevelt, when he stuck his spade into the earth of the Isthmus, had a wider world vision than any American of that day. He knew it was then or never as a wholly American enterprise, and if he heaved a little mud and a few rocks over the moun-

tains into Bogotá in the operation, that was unfortunate but necessary.

It does not make a particle of difference whether one was always able to follow Mr. Roosevelt with approval in his many-sided career or not; admiration for that great life as a whole has been so gloriously earned that each one of us must needs pay our little tribute to his memory. Fortunately, he has left us such intimate glimpses of his inner life, his thinking has been so open for all to see, whether about kings or flapjacks, that, although numbered with the great dead, he yet seems to live. Roosevelt may be said to have worn, not his heart, but his faults, on his sleeve. His personal prejudices were all public; what vanities he had, what injustices he practiced, what overriding of a strict interpretation of the law, what quarrels he indulged in—all these facts and many more were worn where all men could see them just as plainly and prominently as his great qualities of courage and generosity and patriotism and farseeing statesmanship. Where another man is ashamed of and tries to hide his shortcomings, Roosevelt may be said almost to have paraded them, not consciously, but because he was a natural man of an almost primitive type. Good and bad he was, but never indifferent. He constantly battled for what he thought was the right, and picked up whatever weapon came to his hand to help his cause along.

He had an honest ruthlessness in attaining his ends which shows gloriously on the side of achievement, but, unlike most statesmen, he had no shame

in turning the medal over and showing to all men the obverse side. One quality alone he exhibited to which I never could reconcile myself—that of a study of wild-animal life through post-mortems. His expedition in Africa for scientific purposes seemed to me an orgy of blood. I learned more in ten minutes about wild animals in Africa while looking at a cinema picture of a water-hole, taken by Paul Rainey, than could be gleaned from all those great volumes of records of elephants', rhinoceroses', and lions' death throes *ad nauseam*. But I put that down to the side of Roosevelt's faults; and even there perhaps other minds may not feel the same as I do toward the right of the wild creatures of the forest to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Where Theodore Roosevelt shone out in his truest greatness was in the late war. Baffled in his desire to go to the front himself, he sent the boys who were his pride and comfort, who were his comrades from their early boyhood, to take his place. How well they represented him is known by all men. A great man is like a great mountain. When I first saw Pikes Peak the foothills looked enormous. Over the tops of them appeared a little hummock against the western sky. That was the mountain itself. One day I started across the plain on horseback. As we traveled eastward all day long the foothills appeared to flatten out, but the Peak kept rising higher and higher above them, until, at thirty miles' distance against the western sun it stood out in all its solitary grandeur. Surely in his battle for eternal right the soul of Theodore Roosevelt towered

above those faults which linked him only the more closely to his fellow-men.

The woman in the Bible who changed into a pillar of salt met a fate but slightly different from that of a great many elderly people. The average person, as he grows older, changes into a pillar of chalk if he doesn't watch out. The alert mind of "Uncle Joe" Cannon saved him from this fate. His intensely human interest in everything and everybody kept his being fluid. At eighty-six he looked out upon his life and found it pretty nearly as good as new.

I spent a Sunday morning with him not many years ago. He was even then what many would call an aged man; but no chalk had clogged his veins and his mind was as quick and active as that of a man of forty. He did not ignore facts in order to retain his youthful spirit, but spoke frankly of his many years, and he talked of death.

We were all seated in a room in his house in Washington, which had several large windows opening, I think, to the south. "Uncle Joe" looked up at one of the large windows, kept his gaze there as though he saw some presence outside, and said: "I am getting on in years and I have seen many of my friends leave this fine world. My mind doesn't dwell on the uncertainty of life; I enjoy living, I am interested in all that makes it worth while; but if I saw an old, muffled figure out through that window and it pointed its long bony finger at me and said, 'Come!' I should be ready to obey."

That always seemed to me a fine spirit for an old

man—to enjoy the sunshine, endure the shadow, and be ready for his exit. I had often watched "Uncle Joe" at work in the House and was impressed with his wonderful activity. He made most of the other Congressmen look as though they were asleep—and some of them generally were.

I suppose "Uncle Joe's" opponents in Congress could come close to proving that he had committed every crime on the calendar of politics, but even they would have to admit that it is impossible to help liking a man so intensely alive.

Speaking of age and a vigorous mind recalls a grand old American of the native stock with whom I once spent a few pleasant and profitable days. One time just after the end of a fierce political campaign I shipped my canoe from New York Bay down to Virginia. A railroad strike held it up and I was marooned in a little inn near some mineral springs for a number of days. An old Indian—he must have been eighty at least—was stopping there, taking the waters for his rheumatism. He was a very tall, sturdy old man, exceedingly well educated. I spent a good deal of my time with him.

His history, as he recounted it to me, was a peculiar one. When he was a tiny child there was a great fight, in which his father took part, between the Seminoles and the whites. He became separated from his people, and after they had been driven away he was found by an army officer who later went into the United States navy. This officer adopted him—whether legally or not I have forgotten, but at any rate brought him up—and he

spent his boyhood aboard various naval vessels and received his education from the officers.

Much of his life after he grew up was spent as a missionary, both spiritual and medical, among various tribes of Indians. The springs where he was taking the waters had been known to his people from time immemorial and they had made long journeys in former times to this very place before the advent of the white race.

The old Indian and I used often to sit for hours under the oak trees and discuss the different viewpoints of the white man and the Indian. His education had been much more complete than my own, and he had behind him an experience of life all over the world, civilized and savage. My part in the discussions consisted largely in drawing him out with questions. Often he would sit for half an hour without saying a word, looking back into the great storehouse of his memories, but impenetrable. Then he would come out with a few pithy words.

He told me it was but seldom he came in contact with a white man to whom he could talk seriously. As a rule they carried, back in their minds, the idea that he, being Indian-born, must be essentially irresponsible, not quite on their mental plane. When he saw that I appreciated his highly cultivated mind the old fellow gave me the full benefit of his thoughts.

In the last conversation we had together he epitomized the whole discussion of the difference between the white race and the Indian, and this is how he put it:

"Do you know what is the difference between the

white man and the Indian? It is this: *The white man seeks to multiply his desires—the Indian to satisfy his wants.*"

Nowhere in all the great libraries of the land can so big a thought be found expressed in so few words —so just and complete an arraignment of our entire philosophy of life and the civilization which it has produced. Time and again I have repeated those words over to myself, and over and over have I seen the inescapable proof of their truth.

Another Indian of high intellectual attainments is Doctor Eastman. On one or two occasions I have talked with him about his people. Doctor Eastman was born on the Northern plains. His parents were pure-blooded Sioux, one of the finest races of all the Indian peoples.

While Doctor Eastman values the knowledge of the white man strongly, he yet believes that the Indian knows much more than the white man gives him credit for. He points out that he also has a mind which is educated, but along different lines—an education which the white man's detachment from nature causes him to underrate, if, indeed, he can comprehend it at all.

He told me of an incident which occurred at a time when the people in Washington wanted to impress the principal men of one of the tribes with the power of the government. They arranged to have several of the older men from this tribe make a trip to Washington, where they were to be shown all the great buildings which would contrast so forcibly with the frail tepees in which they lived.

These old men, Doctor Eastman said, were from a mountain country and were used to the sight of the towering and eternal hills. They arrived in Washington and their guide led them to the foot of Capitol Hill. "There," he said, pointing to the dome of the Capitol, "is the work of the white man. What do you think of that?" The old Indians looked at the dome for a moment or two, then one turned to the other, snapped his fingers, blew out his breath, and said, "*A bubble!*"

Doctor Eastman then expressed a thought which was quite in keeping with what the old Seminole had said years before. "The Indian," said he, "looks on much of the civilization of the white man as a silly multiplication of material troubles." I am never so much impressed with the truth of this observation as on October 1st, when we discover on moving day how much trouble we have spent years in accumulating.

CHAPTER XII

I HAVE already told the story of a "runaway assignment" and of how it turned out. That expedition took place in 1878. In the year 1879 came the great boom in Leadville. Mr. A. A. Hayes and I went to Colorado in July of that year for the Harpers. Mr. Hayes was to write a series of magazine articles, and my part was to make pictures.

Fifteen years later I rolled into Leadville in a Pullman car; but in 1879 our entry was quite different. A little narrow-gauge road ended at Fairplay, and from there we proceeded to cross the Mosquito Range in a stage drawn by six mules. I sat with the driver, a fine-fibered, sturdy type only to be found in the mountains. When I got aboard he was cursing the freight driver, who had taken his wheel mules and left him a pair of green animals that had never been over the pass; and good cause he had to use "language," as I soon discovered. The road over the Mosquito Range was just the width of the stage, with perhaps a foot to spare. For two teams to pass going in opposite directions one or the other had to get into a cut-out—if there was one. The road was also plentifully supplied with "'cute curves" as it zigzagged up the side of the mountain.

Once we saw on the stretch directly above us an ore wagon, with a four-horse team, coming down. The driver was drunk, singing and cracking his blacksnake whip. Our driver shouted to him to get into the cut-out.

"Plenty of room to pass," the answer came back.

Quick as a flash, out came a gun half as long as my arm from under the seat. Our driver yelled, "Git inter that cut-out!" and took a sure aim at the drunken man. "All ri'!" came the reply, and when we passed the ore wagon salutations were exchanged—"Hello, Hank!" "Hello, Jim!"—and the ore wagon pulled out into the road, the driver renewing his song and cracking his blacksnake whip.

Up near the top a wagon containing a huge box was stranded alongside the road. One of the horses had broken a leg on the rocks and the owner of the box was waiting for the driver to return with another animal.

As we rested our team we learned that the box contained a grand piano. "Yes," said its owner, "I made a strike an' I'm buildin' a house in Leadville. It's all done 'ceptin' the roof. Couldn't get no shingle boards 'n' I told the missus I was goin' ter git her the best pianner in Denver. It's in that box an' it cost fifteen hundred dollars in Denver, a dead horse on Muskeeter Pass, and God knows how much more 'fore I get it home."

The happy owner of a house without a roof and of a grand piano stranded on the side of a mountain waved us a cheerful good-by as we passed along.

When we reached the top of the mountain the two leaders were taken off and we started down the other side with four mules. We had brakes and a metal shoe about two feet long in which the rear right wheel rested. This shoe was shaped like a sled-runner, with a groove in which the wheel set, and was attached by a chain to the forward end of the stage body.

But even with this drag the mules were unable to hold back the stage on the steeper runs, and many times we plunged down the mountainside and around those "'cute curves" at a breakneck pace. Here the green wheel mules constantly hugged the cliff-side, but when we came out on the edge of a great rock, where one could look down for a thousand feet or so, they would shy to the other side in a most dangerous fashion. The last hour of our journey down the mountain was made in the pitch dark, and we arrived at the Palace Hotel at about nine o'clock.

A match touched to the windward side of this structure would have caused it to disappear in about fifteen or twenty minutes, as it was simply a light wooden frame covered with builder's paper. The bedroom floors were formed of slats two or three inches apart—and the ceilings of brown paper. However, the dining room, which at the moment interested us most, had its tables already set for breakfast, and we sat down before a clean cloth, which looked encouraging. Beside each plate there lay what I took to be a very neat menu card, but I noticed that it was deeply bordered with black.

The "menu," which was intended for the breakfast guests, read as follows:

> You are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Nip Guerin, late cook of this hotel, at 10 A.M. He was shot by Deputy Sheriff So-and-so while defending his claim to a mine prospect he had grubstaked.
>
> PALACE HOTEL.

We had had a strenuous day and when I trod the slats of my bedroom it took but a little time to roll into bed.

About midnight I awoke suddenly; a violent quarrel was proceeding in the big gambling hall below me. Only a thin film of paper and a few slats separated me from the voices that alternated in angry tones. One party to the controversy had loaned the other some fifteen hundred dollars to send to St. Louis for material to start an enterprise in Leadville, the details of which I decline to go into, and the professional person who carried the money to St. Louis had failed to return.

I knew the turn that quarrels in a boom town usually take, but I was dreadfully tired and sleepy. Everyone has heard that a feather bed will turn a bullet. I wondered if a piece of paper, the chance of a slat, and two inches of straw mattress would be as effective. Then I went to sleep and awoke in this world the next morning in time to attend the funeral of Nip, who died in the defense of his property.

After the funeral Hayes and I rode over to the Little Pittsburg Mine. There we met a distinguished party of mining men headed by John W. Mackay,

who had come on from San Francisco to take a look at the Leadville properties, which, I think, were then in the market. We all donned "slickers" and boots, and a few of us at a time were lowered down a shaft in what looked like a large dry-goods box. Hayes always wore a white high hat with a broad black band, and I remember it made rather an odd combination with the rest of his outfit. The walls of the shaft were very rough and our dry-goods box bumped against the sides as we made our crazy way at a great rate of speed down the six hundred feet toward the bottom. About halfway down we suddenly came to a halt, stuck fast between two projecting rocks. We could distinctly hear the rope coiling up on top of our box, and it was an exceedingly disquieting sound when we considered the three hundred or more feet of space between us and the bottom of the shaft. Up aloft, however, the engineer quickly realized that his rope was running free, and in a moment, with a heartbreaking jerk, we were drawn up a hundred feet or more and then let down again at sickening speed, and this time we bumped our way safely to the floor of the mine.

Mr. Mackay and his friends poked their walking sticks into walls of what looked to me like brown sugar, and after wandering about in that dismal place for a while we took our places in the dry-goods box and returned to the surface.

Evidently Mr. Mackay hadn't a sweet tooth, for the "brown sugar" failed to impress him. Mr. Hayes and I, having visited the cemetery and the Little Pittsburg Mine for the sake of *Harper's Maga-*

zine, made a little pilgrimage on our own account to a long, low cottage that stood on a rising ground in the outskirts of the town. This was the home of Mary Hallock Foote, who for many years followed the fortunes of her engineer husband, Mr. Arthur Foote, in the mining camps of the Rockies and Sierras. If Mrs. Foote were not so identified with her work as a novelist she would be better known as one of the most accomplished illustrators in America. There is a charm about her black-and-white drawing which cannot be described, but it may be accounted for by the fact that, more than any other American illustrator, she lived the pictures from day to day which she drew so sympathetically.

Somehow she and Owen Wister, two products of the most refined culture of the East, got closer to the rough frontier character than any writers I know, and Mrs. Foote supplemented this with pictures that one feels were made while looking from the rim of some deep cañon or by the light of a lantern in a lonesome cabin. Hayes and I realized that it would be good, indeed, in this wild camp of boomers to pay our respects to a woman so doubly accomplished, and we were greatly disappointed when we reined up at her door to find her cottage closed and its windows barricaded. We were relieved afterward to learn that this ominous appearance of things meant simply that Mrs. Foote was away on a two-weeks' prospecting trip with her miner husband.

I had a rather odd adventure in another part of Colorado that summer which taught me the futility of a tenderfoot carrying a gun. The Denver & Rio

Grande Railroad then ran from Denver to Pueblo and thence to some point a little south of there. The Kansas Pacific and the Union Pacific were both trying to get control of it. Court decisions threw it into the hands of the Kansas Pacific and out again three or four times during the summer of 1879.

When the Kansas Pacific took it several hundred employees of the Denver & Rio Grande were thrown out of work and as many K. P. men when the D. & R. G. took hold; and so it seesawed, much to the inconvenience of peaceable passengers who were constantly the innocent bystanders in rows between the rival trainmen.

On a day when I arrived in Pueblo the Denver & Rio Grande faction had just been thrown out. We passengers were quietly eating our lunch in the station dining room when the waiters suddenly rushed to the doors, slammed them shut, and barricaded them with tables and chairs. An elderly lady opposite me rose in alarm, but her husband, an old mining man, bade her sit down again. He calmly helped himself to another piece of pumpkin pie.

"Set still," he said, "I never see a first-class fight in this town yet."

Just at that moment I heard the bark of a gun right under our window. I looked out and saw a man huddled up close to the building, gun in hand. He had a bad cut across his forehead from which the blood was flowing. Across the platform a group of men were cutting open a bundle of ax helves, and with these weapons they held as pretty a shindy as ever was carried on in the green island across the

sea. Very soon a posse, with the Pueblo sheriff at its head, appeared on the scene, lined everybody up against the station wall, including the male passengers (the old miner had finished his pie, meanwhile), and took away every weapon found. My revolver was at that time in my gripsack, so escaped.

The next day I stood on the station platform, waiting for the train to Colorado Springs. My job was to make pictures. I had a little sketchbook out and was busily engaged drawing an old prospector when the train pulled in. All at once a big, rough fellow snatched my sketchbook out of my hand and shouted:

"Here, boys, here's that d——d reporter that is knockin' us in the Denver papers. Git him!"

I started after the fellow to get back my book, but he shook me off, waving the evidence of my crime in the air and calling to a group of perhaps fifty men at the far end of the station platform to "come on. Here he is!"

An old man slipped up beside me and grabbed me by the arm. "Young fellow, take my advice and get into that train!"

"But he's got my sketchbook," I said, hotly.

"Never mind your book, boy; those fellows are sore. They got licked yesterday. Some of 'em's drunk and armed and they'll make quick work of you if you ain't careful. Now do as I tell you—get into the train, set down in the middle of the coach, and set still. Don't say a word to no one."

He was in dead earnest and probably knew better than I, and so, much against my will, I took his

advice. Pretty soon the gang appeared, peering into the coaches, but, as only one of them knew what I looked like, the ruse of my aged adviser worked. The train pulled out for Colorado Springs and I was safe.

But two days later I felt sore over the sketch-book and I felt rather flat to think that I hadn't made more of a fight for it. I had made an appointment to meet a ranch owner at a little hotel (that sounds better than saloon) near the station in Pueblo that day, and was to accompany him to his ranch on the Huerfano River. So I went to the gun shop in Colorado Springs and bought a box of cartridges. The shopkeeper also loaded my revolver at the same time.

I got aboard the train for Pueblo, feeling like a real man. On the way down I was introduced to a young lady who was to meet her brother-in-law at Pueblo. He had built a new house down on the Huerfano and she was on her way to visit her sister.

When we arrived at Pueblo I assisted my new acquaintance, whose brother-in-law failed to appear, to the hotel bus, and in doing so passed a line-up of about as sulky a looking gang as it was ever my luck to encounter. At the end of the line was the man who had stolen my sketchbook. I knew I was safe, according to all the unwritten laws of the West, while I was escorting the young woman; but I also knew that the return to the station was an entirely different matter.

When I reached the gang on the return they all looked at me very hard, but no one stirred until I

was well by. Then the leader got up without a word and started after me.

There are times when the most timid person in the world realizes that he is "up against it," that there is no more safety in flight than in facing the music. And I must admit I felt the music was going to play in the next few minutes.

Between me and the little hotel where I was to meet my friend, the ranchman, lay a lot of sidetracks. On them were a number of freight and empty passenger coaches. I walked slowly to the first row of cars, climbed over the platforms, and in the moment, while out of sight of my pursuer, transferred my .38 "bulldog" from my hip pocket to the side pocket of my coat. As I climbed over the couplings of a freight car my follower was just dropping down off the platform of the passenger car behind me. One more row of passenger cars was ahead of me. Not a word had passed between me and the man at my heels. Certainly I was justified in thinking that either his time or mine had come in that lonesome spot. I remember well I saw the whole consequences plain as day before me. A shot would bring the whole gang on me in a jiffy, but what was the difference? If I was to be murdered, it was better to die in a fight than to be killed like a sheep.

All this passed like lightning through my mind as I climbed up on the platform of that last row of cars. Then, with my hand in my coat pocket, holding my gun cocked (the barrel was less than six inches long, but it was a powerful weapon), I turned and made my stand.

A CARTOON WHICH KILLED A BAD BILL AT ALBANY

"What is your business with me? You want to speak mighty quick!"

Thereupon my pursuer replied that the superintendent of the railroad had wired him from Colorado Springs that I was all right; so he had followed me to apologize for taking my book, which he had sent on to the superintendent. He didn't like to back water before all the boys, so he was following me over to the saloon where we could have a drink together. And that we did in company with the ranch owner and ex-Governor Boise, who by chance was thirsty that morning. There is a curious sequel to this story, which must wait until I recount what happened to my young lady and the old ranchman and myself.

My ranchman was too gallant an old fellow to leave a lady in distress, so we drove over to the South Pueblo Hotel, where he offered his services. She did not know where her brother-in-law's ranch was located except that it was in the Huerfano Valley, and the ranchman only knew that it was somewhere outside of his eighty-thousand-acre tract. The lady thought it was about twenty-five or thirty miles from the railroad. With these vague clews to go by we loaded up our passenger's trunks and started off.

Keeping the twin Spanish Peaks off our starboard bow, we steered a fairly straight course for the Huerfano River. Twilight came while we were still wandering through the wilderness. Not a sign of a house had we seen all afternoon—and a house in that country usually shows up for an immense dis-

tance. Brother-in-law had just completed a new brick house of which he was very proud, so our young lady told us.

It grew dark. There was no moon, but the stars in that country shone out with a glorious brilliancy. Suddenly the old ranchman, whose eyes were better trained than ours, called out: "The house! The house!" There it loomed up, as we neared it, a black silhouette against the sky, but not a light visible. We approached closer and closer—not a single sign of life anywhere. And when we drew up within a few feet we saw there were no windows, only openings, and no doors!

For a moment we sat horror-stricken.

"Great God! a fire!" the old ranchman groaned. The young lady gasped. I jumped down and ran to the open doorway. The house was filled two feet deep with mud.

"Not a fire, but a flood," I called. Then we drove around the house, where could be seen a glimpse of the river. A clump of trees crowned a rising ground on our right a quarter of a mile away, and there we saw a dim light. We raced our tired horses toward it, and from a little Λ tent appeared poor brother-in-law. A terrible flood three days before had swept through the new house, which had been built on ground high enough to have been considered safe. It had carried out the windows and most of the furniture; all they had left was the tent and a small supply of food which he had managed to carry from the house. Our young lady sprang out of the wagon and into the little tent to her sister, and, although

the old ranchman tried to persuade the little family to go with us to his house, they would not think of abandoning their own place. The plucky little woman we had brought to this forlorn wreck of a home had us dump her trunks out under the cottonwood trees. As we reluctantly left them she smilingly made us a grand, sweeping bow and disappeared into the tiny tent.

We left brother-in-law a good share of the provisions which the old ranchman had bought in Pueblo, and drove down the valley in search of the ranch house. To avoid the endless bends of the river we soon made our way out on to the plains. On three sides of us, miles away, rose the mountains, some of them snow-capped, all mysterious, ghostly; and above us was spread such a starry host as can only be seen in that clear sky.

Far away through the gloom we could make out a great flock of sheep, some of the animals standing, others lying down. A solitary shepherd stood beside his flock. We drew nearer; not a sheep moved. We drove between two great groups and directly past the shepherd. He had a sort of white hood which covered his head, a sheepskin coat, and a staff on which he leaned. We passed within a rod of him. He made neither a move nor a sound. Had he and all his thousand sheep been carved out of marble they could not have looked, under the flickering stars, more like a company of silent ghosts.

As we passed by the shepherd the old ranchman grasped my arm with a grip like iron. "Great God!

What are they?" he said. I do not understand to this day how it was that the passage of our wagon went so completely unnoticed.

The old man was really shaken; strange things happen in the mountains and on the deep ocean that cannot be explained in a steam-heated flat. Toward morning we reached the ranch house, which was what remained of an ancient Spanish mansion, with cowboy additions. The next afternoon came the sequel to my little near-homicide story, illustrating the futility of a tenderfoot toting a gun. Several of the cowboys were out in a ruined part of the old Spanish house and had put up a target against the thick walls of masonry. They were all shooting away at it, and as one or two of them were indifferent shots I felt myself quite a good enough marksman to compete with them. I stood up with my "bulldog" .38, aimed, and pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire. I felt a cold sweat ooze out on my forehead as I reflected what that might have meant the morning before. I examined the cartridge which had been placed in my revolver by the Colorado Springs gunsmith. My revolver was of the "rim fire" variety, the cartridge "center fire." I returned to the house and buried that gun down in the bottom of my gripsack, never to be carried again.

The gentlemen who sell tires, not to speak of chewing gum and other necessities of modern life, seem to live in deadly fear that the public will forget such things exist. Doubtless it is a good thing to remind a man at every turn of the road while he is

wearing out a pair of old tires that soon he will need new ones. But perhaps there may be too much of a good thing. At any rate, artists, as a rule, think nature unadorned (by billboards) would be adorned the most.

In a wild Western state many years ago billboard advertising on a gigantic scale was dealt a lethal blow by one lone artist. I hope this account of what happened in Colorado in 1879, the year of the great Leadville boom, may give new courage to Mr. Joseph Pennell; for no matter how hopeless his self-imposed task of ridding our landscapes of billboards may seem, he can hark back to this as a precedent of victory.

Tom Parrish of Colorado Springs was an etcher, and a very good one. He was also interested in mining properties. Both these lines of endeavor took him about in the mountains, and he was greatly distressed when he saw advertising signs, with letters ten and twenty feet high, painted on the great cliffs which formed the mountainsides of that wonderful region.

Tom Parrish was a mining man by force of circumstances, but he was an artist by nature. Artists, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are practical people. They deal with the visible world, and the visible world in Colorado was being ruined by a lot of vandals.

Tom Parrish was a popular man in Colorado Springs. He got himself nominated for state senator and won the election. Then he prepared a bill making it an offense punishable by a fine of one thou-

sand dollars or one year in jail to deface the scenery in the state of Colorado. This bill also provided that offenders should, at their own expense, obliterate all signs hitherto painted on the rocks. When this bill was presented and read before the legislature a howl of derision greeted it.

"We are practical men," said the other members of the legislature, "not a lot of fool dreamers. We want business, and advertising means business. You'd better go back to making pictures and not laws, Parrish."

"All right," said Parrish, "I'll make you a picture right now that maybe you can see. You want business; so do I.

"What has Colorado to sell? Silver and scenery! Just those two products—silver to the mints, scenery to the tourists. You haven't another thing to offer; and the best and surest product you've got you are willing to let a lot of rustlers destroy. There's my picture. What are you going to do about it?"

An old miner got up and banged his fist down on his desk.

"Parrish is right. He's got more business in his head than all of us put together. Let us pass his bill!"

They did; the Governor signed it and it became the law of the state. Tom Parrish told me the story of his successful fight in the old El Paso Club in Colorado Springs in 1879.

In Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography* is a story of an adventure with a lonely sheepherder and his dog in Australia which was so like an experience I once

met with in a little mining camp in the Rocky Mountains that I felt as though the big-hearted old actor was relating my own experience.

I had hobbled my horse and was sketching a row of mud-roofed shacks that dismally strung themselves along a lonesome gully near what had once been a paying mine. Only one of the houses was occupied. On top of its roof grew a single shriveled sunflower and in its door stood an irresolute-looking man and a very tiny, shaggy dog, who danced about him and wagged its tail with unwearied energy. Finally the man's curiosity overcame his diffidence and he came and looked over my shoulder. He had a gentle, hushed sort of voice, and when he addressed me it was only for a word or two, when he would turn to the little dog and continue his remarks to him. The dog's conversational powers were located in his tail and he could wag that instrument of speech almost as eloquently as some men can their tongues. When my sketch was completed, my new friend pressed me to stop awhile and go with him to the crest of a hill back of the house, where we could see a wonderful sunset.

"Couldn't we, Dick? Of course we could. We always do. Every evening we watch the shadows creep down the valley. Don't we, Dick?"

We sat awhile in his dismal home. He was an assayer, had been prosperous before the district went broke, hated to leave the place—he and Dick. Hoped some claims he held near by would eventually prove valuable for him and Dick. Always his attention left me before a sentence was finished and

was transferred to Dick, and Dick's opinion was asked (and given) before another topic was introduced. Toward sunset we wandered up to the hilltop and sat down on the rocks—we three.

"This is the Wet Mountain Valley down below us—yes, it is, Dick—and yonder are the three great peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Range, the Trois Tetons.

"Yes, Dick, we know them, and when the sun sinks down behind them every night we watch their shadows travel down the valley.

"Yes, Dick, we keep very quiet while the shadows creep down and the wind steals around us in the grass; and then sometimes we feel a little lonesome, Dick. Yes, sir, it's over a hundred miles down to the Spanish Peaks; the shadows travel all the way down the valley to meet them, Dick, and when they fill the valley we go home to our little house in Hungry Gulch.

"That's our home; we're used to it; we can't leave it. Can we, Dick?"

And soon the glorious sunset was over, the shadows traveled down the valley until they met the Spanish Peaks; they filled the valley; a cold wind sprang up. I, too, felt a little lonely.

I parted with my friend and Dick at the door of their home, under the shriveled sunflower.

"Good night, sir. Keep to the right at the big pine and watch out for the 'slipping rocks' beyond. Yes, Dick, you're liable to fall into the gulch off the slipping rocks."

CHAPTER XIII

I WAS fortunate enough to be assigned to accompany President Cleveland on his great tour over the country during his first term of office, when the hospitality of a whole nation was lavished on the stalwart President and his beautiful young wife. On this trip Mrs. Cleveland was assured a hundred times of a unanimous election if she were running for President. I am sure she will pardon, after this lapse of years, a little inside history—even a little joke on herself and the President connected with this journey. But let me preface it by telling a joke on myself.

We had swung around half of the circle—Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Paul, and St. Louis—and had finally reached Memphis, where we were literally overwhelmed with Southern hospitality. They simply could not do enough for us, and the veriest stranger one met on the street insisted on offering something in the way of entertainment. Just before time for our train to leave town I was called upon, at my hotel, by a gentleman who said he was commissioned by the Semmes Brothers to present the three members of the press accompanying the President, with three bottles of very old whisky, "Made in Maryland by their grandfather before the war,

sir!" and from a valise which he carried he produced three bottles in bright-yellow wrappers.

My baggage was already on its way to the train and I had with me only my overcoat and a small handbag. I placed one bottle in the satchel, and the other two I carefully concealed in the pockets of my overcoat, which I carried inside out over my arm. No carriage being obtainable at the hotel door, I started to walk to the train, endeavoring, meanwhile, to look as unconscious as possible.

So burdened, I had progressed not more than halfway down the block when I was overhauled by a breathless old gentleman with a long white mustache and goatee, who said he had seen me with the President and knew I was one of "our honored visitors from the North," and wound up by requesting the pleasure of inviting me to a drink. I replied, while the bottles in my coat pockets clinked merrily together, that I never drank.

"Then come, sir, with me to a friend of mine around the corner. He has some fine old Maryland whisky made before the war; and I will ask you, sir, to convey a bottle of it to our honored President, who, I am sure, takes a little for his stomach's sake."

I feared I would hardly have time to catch the train, but the old gentleman said he would show me a short cut to the station and insisted that I carry a bottle from "an old Confederate veteran to his honored President." There was no escape, so around the corner to Semmes Brothers we went, and I was presented with a bottle in a yellow wrapper to carry to the President.

There was no place left to conceal this bottle; besides, it was a present for the President of the United States. So with the little satchel in my left hand, my overcoat carelessly thrown over my left arm, a large yellow-wrapped bottle in my right hand, and accompanied by a florid old gentleman who was very much blown, I arrived at the rear of our special train. Here a dense crowd blocked the way. To my dismay, Mrs. Cleveland was the first to spy me, and at her suggestion I was rescued and brought on board by two stalwart train porters, one of whom insisted on carrying my overcoat, out of which protruded two yellow-wrapped bottles closely matching the third in my hand.

"For the President, compliments of Colonel Blank, an old Confederate soldier!" was all I had breath to say; and the one bottle concealed in my handbag was all the three "honorable correspondents" got for their share.

We proceeded from Memphis to Nashville and thence to other Southern points. On the way over the mountains we had some trouble with our heavy Pullman cars, as the light passenger engine was hardly powerful enough to haul the train.

On one occasion we had stopped for a change of engines at a little mountain village, and the citizens, knowing we must stop, had arranged a reception to the best of their knowledge and ability in honor of the President. There was no depot at this station, only a platform. On this they had laid a red-and-yellow rug of the fieryest tints obtainable, and upon it had placed two new red-plush armchairs. Be-

tween the chairs was a little round stand, shining with fresh varnish, and on the stand a figured-glass vase in which stood a few flowers. While the engine was being changed the first citizen of the village approached the train and invited the President and Mrs. Cleveland to alight and enjoy the hospitality of the hamlet.

I am not sure the President, if by himself, would have come down to sit in that red-plush chair; but Mrs. Cleveland never hesitated a moment, and of course he had to follow. By no sign could it be discovered that she considered the spectacle of two people sitting out in the glaring sun on red-plush chairs as anything out of the ordinary. The train backed and switched about in the aimless way of railway trains, and we on board obtained occasional glimpses of a very serious-looking gentleman and a beautiful, smiling lady enthroned in red plush and being stared at by a circle of bashful mountain people who apparently could not get up courage to approach and speak to them.

Presently we pulled merrily away and went on, through a deep cut and down a steep grade, until one of the correspondents approached the conductor and inquired when we were going back after the President.

"Great jumping Scott, sir!" exclaimed that official. "Isn't he aboard?"

Not until the bottom of the grade was reached did the train come to a stop, and then the miserable little engine could not back it up again until we ran out a mile farther and got a good start.

An hour later, when we once more ran alongside the platform, the President was mopping his brow wearily. Mrs. Cleveland, however, had by that time captured every vote in the county.

It has always been a puzzle to me how Grover Cleveland ever got into politics. His characteristics were about as far removed from those of the average politician as are the poles one from the other. To be "all things to all men" was to him unthinkable. To put on a smile when his thought called for a frown never seemed to occur to him. To refrain from an action because it was not the opportune moment politically was never Grover Cleveland's way if his duty, as he saw it, demanded action.

And yet he realized his own limitations, knew that diplomacy had its legitimate place in politics and statesmanship, and while President was generally willing to listen to the astute counsels of "Dan" Lamont and, I make bold to say, the gentler but no less wise counsels of his young wife. The "swing around the circle" on which I accompanied him was made at a time when he was about to run as a candidate for a second term. He was unpopular with the politicians of his own party at that time and had no very strong following among the people. In the northern half of our circling swing we traveled, for the most part, through hostile country. An ingratiating attitude, flattering phrases, and all the familiar tricks of a politician looking for popular favor were in order if Mr. Cleveland was to follow the regular political formula. But he would have none of it.

It is true that, as the Republican papers of the day said, he read the encyclopædia every night to discover therein the facts known in regard to the territory we were traversing and repeated them almost verbatim the next day to the assembled crowds. Chauncey Depew, who was traveling in the Northwest, preceded us by one day on our journey to Sioux Falls. There the citizens had erected a "corn palace." It was a really beautiful structure and was made entirely of corn. Depew made a speech in this "palace," in which he said:

"To-morrow the Chief Executive of the nation will speak to you. He will tell you of the marvelous growth of your farms, of the upbuilding of your cities, of the progress you have made in education and all the arts of civilization; but he will say no word in praise of this beautiful structure, this palace made as none other was ever made before; for no mention is made of a corn palace in any encyclopædia."

Very early next morning I saw the story in a morning paper and gave it to "Dan" Lamont. We handed it to Mr. Cleveland. He was big enough to get a hearty laugh out of what he said was a legitimate hit by the effervescing Chauncey.

Although, as far as politics went, we were in the enemy's country, no Republican President could have been received with more warm-hearted hospitality than was this uncompromising old Democrat. As a matter of course, he refrained from all reference to politics and maintained the attitude of President of all the people. He was of their own kind. But

to his wife went out the affection and enthusiasm of everyone. From the porters on the train to the Governor of a state each one felt the effect of something that was higher than tact; and it was frequently said by old, dyed-in-the-wool Republicans, "Well, if she was runnin' for President I'd sure vote the Democratic ticket for once."

When Grover Cleveland was living at Buzzards Bay, during President Harrison's administration, his most distinguished neighbor was Joseph Jefferson. A dinner at Sandwich, Massachusetts, was given Mr. Cleveland in 1892, which was really the opening of the campaign at the end of which he was elected a second time to the Presidency. I went up to the dinner for *Harper's Weekly* and there met Mr. Jefferson. He had driven over in his little two-wheeled cart from Buzzards Bay. He wore an old floppy gray hat and tweed suit. He seemed to know everybody, mainly, I suppose, because everybody knew him. Many of Mr. Cleveland's stanch friends were there. I remember Richard Watson Gilder particularly because he was dressed all in white—a big white Panama hat and a white-flannel suit which was decorated with three white water lilies with long stems that hung nearly to the ground.

After the dinner I drove back to Buzzards Bay in the two-wheeled cart with Mr. Jefferson. It took us a long time, because the old horse and old actor were such intimate friends, and I think the animal had absorbed a good deal of the character of Rip Van Winkle from his master. When we came to a tree with low-hanging branches he would

stop and eat all the leaves within reach and Mr. Jefferson would quietly await his pleasure.

I spent the next twenty-four hours at Buzzards Bay. We sat up far into the night and were up early the next morning.

It would be hard to match that day with Joe Jefferson. His active mind had explored many paths; his travels had taken him to many lands; his life had been one of varying fortunes. He talked about everything under the sun and illuminated every topic. It seemed to me that he opened up a treasure house that day and bade me help myself. If my back had been broader I might have carried away a king's ransom.

As it is, I can return to that day with Jefferson and trace from it a new inspiration and understanding of art and life. Anyone who has read Mr. Jefferson's autobiography knows how delightfully humor and wisdom are mingled in all his thoughts. Add to that the energetic manner of speech, the quick, spontaneous interjections when thought piled upon thought, as I had them that day, and one can appreciate how great was my privilege.

With all Jefferson's ideality and humor and philosophy there was mixed a very practical common sense. His perfectly balanced mind realized the value of each element in its place. He believed it an artist's duty to make every effort to reap the reward of his talents.

Another thing he dwelt upon was the necessity of lying fallow occasionally—"Looking at the world with your hands in your pockets," he called it. "Try

so to order your affairs that you have periods of leisure, to allow the mind to recover its balance and its freshness."

One side of Jefferson's house opened out on the water and commanded a beautiful outlook across the bay. On the other side the view was blocked by a thick clump of trees. On the latter side he had caused a stained-glass window to be set, on the side toward the water a great single sheet of plate glass.

"Nature paints for me a new picture here every hour; I have only furnished the glass and the frame. On the other side of the house I must be content with what man can do for me."

It is always very useful to a man following one craft to see how the same problems arise in the practice of another. The problems common to all are the essential ones and most worth our attention. A canon of art which Mr. Jefferson deemed most important was the value of suggestion as against actual representation. I have referred to this before. The illustration he gave from one of his own experiences is well worth setting down here.

He was playing the impecunious Go-lightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings." In the play he puts on a greatcoat belonging to some one else, and to his joy discovers a purse full of sovereigns in its pocket. It was the duty of the property man to see that a purse was placed there every night, and Jefferson's part was to find and exhibit it. One night he felt in his pocket and no purse was there; but he must manage somehow to convey to the audience the impression that he had found some money.

He said: "I turned my back to the audience, ran my hand down deeper into my pocket with a gesture of surprise, then brought out an imaginary coin which I seemed to hold in my hand and look at. The scene made such a hit as it never had before." After that, he said, he always played the scene without a purse.

One little incident will give a more intimate view of the Jefferson household than would a whole chapter of description. Mr. Jefferson's young son, a boy of twelve or fourteen years, was an enthusiastic collector of butterflies. He set traps for them all over the place. His traps consisted of lumps of sugar tied with bits of thread to bushes and shrubs. Mr. Jefferson and I were about to start on a walk around the place, when the lad came out to warn us.

"Pop, sir," he began, with a delightful mixture of familiarity and respect, "be careful not to disturb my butterfly traps; you know you have a very sweet tooth!"

There could scarcely be a greater contrast between two men than that between Joe Jefferson and Grover Cleveland. The best explanation of their strong and sincere friendship seems to lie in the many-sidedness of Jefferson. Idealist though he was, there was a side to his character that was full of practical wisdom, and I doubt not that the strong logical mind of Grover Cleveland found great pleasure in measuring thoughts with the equally strong but more elastic mind of Joseph Jefferson.

When Mr. Bryan appeared like a very unruly meteor above the horizon in 1896, it looked to a

good many people as though a new star or planet or something very real and substantial, as well as brilliant, had arrived.

I was then making cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. The silver craze was at its height and it became my business to endeavor to show up the weak side of the Bryan argument—to turn this clever showman's scenery inside out; to expose, if possible, the cheap theatrical value of his performance as it appeared to his opponents.

There was no doubt in the minds of those who saw and heard Bryan in the palmy days of his oratory that he was an actor of great magnetism. But I recognized from the very start that he was just that—an actor, something of a juggler too; and, looked at from in front under the proper light, the illusion he produced was almost perfect.

Not long ago I met an old friend of Bryan's who sat in Congress with him for many years. This friend was a Virginian—a gold Democrat. Never, he said, had he agreed with Mr. Bryan on anything politically, although they belonged to the same party. He told me of an incident which I think illustrates Bryan's power over an audience as well as any story extant.

Mr. Bryan had met with his customary defeat for the Presidency a few days before, when he telegraphed his Virginia friend that he was in Washington and would like to come out and speak at his town if it was agreeable to him. The Virginian wired Mr. Bryan by all means to come. In telling the

story he remarked that it couldn't make any difference, as the election was over.

There being no large hall in town, it was arranged for Mr. Bryan to speak in a ten-acre lot. His Virginia friend met him with his carriage at the railroad station, and to his great distress found that Mr. Bryan was feeling quite ill. He refused, however, to disappoint his audience, but requested that the carriage wait at the grounds and carry him immediately to his host's home when the speech was over.

On arriving at the ten-acre lot Mr. Bryan was too weak to stand, but delivered his speech seated in the open carriage. He spoke for just two hours, and when he had finished the old colored man who held the reins started his horses off at a trot, but only succeeded in covering a few feet when the crowd, gathering about him, stopped the carriage short. The people simply could not let Bryan go.

My Virginia friend told me that one old man, who was never known to speak to anyone unless he was compelled to do so, rushed up to the side of the carriage with his eyes bulging out of his head, shouting: "Let me touch that man's hand! Let me only touch him!" Such a demonstration as this in spite of all his handicaps—a defeated candidate, a sick man, an oration delivered by a man seated to a standing audience—certainly proved the unique power of Mr. Bryan's personality.

Mr. Bryan has always seemed to me to represent a certain kind of thinking that is intensely popular all over the land between elections. It recognizes

the fact, which cannot be gainsaid, that our government is far from perfect, that organized wrong often defeats the efforts of unorganized right, that the inverse side of our glorious shield does not correspond to the side which shines and perhaps dazzles. But when election time comes along, the people who have been inclined to take the Bryan view begin to reflect and think a little deeper. They look at the brilliant shield that Mr. Bryan holds aloft—the shield that is to take the place of the one they already have; and they ask themselves if it, too, has not an inverse side. When the votes are counted the Bryan brand of thought seems to have lost its attraction to a sufficient number of his admirers to defeat him.

It is perhaps too venturesome for a cartoonist to forsake his pencil and attempt to pass judgment on some of the great and near-great whom he has tried to fit in their proper sphere of action. But I cannot refrain from a few observations on orators I have known or listened to, which I offer for what they are worth.

There was Frank Black, for instance: He could string together more brilliant sentences than any man I ever heard, unless perhaps John J. Ingalls could equal him. Black was not gifted with a particularly good delivery, but his speeches read with a smooth elegance, full of delicately put rapier thrusts. So far as I remember they never got Frank Black anywhere in the political world. To spin a fine phrase is to men of that type the height of success.

I remember on one occasion, when Theodore Roosevelt was President and about to run for a

second term, he and Black sat as honored guests at the same table at a banquet in Washington. Black made what everyone present took to be a savage and bitter attack upon the President. Such was the indignation of the guests, irrespective of party, at what everyone considered an insult to the President of the United States, that not a sound of applause was heard when Mr. Black finished his speech.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, must have estimated the orator at exactly what he was worth—an artist in clever phrases—for two months later he suggested Mr. Frank Black as the man to place his name in nomination before the Republican convention. Mr. Black accepted; and a comparison of the two speeches is the most curious example of how similes and words can be twisted to fit two opposite sets of conditions that it has ever been my privilege to encounter. The wording of the two speeches is almost identical. The similes used are the same. The clever phrases in the one speech are used with hardly a modification in the other; yet one holds Mr. Roosevelt up to ridicule and contempt, the other is all praise and adulation. I can almost hear the chuckle of amusement that must have been indulged in at the White House when Mr. Roosevelt read that nominating speech.

Two other orators to whom I have listened with deep admiration for their skill in the use of words were men who made their persuasive abilities count at the polls. Probably no two men, entirely different in temperament as they were, ever made better

impromptu speeches or more elaborate efforts on the stump than James A. Garfield and Benjamin Harrison. Harrison particularly seemed happiest when an unexpected call was made on him for a speech.

I once heard Grover Cleveland, who was about the most unready speaker I ever knew, make an impromptu speech which I shall never forget and which his little audience, I imagine, remembered with tingling ears for some considerable time. As I have said previously, Mr. Cleveland was ordinarily very careful in preparing his speeches on his "swing around the circle." With "Dan" Lamont he used to sit up in his private car until all hours of the night, composing his talks for the next day. But in one Tennessee city he made an impromptu speech which never got into the papers, thanks to the fact that the official reporters relied on advance copies of any speech on the tour.

A great procession was passing the grand stand where Mr. Cleveland stood, surrounded by a local reception committee made up of the élite of the city. The President stood at the edge of the platform with his hat off as the people passed by.

It happened that a large proportion of the marching throng were mountaineers, many of whom wore coonskin caps and strange, old-fashioned clothes dating from the days of Andrew Jackson. This seemed to amuse a number of the people back of Mr. Cleveland, and their laughter and chatter and derisive criticism of the manners and dress of the mountaineers, becoming louder and louder, began

to annoy the President. Suddenly he wheeled around and addressed them.

"My friends," he said, "these good people who are passing by have come from their homes to your city to do honor not to me, but to the great office of the Chief Magistrate of this nation. It is their privilege to do so, to dress as their custom on occasions like the present best suits them. I bespeak for them the respect which is their due."

There was no unseemly levity after that!

Many very kind things have been said by editorial writers and others about the power of the cartoon as a political weapon. The cartoonists are, no doubt, pleased to hear these favorable comments on their productions, but, as one of them, I must confess that it is the cartoon which tells something that everybody already knew, but which had not been given expression, that makes the greatest hit. Some years ago Mr. George R. Sheldon was slated to run for Governor of New York. The announcement was to be made next day. Everybody knew that Mr. Sheldon was connected with a dozen or more corporations; he had been in Wall Street for years.

To epitomize the situation I simply made a picture of Mr. Sheldon as a small boy playing with a train of cars, each car labeled with the name of a corporation of which he was a director or officer. When the *Herald*, in which the cartoon was published, reached Albany next morning Mr. Sheldon's name was withdrawn. He was a delightfully "good sport" and asked me for the original, which he framed and

hung up in his office. On another occasion a bill was up at Albany authorizing an institution on the Croton system to allow its sewage, after being disinfected, to flow into the water supply of the city of New York. I made a cartoon showing a filthy tramp labeled "Politics," with his feet in the fountain "N. Y. Water Supply"; and it was reported by the newspaper correspondents that my picture killed the bill on sight.

In both these cases everybody knew the facts as well as I did, but they needed to have them visualized; that is all there is in the power of the cartoon.

It was in the 'seventies, I think, that Joseph Keppler started his great series of cartoons in *Puck*. If I were to make a cartoon characterizing Keppler, I should endeavor to draw a man of genius carrying on his back a pack of curious old German lithographers' traditions, but climbing up the steep and difficult paths of art in spite of his handicap. No matter if he drew a statesman with a purple coat and green trousers, there was something in his picture as a whole that was pleasing as well as telling or amusing. I worked with Mr. Keppler for a year and owed my place in his good opinion largely to a curious fact—namely, my admiration for an old German book named *Ekkehard*, a tale of mediæval days in the Austrian mountains written in the exaggerated strain of German romanticism.

"Nobody in America has before said to me he has ever heard of *Ekkehard!*" Mr. Keppler declared. "It is good that you should know that wonderful

book. It is the German spirit! One cannot understand the poetry of our ancient people if he does not know *Ekkehard.*"

It was while with Mr. Keppler that I made a little journey one day to Schützen Park, up in the Palisades; and there I saw why Keppler drew men with purple coats and green trousers and why he liked and lived the exaggerated romanticism of *Ekkehard.* That day I saw respectable German bankers in yellow vests and sky-blue coats with wreaths of oak leaves around their necks. One very stout lady pirouetted about under the trees with a red mortar board on her head and a tambourine in her hand. Fat grocers and butchers paraded through the woods with flower-crowned heads or adorned with wreaths of laurel and oak and drank their steins of beer absolutely unconscious of anything but the physical joy of living—and Manhattan Island only two miles away!

The only idealists I ever knew who amounted to anything were the practical people who were decent enough not to put everything they could lay their hands on into their own pockets. I have heard a good deal about "The Sons of Mary" and "The Sons of Martha" lately, and people take sides as to which they prefer. My idea of a useful citizen would be a son of Mary brought up by his Aunt Martha.

When I was one of the small boys in my home town, we were all wonderful idealists. We used to go down to a hickory grove and climb the tallest trees. Our object and ideal was not to gather the nuts, but to climb up to the topmost swaying bough.

LOOKING OVER THE CANDIDATE

Up, up we clambered, careless of torn trousers, recking not of danger, never satisfied until we were swinging on the very highest bough that would bear our weight.

There we attained our ideal; but what was there to do on our unstable perch except to "holler"? Not a thing, save to climb down again as gracefully as possible and have our dear mothers mend our trousers before our fathers got home from business. While this is a very realistic story, it will also serve as a parable.

In politics the people who lay great claims to idealism are usually up on the topmost limb "hollering," while some busy politician lower down in the tree is stowing away the shellbark nuts that belong to the idealist's constituents. Perhaps it would be merciful not to follow the parable farther, and yet we must, for the torn nether garments of the unpractical idealist in politics have kept many an honest home committee busy with thread and needle repairing the damage.

It is a strange thing what a potent spell there is in a great noise coming from a high place. Over and over again the torn garments are mended and the useless climb is repeated, until one day old Father Common Sense comes home early and the idealist's day is done. Then a very practical person is sent up to gather the legislative nuts for his constituents, and if he is fair enough not to keep them all himself or run off with the tree, the community has much to be thankful for. I can see some weak spots in this parable, but perhaps it suggests

what we have all seen over and over in this democratic country. We have had experience with all kinds of men in responsible places: the cartoonist's business is to endeavor to show where Mary's offspring has failed to be practical, and where Martha's son has forgotten that he ever had an Aunt Mary.

Everyone has heard the old story of Henry Ward Beecher, who was declaring in a speech that the Lord always gave the United States the right man for the time as President, when some old Democrat in the audience, who had probably voted for Tilden, shouted, "How about Hayes?"

"That," replied Beecher, "is a case in point. When the war came and we needed a man of supreme wisdom and great heart the Lord gave us Lincoln. When the war was over and the land, in turmoil, needed a strong man, He gave us Grant. Then the country was sore and needed a poultice and the Lord gave us a bread-and-milk President!"

Now, with an occasional lapse of faith, I believe with Henry Ward Beecher. We generally get the kind of man we need, and we are usually fortunate enough to get rid of him when he has been President long enough. Occasionally, perhaps, he overstays; but in that case he hasn't much influence during the part of his term in which we could get on without him.

The office of President of the United States is a particularly thankless one, for the incumbent usually starts in with practically half of one hundred million people against him, and of the other half, human nature being perverse, many immediately

after election wish that they had voted for his rival.

Thus he may, if my arithmetic is not at fault, have a pretty heavy majority of his fellow-countrymen against him from the very start of his term of office.

I remember that was the case with William McKinley. Somebody started the silly story that he was a man without resolution, a man to be steered about by the "master hand" of Mark Hanna; and all the Democrats and many Republicans, ignoring the whole history of the man from his boyhood up, believed it. Without looking up exact dates, I am sure it was along in 1861 that William McKinley put on a man's uniform several sizes too large for his boyish frame and wore it, and later the uniform of an officer, with distinguished gallantry, until the end of the Civil War. As a private soldier he learned to obey and as an officer he learned to command. No Confederate soldier ever discovered that he had no "backbone," but perhaps that was because he never turned his back to the foe. Because he never climbed up to the last swaying bough and "hollered," he was put down as "too practical." But my idea of him is that he was a true "Son of Mary" brought up and trained for a great and useful career by his "Aunt Martha."

I once happened by an odd accident to travel for a day with a former member of Mark Hanna's official family. I cannot give his name, for I have not his permission to do so; but if this book should have the good fortune to go into a second printing

I am sure he will allow me to print his indorsement of what follows.

My informant is now a man of prominence on the Pacific coast, and it was through my accidentally taking the wrong train at San Francisco that I had the good fortune to meet him. I was busy with two newspapers when he came over to where I was sitting and introduced himself. "I imagine, from the way you go through your newspapers, that you are a newspaper man yourself," he said. I felt that here was a pretty close observer, one worth talking to, and we were soon deep in one of those heart-to-heart talks which are possible only between strangers. We found we had many things in common, among others the birthright of an Ohio nativity. He was from the old Western Reserve, and as a young man had occupied the position of private secretary to Mark Hanna.

"One of the most silly yarns ever invented," he said, "was the one representing Mark Hanna as dominating William McKinley, telling him what he must do and what he mustn't do. The real relation between those two men was directly the reverse. McKinley was Mark Hanna's ideal. To him Mark Hanna deferred on all occasions. He realized the superiority of McKinley's intellect and of his ethics.

"Mark Hanna, as everybody knows, was about as practical a man as politics could produce. He had no nice discriminating feeling for methods in pursuing the success of his party, but he was big enough and had enough good in him to recognize

and admire the high character of his friend, and McKinley was the dominating spirit in all the relations of the two. When McKinley vetoed a proposition of Hanna's, that veto was always accepted. 'William knows best' was Hanna's comment. Mark Hanna's respect for McKinley's ideas was complete and his affection for him greater than any I have ever seen displayed by one man for another."

This is substantially what a man who knew both men, one of them intimately, had to say of their relations.

The last time I saw William McKinley he lay in the center of the rotunda at the Capitol in Washington, his calm face turned upward from amid the funeral wreaths of forty-eight great states. The assassin's bullet had dispersed every enemy he ever had. A soldier standing guard over the body of this great President said to me: "This is our last day with him. We all hate to give him up."

A good many people will remember how Goebel ran for Governor of Kentucky in 1899, was declared defeated, contested the election, and was shot within a stone's throw of the Statehouse in Frankfort a few weeks later. After he was shot he was declared Governor and sworn in. He died two days later. That campaign was typical in many ways of Kentucky politics, and I was fortunate in being there in the midst of it. When I arrived in Frankfort, Goebel was on a stumping tour in the hill country to the northward. I found a livery-stable man who said he'd like to hear Goebel himself and

who agreed to drive me over to a small town in the hills where Goebel was to speak that afternoon.

Our buggy was about the only vehicle on the road. Everybody else was on horseback. I got a sketch of a young mother in a big sunbonnet, with a tiny baby in her arms, jogging along on a fine bay horse. No one seemed too poor to own a good horse; young and old men and women thronged the road, mounted on fine sure-footed beasts, often decorated with flags.

We saw a good many evidences of "moonshine" in those hills; and it was interesting to see how well two uproarious citizens, who shared a horse between them, on their way to the "co'thouse" managed to keep their balance. Occasionally, a passing friend would lend a staying hand, but for the most part they swayed about and fell all over each other though never once quite off their horse.

"Moonshine" and partisan politics make a pretty deadly mixture, and it was not very long after that day in the hills before the inevitable explosion took place. When we arrived at the town the hotel was sold out, so far as dinner went, and my guide made his way to a small bar a few rods away, where, he said, we could get a bit of cheese, at any rate. When we arrived in front of the door it suddenly flew open and two men came dashing out, followed by an irate host flourishing a large pistol. We subsequently learned the two customers had refused to pay for their drinks. My livery-stable friend walked up to the bartender, pushed his gun to one side, shook his left hand, and remarked, "You d——d

fool, don't you know better 'n to draw a gun in your own place?"

Then he went in. The bartender locked the door, as some people outside were becoming a trifle excited, and helped us to cheese sandwiches and very bad bottled beer. A few minutes later Goebel appeared on the court-house steps and, surrounded by a crowd, part friendly and part distinctly hostile, pluckily made his plea.

When his speech was over he retired with some lawyer friends into the courthouse. This was an odd-looking structure built on old classic lines, but the Doric columns in front were made of red brick from which the weather had stripped off much of the plaster covering. I went in and had a talk with Goebel and his friend "Jack" Chinn, who, by the way, was with him when he was shot.

Goebel had not a particularly intelligent-seeming or attractive personality, but he had courage. The political fight he was in was an extraordinarily hot one, and he told me—this I can never forget, in view of what happened later—that he firmly believed he would be shot before the campaign was over. He missed only by very little the time fate had set for his assassination.

The crime which ended Goebel's career has ever since been shrouded in impenetrable mystery. All we know to a certainty is that Goebel, accompanied by "Jack" Chinn, was inside the Capitol grounds, approaching the Statehouse on the morning of January 30, 1900, when a shot was fired, mortally wounding him. It was claimed that the assassin

fired from the window in the office of the Secretary of State, Caleb Powers, in the Executive Building, just to the right of the Statehouse. But the real facts of the case are so clouded by political prejudice, perjury and fear to tell the truth (with plenty of excuse therefor), that not until the day of judgment will the facts be known.

Caleb Powers, who, with Governor Taylor, was accused of instigating the crime, has told his story in a book written in prison. If one can believe it, no more elaborate plot was ever woven about an innocent man. Youtsey, the man who confessed to the actual shooting, afterward denied it under oath and swore Howard was the culprit. Then, according to Powers, he made three different confessions in jail, but the only one of these to be revealed was one dictated by Powers's prosecutors. Half a dozen other gentlemen, careless of their oaths, gave testimony, repudiated it later on, and were prosecuted for perjury or left to their own devices, according to the sweet will or political affinities of the prosecutor. Altogether, the shot that laid Goebel low threw the government of a great state entirely out of equilibrium for six years. It is probable also that it shook out, in the end, a good deal that was corrupt and which it required a convulsion to get rid of.

Goebel himself was a commonplace person, so far as I could judge on a very short acquaintance—a practical politician with little interest in anything beyond the success of party; yet he was the center of a series of dramatic incidents worthy of the border warfare chronicled by Walter Scott.

All through his canvass, plots against his life were hatching about him, and when the election was over hostile horsemen from the hills, with rifles slung across their saddles, openly paraded the streets of Frankfort.

One gentleman who was arrested on suspicion after the shooting had three revolvers and a knife concealed about him. His explanation, that they were for self-protection, was accepted as a matter of course.

A few mornings after listening to Goebel's speech I got up at daybreak in order to catch the early-morning train from Frankfort. I met "Jack" Chinn and my livery-stable friend in the early dawn, making for the bar.

"Come and have a drink," was their hospitable invitation. "No, thanks," I replied. "I haven't had my breakfast."

"Plenty of time to get drunk and sober before breakfast," was the cheerful reply of Mr. Chinn.

As they turned away, a Northern man who had overheard the conversation said to me, "They drink between breaths down here!"

We are often told that work on a newspaper makes a cynic of almost anyone. This has not been my experience of newspaper men. Only lately there passed away my grand old friend "Marse Henry," full of hearty likes and dislikes, beliefs and disbeliefs—joyous alike in his attacks on his political opponents and in the support of his friends.

As old Michel Montaigne said long ago and Benjamin Franklin said later, "He who has drained

the full cup of life must not grumble at a few dregs at the bottom, but cheerfully toss them down with a smile." Henry Watterson lived long and, to the last, turned to us with a merry laugh. He was no cynic looking for dregs to grumble at. If you had asked "Marse Henry" the names of able newspaper writers, I think he would have put that of Josiah K. Ohl near the head of the list. I sat in the editorial council of the *Herald* with Mr. Ohl for a good many years. Here was a man who had lived in the Orient for a long time, in the Philippines, in Japan, and finally for six years in China. He was in Peking during the Boxer troubles and as a newspaper man had seen every phase of life all over the world. Yet his mind was far from cynical, and his outlook on life as sweet as that of a child. From his Chinese friends in high places, who admired and trusted him, he had acquired a curious penetrating faculty of analyzing motives, but it never shook his belief in the general decency and honesty of his fellow-men.

He had, besides, the intuitive news sense that makes the great newspaper man, the quick and sure faculty of divining secret negotiations that were going on behind closed doors from indications that would escape less subtle perceptions. As a case in point, it happened that while he was in Peking secret negotiations were going on between the Japanese and Chinese governments. Mr. Ohl had known in Japan the diplomat who was representing that country in Peking, and was pretty well informed through his Chinese friends as to what was being discussed—what Japan was demanding and what

China was endeavoring to avoid. Finally, one day the negotiations were absolutely broken off and the Japanese envoy returned to his own country. Several months later Mr. Ohl was walking down a narrow back street in Peking when he saw the same Japanese diplomat cross the way and take a side street that led to the Chinese government offices. Mr. Ohl was quite certain that the Japanese had not seen him, so he immediately returned to his own office and dictated a long cable to the New York *Herald*, giving in detail the final agreement arrived at by the two countries, in which the Japanese abandoned the objectionable features contained in their original demands on the Chinese government.

When this was cabled back to Peking next day the Japanese diplomat came to see Mr. Ohl in his office, admitted that the cabled story was correct, and expressed his astonishment at the accuracy of its contents. Not another person in China knew, the diplomat declared, what he had been empowered by his government to yield to China.

As Mr. Ohl said, in telling me this story years afterward, he knew the demands of the Japanese and the limits to which the Chinese government would go to meet them. When he saw the Japanese emissary approaching the Chinese Foreign Office by a back door he inferred at once that the Japanese had yielded.

This is diverging a long way from what I started to write about—namely, the supposed cynicism of the newspaper world; but it seemed worth while to give a concrete example of the news sense raised to the *n*th power. The only cynics I ever came

across in newspaper offices were a few very young reporters and one or two divorce editors. All the rest of the staff of a great newspaper are very human, very much like their fellow-men.

A political cartoonist might perhaps have some excuse for cynicism, but he has an antidote at his hand in the thought that the sins of politicians, which appear so enormous from the publicity they sometimes get, are but the reflection of the neglect by the average citizen of his civic duties.

The citizen of to-day who holds no office finds himself in about the position of the busy bee who produces the honey, only to have it taken away from him when the comb is full. Yet if he is not willing to continue in this slavish condition it requires only courage and a few hard fights to remedy the present evils.

It comes within the cartoonist's province to criticize the acts of the administration as they occur, but that hardly gives him license to draw general conclusions. We are too near the scene to take it all in now in one great perspective; we are all suffering too severely from mistakes and extravagances, the profiteering by unscrupulous people, and the breaking down of standards, inevitable as the results of war, to place all the blame where it belongs or to give all the credit where it is due. But there was a period extending from the seventh of May, 1915, to April third, 1917, when we were not at war, of which it is legitimate for us to speak and which is now far enough away for us to get of it a clear view.

EXPLAINING MUCH

Up to the day the *Lusitania* was sunk Mr. Wilson could plead much in extenuation of our attitude in respect to the Great War then going on, as James Gordon Bennett so truly said, "between civilization and savagery." It was Mr. Wilson's claim that there should be some great neutral power to help the warring nations to a just peace. This was not precisely the attitude of the Good Samaritan, but it was a much safer one.

Then came the greatest crime of all maritime history. No description will ever be necessary in referring to it. The one word *Lusitania* is sufficient.

Within a week after that great ship was ruthlessly sunk with its precious freight of men and women and children Mr. Wilson, aided by the Machiavellian Von Bernstorff, was busy casting a wet blanket over the outburst of patriotic wrath of the American people. It is my firm belief that a call to arms while that righteous indignation was at its first fierce heat would have made impossible the plots and outrages which followed and which continued until we declared a state of war to exist which had in fact existed for nearly two years.

A catalogue of the ensuing outrages is too sickening to be recorded. Let me only give from memory a partial list of the passenger ships sunk, each crime followed by a haggling correspondence between the American administration and the assassins.

Lusitania, Arabic, Hesperian, Ancona, Yasaka Maru, Ville de Ciotat, Petrolite, Persia, Sussex, Marian, Arabia.

This is not all by any means, but, as Mr. Shake-

speare said, "it will serve." Let us give credit where it is possible to the members of the administration after we entered the war. They will need it when history's great balance is completed in years to come.

As I look back over those two years before we entered the war, it is with a deep feeling of thankfulness that Von Bernstorff got no aid or comfort in his business of pulling wool over American eyes, from the cartoons in the New York *Herald*.

The files of the *Herald* will show that every turn and twist of that slippery diplomatist was recorded in pictorial form. His own book, recently published, on his relations with the American government during the period preceding our entry into the war corroborates every cartoon I made relating to his activities in America.

I am particular to make this record here because at the time the cartoons in question were appearing I was constantly being admonished that the administration had secret sources of information as to the intentions of the German government which nobody knew anything about and which would put an entirely different interpretation on the acts and words of Von Bernstorff, Boy-Ed, Von Papen, Doctor Dernburg, *et al.*, and would show how all these gentle souls were striving with Mr. Wilson to bring about the peace of the world.

If we must not attempt to foretell the verdict of posterity on the men and events of to-day, we can at least point out one curious fallacy which is

indulged in by a class of inveterate hero-worshipers. Without mentioning the name, which imagination will easily supply, it is constantly asserted because such-and-such discreditable things were asserted in regard to Abraham Lincoln and are no whit worse than some of the accusations against So-and-so: Therefore, So-and-so will, in the verdict of posterity, be set up on a pedestal as high as the martyred President of Civil War times. The logic is quite equal to the old proposition "a dog is a quadruped; a horse is a quadruped; therefore a dog is a horse." But this assertion is made so constantly and in such good faith that perhaps it could be carried a little farther: Lincoln was accused of many discreditable acts; So-and-so was accused of many discreditable acts; therefore, So-and-so is as great as Lincoln. William Hohenzollern has been accused of still more discreditable acts. Therefore, Mr. Hohenzollern is greater than either Lincoln or So-and-so!

CHAPTER XIV

MANY of the younger generation of illustrators ask me from time to time for details of the black-and-white art when it began to leave off its swaddling clothes and stand on its own good American feet. They have shown a deep interest in any information I can give them about how the great advance in the art of illustrating during the 'seventies and 'eighties was accomplished. For that reason it may be well to devote a good part of a chapter to that period, and I should advise anyone not interested in the subject to skip it entirely.

Before the 'seventies there was little real effort on the part of American illustrators to interpret nature. F. O. C. Darley was a man of great talent, but only occasionally did he tear himself away from the old conventional methods. Edwin Forbes came nearer to a true and original style of drawing, but there was no general advance until Abbey and Reinhart set the pace. I verily believe, however, that the first great impulse in the new American art of illustration came from Winslow Homer. When I went to Franklin Square an occasional drawing on wood still came in for *Harper's Weekly* from his hand. When one considers how totally different was the style and mode of thought of Homer from

Abbey or Reinhart it is hard to believe that they were greatly influenced by him. Nevertheless, he had one quality which he held up before them and which made a deep and lasting impression on the work of both of them. It was, in fact, the foundation on which their art was built. This was the quality of sincerity. Winslow Homer was perhaps the first American illustrator to break away from the "slippery" school which balked at the corners in drawing and slid with clever ignorance over every difficulty.

Homer had an artistic sight that was too honest to shirk difficulties. He went straight to Nature for his inspiration, and so, in her infinite variety, found new pictures. Abbey and Reinhart were both impressed with the rugged truth of his work, and if one looks at their early illustrations their emancipation from the conventional style of work of that day can readily be seen. It is a very proud fact for an illustrator to reflect upon, that one of the greatest masters of painting, recognized the world over, began as a member of his craft.

It will be of interest to any artist who may chance to read this to learn what Homer's drawings were like. I remember one particularly, a drawing on wood. The boxwood color is of a light, warm tone and this Homer used as his lightest gray, deepening it with a wash of India ink and painting in one or two high lights with white. There were not more than two or three tones in the picture—just broad, flat washes and uncompromising outlines. All that was there was true, but nothing unnecessary or fussy found a place in the drawing. His method

was not unlike that of the Japanese artist, Hiroshigi. The subject was a young farmer boy and a girl in a field, a few trees in the background. But that simple picture comes up before me now strong and clear, because of its concentrated and clarified truth.

As I have pointed out before, we had to do a great deal in the way of news pictures in those days, which is now done by the camera. This had its advantages and disadvantages. It sent us out with our sketch-books after material and made us quick observers—reporters with the pencil. Reinhart used to say "a line made out of doors means as much as a dozen in the studio," and that is a true saying if the man out of doors is a conscientious seeker after truth and hasn't fallen into conventional ways of representation. Another advantage in making news drawings was the privilege of working on the same wood block with a master of his craft.

The great drawback to all that was the pace we had to keep up when once the drawing was started. Many a night I have worked straight through from dark until dawn, for after our work was completed the engraver had his still to do. It would have been very easy for us to give up high ideals and fall into a mechanical grind of turning out our work in the easiest and most conventional way possible, had it not been for the inspiration "Ned" Abbey shed like rays from the sun in the Harpers' office. Mr. Parsons, too, the art superintendent, kept before us the example of his own great belief in going to nature for inspiration.

Abbey's earnestness had as many sides to it as a well-cut diamond. He was just as enthusiastic about play as he was about work. When he worked he put every ounce of energy there was in him into his endeavor, and kept it up until suddenly he could concentrate no longer; then he would go out to the middle of the room and turn two or three of the cleanest, most beautiful handsprings I ever saw, and sit down at his work again as though nothing had happened.

Once he rigged up a trapeze in the art department and was up aloft, busily "skinning the cat," when one of the firm, who always wore a high silk hat, happened along. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I was absent that day and did not see what happened; but the tradition in the art department has always been that the silk hat suddenly traversed the length of the room and fell to the floor in a shocking condition. At any rate, the trapeze was missing next day. Abbey was very fond of the theater and I believe nobody ever enjoyed the old Harrigan and Hart shows more than he. Ned Harrigan studied people at first hand and Abbey recognized the truth of his types. In contrast to this was Abbey's love for the musty facts of archæology, which he pursued in old bookshops, old houses, or wherever such knowledge was to be found.

I am setting down these facts, which are apparently unrelated, to give a little idea of what there was in the way of background for Abbey's art, what manner of man it was whose influence was so

great on the fellows who came in contact with him. But there was yet one quality which is the hardest of all to describe—his strange aloofness from the world he loved. He was the soul of kindness and generosity, would take time and trouble beyond anyone I ever met to teach a willing mind, and yet, while he was joking and laughing with me or helping me to solve some problem of drawing, I always had a feeling that he was some strange being who had dropped down beside me from another world or another time and that he might as quickly disappear.

With an extraordinary personality such as this to give force to advanced ideas in illustration, black-and-white art developed with astonishing rapidity. Men came up almost overnight who had discovered the ever-living truth that Nature turns a new face, presents a new picture, to each one who faithfully studies her.

Howard Pyle saw her in one phase; Smedley, in many respects, went closer and got a truer view than any; Frost saw with more verity when he looked at the young animals playing in the fields or the tramp basking in the sun. Reinhart saw the everyday people of his own time clearly and sanely, and in that no man has surpassed him.

About this time another man of remarkable subtlety of sight came up in American illustration —Robert Blum. To him was due a little different type of black-and-white, not quite so virile or downright, but having a quality of suggesting, rather than representing, which made Blum's drawings a delight to an artist's eye. One of the men of that

day whose great talents were on similar lines was Alfred Brennan.

John A. Mitchell used to say he would wager his hat that, if he piled up one hundred drawings by the best men in illustration with half a dozen of Brennan's sifted in among them, any artist who looked over the lot would invariably stop when he came to a "Brennan." He had tried it and the test never failed.

I am not going to speak of the men who came just a little later into the field. They and their work, much of it well worthy of the high esteem in which it is held here and abroad, are too well known to need any description. One little incident which happened on a recent visit of mine to Philadelphia is, however, worth the telling.

A good many people will recall a series of magazine drawings which appeared some years ago of scenes in the streets of London, by Joseph Pennell. I had heard that a number of the original drawings, all in pen-and-ink, were in the possession of a Philadelphia art dealer. I met Pennell and asked him if it would be possible to get a glimpse of them. He very kindly accompanied me to the gallery of the dealer and we were taken to an inner room, where a movable section of paneled wall concealed a large safe. From its fireproof interior the precious drawings were brought to us. I could not help thinking how little young Joe Pennell could have imagined, when he took those very drawings into the art department of *Harper's* or the *Century*, that he would some day see them brought out from a fire-

proof vault, treated with all the respect that might have been paid to a portfolio full of government bonds.

All of which reminds me that in the art department at Harpers' there used to hang a picture by Thomas Nast called "Small potatoes before the Supreme Court," in which he as a tiny figure stands with a laurel wreath beside him (which had fallen off his head) before his judges, Charles Parsons, George William Curtis, and Fletcher Harper. That drawing expressed the feelings of every artist I ever knew who brought in a drawing to be judged.

I have forgotten the exact date when the Art Students' League was started, but it was in the 'seventies and had a great deal to do with the development of the American school of illustration. Perhaps the sketch class, which became a part of the league but was of earlier origin, was of more service in this direction than the more conventional classes where the usual drawings from the plaster cast and from the nude figure were made.

In the sketch class we posed for one another and once a week had a little exhibition of sketches on subjects chosen and given out to the class. The democratic methods of this little class, and our custom of meeting once a week at the studio of any one of us who was fortunate enough to have a studio, set us to thinking and working together on new lines. I remember most gratefully that Mr. F. S. Church took a little sketch, which I had pinned up on the wall at one of our weekly "exhibitions," and showed it to Mr. Parsons at Franklin Square,

and that this kind action on his part resulted in my going to work for the Harper publications a few months later. Out of these weekly meetings, where, when we felt very rich, we had crackers and cheese and soft drinks, grew the Salmagundi Club, now mostly a club of painters, but in the days of its infancy the rallying point of the young illustrators as well.

Mr. W. H. Shelton has written a most entertaining history of the club, which began as "The Sketch Class," became in 1877 the "Salmagundi Sketch Club" and is now known as "The Salmagundi," much as we speak of "The Century" or the "Union League."

From Mr. Shelton's book it may be learned that of the illustrators Frost, Kemble, Taylor, Kelly, Burns, Pyle, and Abbey were all members at one time or another. Many painters of national reputation were also graduates of the old sketch class. Under a camouflage of bohemianism a great wealth of artistic feeling was fostered by that little band of young fellows, which underlies the skillful draftsmanship of the artists of to-day.

Not often does the combination occur of a wonderful knowledge of technic and the capacity for great feeling and character, but nature produced that combination for once in the person of William T. Smedley.

In the pictures Smedley made for a story by Thomas A. Janvier, called "The Uncle of an Angel," the combination shines forth in its perfection.

But that perfection was not born too joyously. I have seen line drawings by Smedley which looked as though they had floated off the end of his pen like a bubble from a pipe, yet a closer examination showed where he had almost scraped through to the back of the cardboard. The paper was thin when he got through—but the drawing wasn't.

We always knew that if Smedley ever undertook to paint he would become a master of that medium. His black-and-white work had the painter's quality. The illustrations he made for a story by Kirk Munroe, *Dorymates*, were as truly paintings as though they had been done in color. No American illustrator, to my mind, ever equaled him in the delineation of elderly people. You seemed to see in them all the experience of life—everything that had worn and torn and refined them.

Smedley was a man who never was satisfied with his own productions. Not that any really good man ever is, but with him the feeling was stronger than in anyone else I ever knew, and it accounted largely for the fact that his work grew in importance and merit up to the very last. I say the last, for as I write these lines the bells are tolling for his final rest. In days past William T. Smedley held his place as one of the foremost illustrators of America, and to-day his death is deplored as ending the career of a portrait painter of the highest distinction.

The name of C. S. Reinhart, or Stanley Reinhart, as his friends called him, has appeared frequently in these sketches. I think he was the first American to make pictures of contemporary life in this coun-

try whose work was recognized abroad as of a high order. Reinhart's everyday people were always lifted, by some secret process of his own, away from the commonplace. That was a gift he shared with Smedley. They both drew pictures of the people we see every day; we recognize them all—there is nothing missing—yet perhaps there is something added, and that is the beautiful art of the telling.

Drawing came much easier to Reinhart than to Smedley. He was a very quick and accurate observer and his facility was remarkable. Smedley had to strive hard for all he got, but he went down deeper into the hearts of his characters than Reinhart. Yet each gave a true picture of the life of the people who made up the world about him, and each surrounded them with an atmosphere which made them interesting. We used to look for a new drawing in *Harper's Weekly* by Reinhart or a new series of his in the *Magazine* as an event. His pictures of Gambetta and other celebrities in the French Chamber of Deputies were talked about for years, and yet they were the simplest sketches possible, with not a superfluous line anywhere. Reinhart's gift of close observation served him in many ways. I have heard him entertain a company for half an hour with an account of how he hesitated over the question of wearing a dinner coat or full dress at a bachelor dinner. Was it Stella who said, when Dean Swift had written a poem in praise of another young woman, "Oh, the Dean could write charmingly about a broomstick!"? Reinhart could make

entertaining stories out of quite as unpromising material.

It was in 1877, or a little later, that I first remember a tall, broad-shouldered young man, a different type from anyone I had met among the artists—rather the calm type of the scholar. He had sent in a drawing in deep tones. The whole story of the drawing was in the effect of a lantern lighting up a group of men at a life-saving station on the coast. It had power, and Charles Parsons saw that instantly. I remember his calling me into his office to see the drawing, telling me it was by a new man, Howard Pyle.

Probably no man had a more direct influence on the younger men and women among the illustrators than Pyle. But admirable as was his individual work, I cannot say that his influence was altogether helpful. Pyle had numerous pupils under his instruction, and it has always seemed to me that he failed to teach most of them the valuable side of his art.

The stronger ones, of course, developed a style of their own, but through all their work there runs a Howard Pyle convention. The weaker ones got nothing but the convention, and their work, being multiplied in the magazines, served only to make Pyle's own work look hackneyed. If any general conclusion can be drawn from all this, it is that a man of great individuality often makes an indifferent teacher. His pupils are so dazzled by his outstanding characteristics that they lose their own view of nature and give us no new interpretation.

In looking over an old file of *Harper's Weekly* the other day I came across a picture of Colonial life under which was printed, "Drawn by E. A. Abbey from a sketch by Howard Pyle." That was before Pyle's wings were strong enough to enable him to fly alone. It was in the days when most of the work was drawn on wood, and Pyle never was successful in working on the block.

When I first met Frederic Remington he was already known the world over for his pictures of Western life. He recalled to me a little sketch on wrapping paper, all scrambled up in a small envelope, which he had mailed to the Harpers some years before from out in Wyoming.

He felt he was taking a long chance. He had never done anything for publication, but the sketch was accepted.

I listened to his story with keen interest, for I remembered with how much pleasure I had made a drawing on wood from that little crumpled sketch, and I recalled then having admired it greatly. But I had forgotten the entire circumstance long before the name of Frederic Remington meant anything to me.

"Yes," said Remington, "it was you who introduced me to the public. That was my first appearance and I was mighty glad I fell into the hands of an artist who knew a cowboy saddle and a Western horse."

When they dig into the ruins of some American museum in the year A.D. 4000 or 5000 some one will find fragments of wonderful little bronze horses in

fiery action. They will speculate on the cowboy period of American antiquity as shown in Remington's bronzes. Doubtless the legend of the gunmen of New York will be fused with the gun toters of the plains, and the details of "Gyp the Blood's" equipment will be found in a cowpuncher on horseback by Frederic Remington.

A stranger meeting Remington for the first time would be likely to come away with the impression that he had met a man of blood and iron—his world divided into two classes, those who were to kill and those to be killed. But to one who knew the real Remington this was simply funny. Before the Spanish-American War he used to talk of "blood! blood! and more blood!" but a very brief experience in Cuba showed him that he shared with the tenderest hearted a hatred of the sight of wounds and suffering.

It was the picturesqueness of battles which had misled him into an imaginary love for "broken heads and bloody bones." To the end he was a big, overgrown boy, generous, kindly, and full of the charm of "make-believe."

Along in the 'seventies an occasional big, strong drawing came out by a new man—Thure de Thulstrup. I doubt if in this day we realize how much of the solidity of the best American illustration is due to the pioneer work of De Thulstrup. He maintained a robust and uncompromising technic when much of the best American work was just a little too fine-spun.

One might object sometimes to the harsh planes which clashed with one another in his work; but one had at the same time to acknowledge the solid truth underlying them. His influence was great and lasting.

It was in the 'seventies that little Charley Graham dropped down from the scenic painter's bridge and climbed up the corkscrew stairs of Franklin Square. Graham never quite broke loose from the scenic foreground; but if one will but pass over the inevitable tree and rock in the foreground of his pictures of the Sierras and the Rockies one must admit that no truer pictures were ever made of the mountains in all their naked ruggedness.

A little later W. P. Snyder made a series of drawings for *Harper's Magazine* which went behind the scenes in the production of a great magazine.

He revealed the engraver at work, the man who took the proofs on an old hand press, the great power presses, the typesetter at his case—in fact, all that great machine which reproduces the work of writer and artist.

I remember Snyder never appreciated what remarkable drawings these were. He always imagined that because the subjects were mechanical his drawings were mechanical also.

One would forget a series of photographs of similar subjects in a day; but these drawings have held a strong place in my memory and admiration for many years.

No record of American illustration would be complete without some recognition of the part William

Glackens had in its development. He and Ernest Fuhr were responsible a few years ago for pen drawings, turned out hurriedly for publication in a daily paper, which were quite equal and sometimes superior to anything appearing in the magazines at that time. I have been particular to point out that the work of these two men appeared in a newspaper, for no daily paper before or since ever printed such an extraordinary series of pen drawings. Since that time we have learned to think of Glackens as a painter and Fuhr as a successful illustrator, but in those days they were establishing quite distinguished styles of their own in the difficult art of pen-and-ink.

It would be easy and perhaps interesting to trace the manner of each to its source. Glackens, it could readily be seen, was first taught to see nature by the work of Charles Keene. I think every great draftsman sees Nature first through the eyes of some other man, until by and by Nature reveals herself to him direct.

Vierge, certainly one of the most original of all pen draftsmen, got his early inspiration from the work of Fortuny. And that reminds me to say that Fuhr followed rather in the school of Vierge; and splendid use he made of it, developing a style peculiarly adapted to pictures of scenes under our brilliant American skies and to reproduction by the hasty processes of a daily paper.

The work of May Wilson Preston is an example of a fine original style, now wholly her own, which I venture to say started under the influence of the

work of Charles Keene and William Glackens, quickened by a fine sense of humor and character.

Frederick Walker undoubtedly gave Abbey, in his early work, a strong inspiration. Seeing, which would appear to be the first thing a man with an artist's temperament might accomplish, is in fact one of the last. Nature is so vast and her light so blinding that we can see her, at first, only through the eyes of others.

If New York ever apologized for anything—which it doesn't—it might begin by abasing itself for some of its monuments and a number of its churches. Instead of making excuses for the Halleck monument, the Scott, the Sunset Cox, New York simply laughs good-naturedly at anyone who becomes excited over these iniquities.

The bronze General Bolivars (numbers one and two) have become classic jokes, and as I happen to know of an expert criticism of the original Bolivar on horseback, which once occupied the now empty pedestal on a hill in Central Park just north of the Eightieth Street entrance, I give it for the sake of true art.

An old horse dealer, who brought many green country horses to New York and trained them in city ways, told me one day, after poor Bolivar the First and his charger had been taken down from their proud pedestal, that he very much regretted the loss of that remarkable group.

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he stroked his long white side-whiskers, "that was the most useful

statue in the Park! When I had a green horse town-broke so he'd go under the 'L' nice an' quiet and 'd pass a steam roller and papers blowin' in the street, then I'd drive him into the Park an' round the Bolivar equestrian statue; and if he didn't scare at Bolivar's horse he wouldn't scare at anything on earth!"

After a while another statue of General Bolivar was put up on the empty pedestal. It was not an improvement, apparently. It wouldn't even scare a horse; and it soon galloped off to the scrap heap in the wake of Bolivar the First. I believe another Bolivar statue has been designed and cast; but my old friend the horse dealer is no more. We may never know if Bolivar the Third has the supreme merits of the original.

New York, while ignoring her homely, badly designed, and insignificant churches, is proud of several very beautiful and characteristic ones. It pays to walk over from Madison and Park Avenues in the morning and watch the shadows change on St. Thomas's. There is a beautiful view of the Cathedral from just west of Madison Avenue on Fifty-first Street. The morning sun plays over varied forms of irregular beauty and the impression is entirely different from the more formal and balanced effect of the two spires seen from in front.

Farther down on Fifth Avenue is a little church which holds a very personal interest for me. In this bit of French architecture set down in the middle of New York you have something well worth looking at. It was designed in the office of Mr.

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Hunt, but I am very sure the actual drawings were the work of a little Frenchman named Caspar, who was employed there. I saw many of the preliminary sketches for the church at Mr. Caspar's house with its characteristics as built—the flying buttresses and the spire springing with beautiful diminishing proportions directly from the earth.

The finial on that spire was a sore point with Caspar. He always claimed to have designed it on a much larger scale, but on the builder's objection his finial was vetoed. The carving of ornamental details also displeased him, and Caspar made up his mind to improve the popular taste by producing terra-cotta ornaments of superior design and workmanship. To this end, while still in Mr. Hunt's employ, he started a small terra-cotta factory in Greenpoint for the manufacture of artistic architectural ornaments. He associated with him a sculptor, Isaac Broome, who was an excellent modeler of the figure and of classic ornament, understood ceramic work, could fire a kiln or turn a vase, and who made porcelain ware that in 1876 brought the Japanese commissioners from the Centennial Exposition to his studio. He could cut marble well enough to reproduce the work of Olin Warner—to that great sculptor's satisfaction—could do everything under the sun, it seemed to me, except carry on a business. He and Caspar were two "babes in the woods" when it came to ways and means.

For the sake of experience in modeling and plaster carving, I worked with these two men for nearly a

year and, so far as I know, the only profits made by the enterprise were made by me.

Broome had lived many years abroad in Florence and Paris, and little Caspar was perhaps the last pupil of that great authority on architecture, Violet Le Duc.

To work with these men by day and listen to them often half the night was a pretty good substitute for an art education. Broome was one of those men who are interested only in what they have not yet accomplished. If he turned out, as he did once while I was with him, a half dozen exquisitely colored vases, no one could induce him to make any more. He had accomplished that. Why waste time duplicating the performance? Life to him was a series of "stunts," and he could not be brought to see, either by reason, or by poverty, or by any of the spurs which keep other men working at something they have mastered, that a prolonged effort in one direction was worth more than to do whatever he had undertaken, exactly right, once.

Caspar when at work wore an old blouse—blue linen, I think—which he said was the blouse of the masons, builders of cathedrals. He was brought up in that guild, and many times recounted to me the training a cathedral builder must go through. Every operation in building must be a part of his experience. He must cut stone, mix mortar, lay masonry, model and carve ornament and the figure, must make working drawings and freehand drawings, color drawings—all before the final art of designing is reached.

We turned out some beautiful terra-cotta capitals, belt courses, and the like, but the sheriff came along one day and the "atelier," as Caspar fondly called the old shed and two kilns, was closed up and sealed. Caspar went West. I never saw him again. Broome betook himself to Blissville near the Calvary Cemetery, where he carved little stone lambs on the tops of tombstones for a while, wrote a book on Socialism, went later to Trenton and there modeled a beautiful colossal bust of Cleopatra and produced it in porcelain. This was one of the pieces which brought the Japanese commissioners to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia to see him.

A picture of Broome's Cleopatra was published in the *Century Magazine* at the time it was exhibited in Philadelphia, but the whereabouts of the bust itself is a mystery to this day.

Broome got some notion in his head that certain persons were trying to get the bust away from him. Quite in character, he took the bust out of his studio one dark night and buried it. Of this he told me years afterward—surely Cleopatra never brought anybody luck.

CHAPTER XV

THE more prominent the position which a man occupies in the world the less well is he known. That sounds like a paradox; nevertheless, it is easily proven. What we know about such a man is what people say about him, and the more people there are who come in contact with him the more diverse opinions we receive. Before I joined the staff of the New York *Herald* I heard a great deal about James Gordon Bennett, and in fact I was warned by a number of people who thought they knew him well not to enter his employ; he was capricious and arbitrary, expecting absolute subservience. I hesitated and held up his offer for over a year, but finally made up my mind to take the place of cartoonist offered me. Even then I was told I would not last a year with so eccentric a personage.

Eighteen years later it was with deep sorrow that I received the news flashed over by cable that my good friend James Gordon Bennett was dead. Eighteen years had never disclosed to me a single inconsiderate act on his part; nor had I received any capricious or arbitrary instructions in regard to my work.

On one occasion, in 1907, I was called over to

Paris to see Mr. Bennett. At that time the automobile industry was very new in this country and there were many accidents in the neighborhood of New York, due to reckless driving over roads unfamiliar to the drivers. A number of people had been killed within a few weeks in shocking accidents, almost all due to reckless driving. I had made a cartoon called "The End of the Road" which showed Death taking his toll. Some association of automobile manufacturers or advertisers had written a strong protest to the *Herald* against the publication of this cartoon, claiming it hurt the sale of automobiles.

When I went in to call on Mr. Bennett for the first time at his house in the Champs Élysées he had a copy of the offending cartoon and all the documents in the case on his desk. Mr. Bennett almost immediately called my attention to the matter and asked me to explain why I had made a cartoon so evidently distasteful to the young and growing automobile industry. He looked very serious, and I realized instantly the importance of standing my ground or of presently finding myself without any ground to stand on. So I said that the cartoon was "absolutely justified," that I owed it as a duty to the public to give a warning where so many lives were being sacrificed by careless drivers; and I made no excuses whatever for the cartoon.

Mr. Bennett then picked up a paper and told me to listen to what he had just cabled to the "*Herald* in New York." It was an editorial stating that the *Herald* was used as an advertising medium only by

those who found it to their advantage so to use it, that no industry or other agency could dictate its policy in editorials or cartoons, and that if the automobile cartoon had displeased any advertisers they were entirely free to take their advertisements from its columns.

Of course, all this little scene had been set with a purpose. I think Mr. Bennett from that day felt a certain confidence in my sincerity, and I know his backing of my work on that occasion gave me a feeling of security and also of responsibility for my future course in cartoon work. In fact, that day was the beginning of a lasting friendship which was shown on his side by many cablegrams and kindly messages continuing up to the time of his death.

In the early part of September, 1914, when opinions in high places differed strangely one from another as to the rights and wrongs of the World War, a cable came over one night to the editor of the *Herald*. The night editor called me up at midnight and said he had a message for me at the end of the cable to the editor from Mr. Bennett. He read it over the phone: "Tell Rogers there is only one issue in this war. It is the issue between civilization and savagery.—Bennett." Those were Mr. Bennett's instructions in the early days of September, 1914, the only instructions he ever gave as to the cartoons during the war. If there was any statesman on this side of the water who realized what this war was about, upon whom the blame for starting it rested, and how it was being waged, before James Gordon Bennett epitomized it all in

that one sentence, then he has for all these years held his peace.

While the war was in progress in 1915 Mr. Bennett made one of his short visits to New York. The subject of his refusal to leave Paris when the government was removed to Bordeaux and most of the newspapers went with it came up in a conversation with him at that time. I had always felt a great pride in the fact that an American had so stuck to his post of duty, and especially a man to whom I was closely allied. I said just a word or two to that effect and Mr. Bennett chuckled. "Well," he said, "what else was there to do?" and that was the substance of the whole matter to an old sportsman who always played the game to the limit—"What else was there to do?"

Then he told me the story. The Germans were coming nearer and nearer every day; Paris was growing more and more nervous. The government had fled to Bordeaux. It really began to look as though the Germans would be at the gates of the city in a few more days.

"One of my men came to me and said, 'Mr. Bennett, what provision have you made for us in case the Germans get here?' Of course I had to say, 'What provision have I made for myself? I think the Germans will tell us what we may or may not do.'

"The next morning the same man came into the office. It was the morning when the German army had arrived at the nearest point to Paris which it ever reached. It was this young man's duty to

stick a pin in the map showing each advance of the Germans. He was so nervous by this time that he couldn't stick the pin within ten or fifteen miles of the proper position, and began talking again of the probability of the Germans entering Paris.

"It was an unpleasant subject and I asked him kindly to think of something else. At last he managed to stick the pin within four or five miles of the German advanced position; then he disappeared and I have never seen him since!"

That was all James Gordon Bennett had to say about one of the finest examples of devotion to duty on the part of a civilian which the story of those great days has brought forth.

One incident that happened in connection with a visit to Paris a few years ago is worth telling. Mr. Bennett had sent for me to come to Paris, and one of the oldest members of the *Herald* staff called me into his office to give a few hints as to the etiquette of a visit to the "Commodore."

First, I was to cable Mr. Bennett on my arrival at Queenstown; then on arriving at Liverpool I was to cable him again. When I left London for Dover I was to cable him again, and when I arrived in Paris I was to telephone to his office or house, I forget which, and inquire just what hotel he wished me to put up at. When that was all settled I was to sit down and wait for a summons to call at his house.

When I sailed into Cork Harbor it occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Bennett might defer his anxiety as to my whereabouts until I reached the end of the voyage at Liverpool; and when I reached

that port there was plenty to do in getting out my baggage and securing accommodations on the train to London. Again I neglected to allay Mr. Bennett's anxiety by sending him a cablegram. In London, where we (there were four in our party) looked about for a couple of days, there was too much that was interesting to see to bother with cablegrams. We arrived in Paris in due time and proceeded at once to the Place d'Iena, where there was a quiet little hotel in a good location well suited to our needs. So far we had broken every rule of the etiquette of a visit to the "Commodore" from start to finish. When we were comfortably settled we sent a note around to No. 104 Champs Élysées, stating that we had arrived and were stopping on the Place d'Iena and would be pleased to call at Mr. Bennett's convenience.

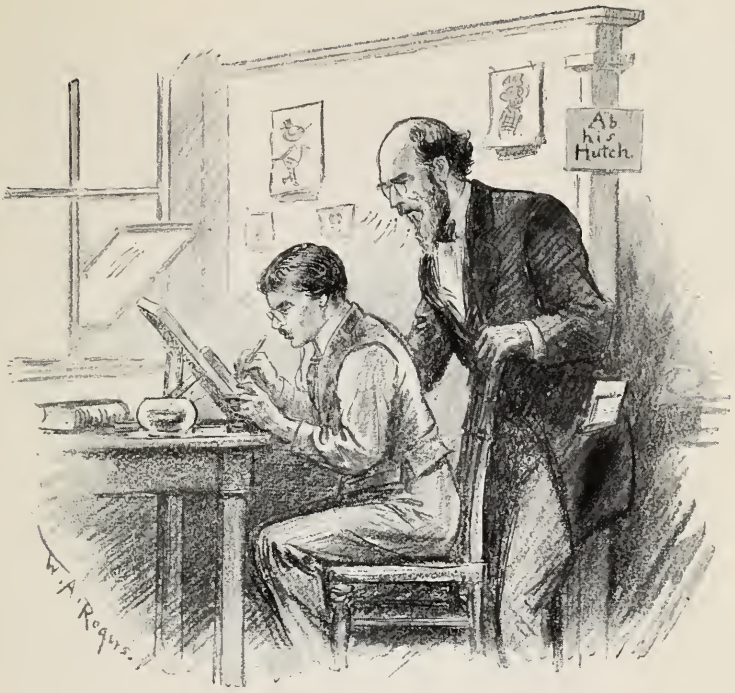
One thing had been impressed upon me before I left New York as absolutely essential—we must not leave our hotel even for a moment until we were summoned to attend the "Commodore." But Paris is most alluring. We hung about the doorway of our hostelry the afternoon after we arrived, for about two hours. There was the Trocadero in plain sight; across the Seine the Eiffel Tower was beckoning us to come over. We fell from grace and went. My companion, Mr. Bonte of the *Herald* art department, had a camera with him. Nothing would do, when we reached the Tower, which from below looked like a huge spider web, but he must go to the top and take a picture of all of Paris that could be caught on a 3″x4″ plate. My ambition was not

so great. I was content to watch the little passenger boats creeping up and down the river.

Bonte disappeared like a small fly in the huge spider web, and after a while I grew tired of waiting about and walked back to the hotel. There I found a note from Mr. Bennett telling us to call at four, and the clerk informed me that a messenger had brought it in at least an hour before. Here was a pretty situation. A quarter to four and Bonte somewhere at either the top or the bottom of the Eiffel Tower. I jumped into a little horse-drawn cab and dashed—at any rate, proceeded—toward the Eiffel Tower, arrived underneath it, and looked up into the labyrinth of trusses and beams—but no Bonte was visible.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and then, sauntering toward me with a pleased expression on his countenance denoting success, came my friend. I hustled him into the cab and we made for the Champs Élysées as rapidly as the old horse could travel; but, alas! we were more than half an hour late and Mr. Bennett had departed for his country place at Versailles. We telephoned his secretary next day and made an appointment which we kept with precise regard to time.

Bonte, of course, had a fair excuse in his ignorance of the time a trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower and back to the ground usually takes; but a curious fact prevented us from advancing it. Just at that time a very amusing farce was being played in Paris, founded on an accident to the "Ferris wheel," in which an eloping couple sit imprisoned in one of the



YOUNG ABBEY AND HIS MENTOR, CHARLES PARSONS, IN FRANKLIN SQUARE

cars high up in the air, while their pursuers are in the car directly behind them, and no one is able to reach the earth. We felt pretty sure that Mr. Bennett knew all about this farce, and we did not care to make our first appearance with a perfectly true excuse, but one which looked like a very foolish bit of plagiarism. We had then to fall back on a bare statement that we had been sightseeing and did not receive his note until too late to keep the appointment.

Not the least shade of displeasure was shown by our good host, as I remember that interview.

Half the trouble which some of the people who came in contact with Mr. Bennett had with him arose from treating him as though they expected to find him different from other people. All those preposterous cablegrams from Queenstown, Liverpool, and London would entitle the sender to be treated like an idiot; doubtless our delightful reception was due to the fact that we acted like human beings. I am sure my comrade on that occasion would bear me out in the statement that you had only to be "a regular fellow," to show a little respect for *yourself*, in order to get and hold for life the respect and friendship of James Gordon Bennett.

While on the subject of the *Herald* (for Bennett was the *Herald*), I must relate a personal experience which is so strange that I should hesitate to tell it if I had not the documents to prove that it actually took place.

During the summer of 1912 I picked up a book called *Brain and Personality*, by Doctor Thompson,

a purely scientific book which was published with the expectation of a probable sale of fifteen hundred or two thousand copies. I have been told that more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold, so great was the popular interest in its subject-matter. I became fascinated with the new problems which the book opened up and either solved or set one to striving to solve in one's own way. Then a very strenuous political campaign started and I put the book aside.

Right in the middle of the campaign I met with a serious accident, breaking my right arm close to the shoulder, and breaking my collar bone and fracturing my shoulder blade. Here was a pretty bag of bones. I sat down in front of my drawing board, waiting for my family physician and the surgeon who was to patch me up, and wondering what I was to do for an arm to draw with for the remainder of the campaign; and then I thought of the book, *Brain and Personality*. In it was a minute description of the processes of control of the organs of speech and of the hands by different accurately charted portions of the brain. Nothing in my accident had impaired my knowledge of my business or the motive power which had compelled my right hand for many years to obey a mind trained to do a certain work. Why not commandeer my left hand and compel it likewise to obey my will?

I thought of the precedents in my own profession. Every one of them was against the possibility of making an untrained left hand, which had never drawn a stroke, take up the work of the right.

Mr. de Lipman, in this country, after losing the use of his right hand trained his left to do its work; but it took many weary months to accomplish this. Daniel Vierge, one of the great draftsmen of the world, had the same experience. There were one or two others, but no one had ever accomplished what I now made up my mind to attempt. When the doctors arrived I was busy on a cartoon, and they both exclaimed, "How fortunate it is that you are left-handed!" Of course, my left arm was very weak, and if I worked too long it would balk and run lines directly backward from the way intended; but I finished my cartoon before nine o'clock that night, called a messenger, and sent it down to the *Herald* office.

Soon my telephone rang. The art director of the *Herald* was on the wire.

"So you had a cartoon left over. Lucky, wasn't it?"

"No," I said, "it wasn't left over; I made it this evening!"

"Oh, come," was his answer, "old man, there ain't no such animal!"

Not until another cartoon came down next day did he believe me. Of several cartoons made during the campaign of 1912 I can distinguish the right- and left-handed ones only by referring to the dates on which they were published.

Of course, in the book, *Brain and Personality*, there is no method given or even hinted at for a control such as I have described; but from some of the phenomena presented by Doctor Thompson I

made my own little deductions. It seemed to me impossible for my left hand to disobey if sufficient faith and power of will were exercised. In spite of the fact that no one has ever before, so far as recorded, succeeded in instantly transferring the skill of his right hand to his left, I am convinced it can be done by anyone of fairly strong will, provided he has also absolute faith.

Doctor Thompson was told of this at the time and sent me word that I ought by all means to write a full and exact account of just how this curious thing was accomplished—that there was no record of anything approaching it. I have attempted to give the details here, but must freely admit there was something about the whole affair which was uncanny; and, as I said in the beginning, if I had not the documentary proof to offer I should not dare to tell the story.

Men who write are always menaced by the temptation to become publishers. Julian Ralph, star reporter of the *Sun*, once succumbed to this perilous allure and started a weekly magazine called *Chatter*. His office was up a little back alley near Park Row. *Chatter* was printed on yellow paper and was a lasting proof—no, not lasting; that is hardly the word—fleeting proof that a good reporter may be a poor publisher and editor.

But *Chatter* was Ralph's only literary child and he nursed it along for several months, accumulating in that time a great heap of "returns" which almost filled the publication office. The little back alley

where *Chatter* made its home was also the meeting place of what was known as the Ann Street gang, and perhaps the yellow color of the returns gave them a brilliant idea.

Everyone, of course, does not know who the "Ann Street gang" are. When one is awakened at midnight by a couple of big booming voices alarmingly shouting unintelligible cries on either side of the street below, be sure that is a contingent from the Ann Street gang. When the "gang" is abroad all the little newsboys disappear from the streets. For the time being the big fellows rule supreme.

Ralph was sitting in his sanctum one morning when a hard-looking countenance appeared over the top of a pile of returns. "Si, boss," came a husky voice, "watcher goin' t'do 'thall them returns?"

That was exactly what Ralph had been thinking about all morning. He didn't know.

It appeared to be the psychological moment.

"Tell yer w'at we'll do, mister. Me an' me pardners have a business in Newark an' Paterson. We sells old magazines for Harpers an' Scribners 'n' the Cenchry. We'll take t'ree or four bundles of yer returns out to Newark an' Paterson and see how they goes. If they goes good, we'll buy all y'got. Savvy? Y' got ter trust us for the first ones. Cash for all the rest."

It didn't look exactly like affluence staring him in the face, but Publisher Ralph felt that *Chatter* was in no position to drive a hard bargain, and pretty soon two or three big, husky fellows carried off several bundles of unsold magazines.

By and by Ralph put on his hat and went to lunch.

What was this tremendous hubbub on Nassau Street? An extra? What could have happened? Was the President assassinated? No, the "gang" was out, and the little newsboys cowered in the corners. But hoarse cries, much more articulate than usual, boomed up and down the streets:

"*Chatter* reduced to one cent! *Chatter! Chatter!* reduced to one cent! *Chatter! Chatter!*"

Ralph dodged into the first and cheapest lunch place in sight. A week later he was back on the *Sun*.

CHAPTER XVI

WITH the exception of a brief mention of the World War in a story about James Gordon Bennett, these little sketches of men and things worth while all date back to the days before the world was made over—or, to be more exact, before its making over was begun.

The war made or marred many reputations. In that fierce heat much dross was separated from the pure gold and was cast out. We had scarcely entered the great conflict before a little coterie, or, to use pure English, a little "bunch" of illustrators and poster men, met in the studio of Charles Dana Gibson in New York and organized for war work. They, or rather we, pledged ourselves to design posters and to do other pictorial publicity for the United States government without compensation for the duration of the war.

There were about a dozen of us at the first meeting and we arranged for some of our number to go to Washington at once, get in touch with the departments, and find out what propaganda was needed which could be carried on through pictorial art. It took us three months of most discouraging work to break our way through the armadillolike armor which incased the official mind. At last it dawned

on some one down in Washington that pictures might awaken interest in the various enterprises of war. Three or four urgent requests for posters, to be sent at once, came to us; and in less than a week we had sent designs, many of them elaborately worked out, to the authorities in Washington.

Weeks passed and no response reached us. We sent men to see what had become of the drawings. In some cases the packages containing them had not been opened. Through all this period we held weekly meetings, and in spite of the discouragements thrown in our way more and more artists joined us. Finally one or two posters were accepted, and were printed and distributed. They instantly proved their effectiveness as propaganda. Rush orders poured in on us and soon we were almost overwhelmed with work.

The problem of keeping the enthusiasm and inspiration of the artists at white heat then came up. English, French, Italian, and Russian officers over here on sick leave were pressed into that service. Our weekly meetings at a very modest dinner in a chop house became the most-talked-of functions in town. The after-dinner talks of some of our guests attracted a great number of people. As far as possible we discouraged those who came to be entertained, but even those, in some instances, were so impressed by the tense atmosphere of the meetings that they became active workers.

Piqued, no doubt, by the unsought prominence which our meetings had gained, a certain clique of artists, who had not volunteered to help us, got it

into their more or less empty heads that we were trying to "monopolize the war work." The idea of setting up a monopoly by giving thousands of dollars' worth of work for nothing seemed to us, who were sitting up nights or spending our week-ends in our studios, just a trifle amusing. So when these foolish people came down to one of our meetings and proceeded to read us a lecture on the enormity of our selfishness, we offered to share our monopoly with them then and there.

But no! that was not exactly what they desired. One of their number, not quite so diplomatic as the others, let the tough old nine-lived financial cat which they had brought with them out of the bag. "Work which was not paid for," he declared, "was of little value. What we should do was to have a large fund set aside by the government for poster designs; then we would be on a sound business basis and able to produce worthy works of art!"

As nearly as I can remember, that was about as far as he got; for at this point an unregenerate illustrator who had contributed weeks of his time to the cause interrupted the speaker with a very short but forcible remark. It was exceedingly rude so to treat a guest who was trying to advise and enrich us, but we felt that the money changers had invaded our temple and we knew there was a precedent set by the Gentlest of all Mankind for rough methods of driving the money changers out. From that night to the end of the war the subject of compensation was never raised again.

It is to be hoped that some one of the clever

writers who used often to come to those meetings has left a record of what happened there. In this limited account I can give only a glimpse here and there, where memory burned in some unforgetable experience. As our own boys came under fire on the other side and the crisis of the war became acute, the reaction from it all was more tense in our little circle (so we were often told by those who came to us from the outside) than in almost any place in the country. The various drives required pictures, and in attempting to visualize the national emotion I think the artists were among those most deeply enmeshed in the enthusiasms and the depressions of an enterprise so uncertain as war.

Our meetings grew so large that it became necessary to transfer them to the gallery of the Salmagundi Club. These, of course, were the public meetings, held for their stimulating effect on the men who were doing the work. But the real activities of the artists were in their studios and in the business office at 200 Fifth Avenue, where an enormous amount of work was accomplished by the one dollar less than a one-dollar-a-year secretary, Mr. F. D. Casey, with one assistant and a stenographer to help him.

Some of the work of distributing the subjects to be drawn was afterward lifted from Casey's shoulders by a group of "captains," who handled the different classes of drawings used in propaganda—posters, cartoons, newspaper illustrations, magazine work, and so forth.

I was very much amused one night by an orator

from Washington who came up to New York to tell us how to run our publicity campaign. He had imbibed in early youth the usual idea of the irresponsibility of artists, and he told us that what we needed was instruction in efficiency. He came from Washington, where, in the early stages of the war, everything was standing on its head which was fortunate enough to have a head at all. Time and money were being frittered away; and delay, delay was the complaint against every department of the government.

I felt somewhat aggrieved at his remarks and gave him a short statement of what our little organization had done without the expenditure of a dollar except for our office rent and our stenographer. We had produced hundreds of posters, cartoons, illustrations, and paintings, and not once had the delivery of the work been behind the scheduled time; and I asked him to name another department of governmental activity which could come within hailing distance of our record.

Of course there was a very simple explanation of our success in keeping to schedule. Nine-tenths of us had worked for publication; we had been brought up on the idea that time, tide, and the printing press wait for no man. The fundamental difference between us and most of the people who were trying to function in Washington was that we knew our business, while they were rank amateurs.

Our Thursday-night dinners at the Salmagundi formed a melting pot into which fell some of the strangest ingredients ever brought together. I

remember a weeping Russian officer who wished us to go over to his country and take charge of it. He could see no other solution for their troubles. I felt, as I listened to him, that the Russian habit of tears was the real cause of all their ills. No one ever saw an American so sorry for himself or his country but that he would resent the slightest hint of anyone coming over here to settle our difficulties for us. But this officer in the full uniform of a Russian colonel begged us, without shame, to send Americans over there to form a government for his people.

There were some nights when we had speakers who formed strange contrasts one to another. The men we soon learned to despise were the "orators," and the men who electrified us and charged the whole atmosphere with an intensity of feeling that sent shivers up and down one's spine were the men from the trenches or the destroyers or the airplanes, who told their simple stories awkwardly, haltingly, unconscious of the impression they produced. Looking back to those nights, one can recall the metamorphosis of character that was constantly going on among the men who saw service on the other side. When they came back you couldn't tell a lighthearted actor from a Baptist preacher, a man of the Roman Church from a man of the Great Church of Outdoor. The proud had become humble and the humble had good cause to be proud of themselves.

I remember two preachers who declared they had only learned what religion meant when they encountered it in the trenches. And that brings vividly

to mind a night when we knew that over on the edge of No Man's Land our men were striving desperately to hold back the enemy. They had not yet taken the bit in their teeth and started the forward rush that won the war. I was perhaps one of the very few in that room whose minds turned back to those tense days of Gettysburg during the Civil War, days when one's heartstrings were keyed up almost to the breaking point. But if the feeling was new to most of the men in that room, it was none the less poignant; for the lives of their brothers and sons and the fate of their country were all at stake.

Up from his seat rose a man in his thirties; a shock of curly brown hair gave him a boyish air. He wore an old tweed suit, and as he looked about he seemed rather embarrassed. He began talking to us in an apologetic manner. He felt that perhaps he would bore a company of painters and illustrators if he talked of what was on his mind, for, he said, he was a preacher by profession and he would like to tell us a little of what he had learned about religion while among our men at the front.

As he talked to us in his gentle, unassuming way I looked around the room and saw that he had touched the sorely strained feelings of a sensitive audience with a master hand. There are eternal verities which stand out in times of stress, and in expressing them this young preacher never struck a false note.

Occasionally there were nights when things went wrong. Once we had with us an excitable Persian gentleman who wished to speak. His English was

somewhat disjointed, but this was not what caused him to be remembered. Dinner had just begun when the chairman arose and announced that Mr. —— had to catch a train for Washington and would say a few words after the soup.

He did. For one full hour he rambled on, dinner, meanwhile, growing stone cold. Nobody knows whether he caught his train or not, but everybody at that dinner hoped he missed it.

Some person conceived the brilliant idea of having a three-year-old girl recite a patriotic poem one night, and the chairman had the double duty of introducing the performer and holding her up in his arms so that she could be seen above the tables. When she had finished her recitation the chairman, not knowing how else to do her honor, called for three cheers for the infant. The roar that went up so frightened the child that she set up a dismal howl and her tears fell copiously upon the chairman's broad shirt front. These little mishaps served to relieve the strain under which we all labored.

But had it not been for the inspiration of those meetings the really great work done by the Division of Pictorial Publicity in propaganda work for all the war drives and activities would not have been possible. To its chairman, Charles Dana Gibson, is due the credit for holding together in harmony many elements which had never worked together before; and his ready wit and tact in managing the weekly meetings kept our strange melting pot always at the boiling point, but never boiling over.

There were other activities in war work which had their origin in the Division of Pictorial Publicity. The painters were as anxious to do their part as the illustrators and poster men; but their training and methods of thought were entirely different and required a different contact with the public. This was accomplished by means of colossal paintings exhibited on the avenues in cities and at fair grounds and other public assemblages of the people all over the country. Many painters also made "range finders," huge landscapes used in the training camps of the artillery. Other painters took up camouflage work and outdid the cubists, futurists, and all the other faddists in painting what never was or will be.

During the Victory-loan drive a call came from the Philadelphia Sketch Club for paintings to be auctioned off to the highest bidder in subscriptions for bonds. The Sketch Club is located on Camac Street in a tiny old house that dates back to Revolutionary days. From curb to curb the street is not over ten feet wide, and two wayfarers can scarcely pass on the sidewalk. A series of gigantic allegorical pictures, which were originally exhibited in front of the Public Library in New York, almost completely obliterated the little houses on either side, only a tiny window or a foot or two of red brick showing here and there. Flags and streamers completely filled the little street and every day an artist set up his easel and painted a picture which was auctioned off in terms of Victory-bond subscriptions in the evening.

Mr. Devitt Welch, a young artist whose rela-

tionship, in spirit at least, to the late P. T. Barnum is suspected, was the publicity director of the drive for the Sketch Club. My impression is that the idea of the club's participation in the drive came originally from Joseph Pennell. How well it was carried out is attested by the extraordinary results in the sale of Victory bonds. When the idea of auctioning off the pictures was suggested the club felt it would be covering itself with glory if it disposed of $100,000 worth of bonds. When the drive was over it had sold $3,700,000 worth.

One day when things were going a little slow the young publicity director picked up a morning paper and discovered that Ringling's circus had just come to town. Commandeering a friend's motor car, he was out at the show grounds in a jiffy.

"Can you spare two or three clowns and a few elephants for the Victory drive?" was the request he put to the circus people.

They could; and the next morning two great warty-looking beasts came walking into Camac Street, followed by three clowns. One clown was dressed as a comic policeman and he threatened to arrest anyone who refused to buy a bond. Another clown turned handsprings and flipflaps over an old Revolutionary cannon at the head of the street. And between elephants and clowns and pictures and flags and bond buyers little Camac Street was filled from top to bottom and end to end.

At luncheon that day I sat down at a table with Joseph Pennell, Mr. Norton of Drexel, Morgan & Co. (who had a customer's check in his pocket

for the purchase of fifty thousand-dollar bonds with a picture as a bonus), and with the three clowns from Ringling's.

It was such a party as only the Great War made possible, where a man's worth to his country was the sole criterion by which he was judged.

One day about six or seven years before the Great War I was a passenger on board the Cunarder *Campania* on my way to England. We were approaching the rocky shores of Ireland and the weather was becoming very thick. One could see only a little patch of rough water about the ship. Outside that there was nothing but a thick blanket of fog.

Captain Dow came by where I was standing at the rail and invited me up to the bridge.

"I've got something to show you up there. It is the greatest invention for the safety of men at sea since the compass. It was devised by some Yankee in your city of Boston."

When I arrived on the bridge, as I remember it, there was nothing to be seen of the invention except two telephone receivers, one on each side of the man at the wheel.

"What do you think of it?" asked Captain Dow.

"There isn't much in sight to think about," I replied.

"That's the beauty of it. There's no machinery about it. It's the simplest thing in the world: just two telephones, almost the same as the instruments you use ashore, placed one on each side of the bow of the ship, below the water line. They pick up the

sound of a bell buoy or siren miles away. As the sound becomes more distinct you know you are approaching the warning signal. If it is louder in the starboard receiver you know the danger lies on that side and you steer accordingly."

Every little while the officer who stood by the wheel would pick up the receiver and listen. We hadn't been long on the bridge before he called to the captain: "I think I get the bell, sir! Will you take the phone?"

It was soon evident from Captain Dow's expressive face that he too had caught the bell. He listened first with one receiver and then with the other. "We are about six miles," he said, "from Old Kinsale Head on the Irish coast" (or it may have been Galley Head, I have forgotten); and he had the course of the vessel changed by ever so little.

"Now that relieves my mind quite a deal," the captain said, turning to me, "and I owe thanks to my Yankee friend from your city of Boston."

A number of years went by, the Great War came on; finally we entered it, and one night, at a meeting of the Division of Pictorial Publicity in New York, some one was called on by the chairman to speak—to tell us of an invention that had been perfected which would make it absolutely impossible for a submarine to approach, without detection, within six or seven miles of a vessel equipped with this device. The direction and distance of the submarine would be accurately known before it could get near enough to do any damage. I failed to catch the name

of the speaker, and was startled to hear the very voice and intonation of my old and dear friend Frank Millet, who was lost years ago at sea on the wreck of the *Titanic*.

The speaker was Frank's brother, Joseph Millet, and he described what was practically the instrument used by Captain Dow on the *Campania*, but carried to a much greater state of perfection. He told us of the long struggle he had to make shipping people realize how sound traveled through water. He would have had far less trouble explaining this to a group of small boys at a swimming hole; they know what two stones clapped together under water sound like! For seven years the invention which Captain Dow pronounced a wonderful device for making safe the approach of vessels to a rocky and fog-bound coast was rejected as impracticable by most of the great shipping houses of the world. It is needless to say that Joe Millet was Captain Dow's "Yankee inventor from my city of Boston."

This account of the operation of a device which even in its first and crudest form was undoubtedly one of the greatest life-saving inventions of our day was written entirely from memory. I was fortunate enough afterward to obtain some further details from Mr. Millet, which give a better idea of the device itself.

Far foward in the bow of the vessel two small square tanks are attached to the inner sides of the ship. These tanks are filled with water, and thus between the water in the tanks and the water of the ocean there was only a thin division of steel, which

was also a good conductor of sound. In each of these tanks is suspended a sealed telephone transmitter connected by wires with the bridge and there furnished with a switch and receivers, so that the listener can catch the sound of either telephone at will.

Mr. Millet told me an interesting story which he had used as a successful argument in placing his invention with a large steamship company. He had installed an experimental equipment on a ship bound in to Boston. While lying off that harbor in a dense fog the captain of this ship was taken desperately ill. Not a glimpse could be had of the light on which the ship depended for its position. The captain's wife took the telephone receivers at the wheel, picked up the fog bell accurately, and piloted the vessel safely into the harbor.

CHAPTER XVII

BROAD-MINDED John Mitchell, as I have said before, once described satire as "a double-edged weapon, and poisoned at that." The truth of this characterization makes it a cartoonist's duty to keep a close watch over himself. The cartoon which produces the strongest effect is one founded on the truth. If people say of your cartoon, "I never saw it in just that light before, but it's true," then you have scored a hit.

A very prominent financier once complained to me of a fellow-cartoonist who portrayed him as a wolf. He objected to the physical likeness to a wolf, which he said, truly enough, did not exist. But to the inference that he had acted like a wolf he was perfectly indifferent.

He had nice, regular, small teeth and he objected to being shown with fangs. I had portrayed him not long before as a whale swallowing a school of small-fry companions, and that, I think, struck him as a compliment.

Mr. Thomas Platt was rather a melancholy-looking old gentleman with an eye which regarded the world without enthusiasm. I have always felt he owed that fine cartoonist, C. G. Bush, a yearly salary for turning him into a merry-looking old

fellow with a good-humored twinkle in his eye. Bush added a humanizing touch to all the politicians he caricatured. David B. Hill was not a very sympathetic-looking character, but in Bush's pictures, with a feather in his hat, he had a jolly air of good-fellowship.

Richard Croker gathered together all the hard knocks at himself in the way of cartoons that he could lay his hands upon, and had them printed in a book, which he presented to the men who had made them. I received a copy of the book, but I am uncertain to this day whether Mr. Croker's action was a sign of the "good sport" or of a sordid disregard for the opinion of the community.

Daniel Lamont once told me that Mr. Cleveland carefully looked over all the cartoons of the day. Poultney Bigelow called on Oom Paul in the days before the Boer War and found the old man looking at a cartoon of mine on himself in *Harper's Weekly*. In the picture Oom Paul was getting the better of John Bull—hence his interest in the cartoon.

Theodore Roosevelt told me that he used to look for Fred Opper's pictures in which he was represented as a bad boy, and that his children got no end of amusement out of them, too. "Uncle Joe" Cannon always enjoys a cartoon on himself—or on anyone else, for that matter. Men with a sense of humor usually are ready to laugh at a hit at their expense, but a man who takes himself seriously—too seriously, perhaps—seldom gets any joy from a cartoon which does not flatter him. A corollary must be made to the statement that when people

say "a cartoon is true" the cartoonist has scored a hit. Sometimes when letters pour in, as they poured in to the *Herald* office at times during the Great War, saying that a certain cartoon was "a lie," then you knew surely that the feathered shaft had found its mark.

It is said to be bad policy to give away the secrets of one's trade; but a little general information may be risked without danger of flooding the market with a new crop of cartoonists.

Back of the cartoonist's house there lies a little garden where he cultivates his ideas. This bit of information is for the benefit of those kindly folks who say to him, "I don't see how you keep it up day after day. Where do you get your ideas?" They might as well ask of a farmer, "Where did you get all that corn?" The farmer would tell them that he planted it and broke his back hoeing it; otherwise his crop would fail. The cartoonist plants his garden with carefully selected facts. No matter how dry these little seeds may seem, he knows that with proper cultivation they will produce a crop later on. There is the whole secret of the cartoonist's bag of tricks laid bare.

Change the metaphor just a little and you have: An ear of corn, a "shaker," and a fire. If the corn is popcorn and you put it in the shaker, and the shaker over the fire, the little hard, dry kernels suddenly break out into something very different and very surprising. So—dry facts, tossed about in an active mind, with a red-hot enthusiasm—that is the way of the cartoonist.

There are a few cartoonists who are successful in their craft who do not raise their own ideas; but as a rule one can see a certain lack of the spontaneous in their productions.

Thomas Nast was one who expressed himself, his own convictions, most truly. It has been said that some mysterious person or persons furnished him with the brilliant ideas which he executed with such strength and vigor, but I never heard a particle of evidence to support the story, and to one who knew him it seems absurd. He was a man who was passionately in earnest in what he advocated with his pencil, which a man who is being coached never can be.

I remember well when Matt Morgan was brought over from England "to put Tom Nast out of business." Morgan was a good draftsman, far better in a conventional sense than Nast; but his work was without conviction, and the line he used was sickly and weak in consequence. Thomas Nast drew as though the members of the old Tweed ring were there in person under the stinging lash. With all the earnestness of the castigation went a laugh at the culprit's expense which cut deepest of all. To have the skin cut off one's back was bad enough; but to be made ridiculous besides—that is what made Nast's satire so deadly.

Joseph Keppler was one of the few great cartoonists who depended to a large extent on others for their ideas; but even he had a peculiar faculty of so fusing another man's thought with his own that it took on another dimension. Keppler's mind was always in

a state of eruption; and what it lacked in originality was made up in the faculty of melting down whatever was thrown into it. Certainly he was surrounded by a circle of men in the early days of *Puck* who must have been invaluable to him.

A little later came a new group of cartoonists, young fellows with ideas aplenty. First of all in that respect I would place Fred Opper and Grant Hamilton. Like "Johnny Walker," they are still going strong. They have kept their little gardens seeded and weeded and are producing a new crop of ideas every season. Of the two, Hamilton has more truly the real cartoon idea, which, contrary to the notion prevalent among newspaper readers to-day, has nothing to do with comic art. However, no one will quarrel with Opper because of the comic element in his pictures. He has made more people laugh, probably, than any one else in the country.

Over in England they hold to the old distinct line that separates the cartoon from the comic drawing —the line between satire and fooling. Raven Hill, Townsend, and Partridge follow the general lines of the Tenniel cartoon—which is a good-enough model for anyone. That was a cartoon which did not exclude humor or wit; but it did exclude fooling and clowning. It generally declared the convictions of the best national thought, which can be more easily done in a little concentrated country like England than in a great, wide-spreading land such as ours.

This country has been strongly swayed by the cartoon from the start. Benjamin Franklin made

its first cartoon and had it emblazoned on a flag which floated from one end of the Colonies to the other: a coiled rattlesnake with head up high, and under it the caption, "Don't Tread on Me!"

Comic art goes through its mutations pretty much as do its more pretentious brothers, the arts of painting and sculpture. The ultramodern comic artist frankly tells you that drawing no longer counts; and in this he is more honest than the ultramodern painter, who insists that his bad drawing is good.

It is quite possible to meet the modern comic artist halfway and admit that artistic drawing in the comic art of to-day is rare. There must be something which partly compensates for its absence, and that, probably, is its crude reflection of foibles that exist all about us. A curious inconsistency comes to the surface if you mention the names of Caran d'Asche, A. B. Frost, Oliver Herford, Tom Sullivant, or the caricaturist Frueh to one of these scoffers at "good drawing." Ten to one he will wax enthusiastic over the work of any one of these men. Theories won't stand up for a moment against external axiomatic truths; good drawing, harmonious composition, and the elusive quality that can only be indicated by the word "knowing" compel the admiration of everyone.

It is only once or twice in a generation that an Oliver Herford or a Frueh comes along with a humor played in tune. In their wildest exaggerations one feels a perfect artistic balance. I have coupled the names of these two men whose work is entirely dis-

similar on the surface, because the foundation of their art is the same—a wonderful faculty of conveying the sure impression that they know infinitely more than they put down on paper—that "knowing" quality which makes a slight drawing rich.

Now and then in the rough-and-ready comic art of a daily paper a style shines out on account of some sureness or beauty of line or grace of composition. These are the qualities which mark the drawings of Voight, of Herb Roth, and of George Herriman with his preposterous "Krazy Kat." In this same rough-and-ready school George Luks began his career, and he may owe something of the directness of his splendid rapid-fire technic in painting to his early training on a daily paper. It has always been the fashion in every art to hark back to the good old times when every condition was better, commercialism nonexistent, and pictures, for instance, were the expression of the artist's emotion and not of the art director's needs; and I know that a good many illustrators of to-day look back to the 'eighties as a golden age when conditions were perfect. In opposition we have always with us those moderns who decry everything that doesn't smell of new paint.

Having practiced my profession in both of these periods, I may be able to shed a little light on this contention. An excellent painter, who began his career as an uncompromising impressionist and made his courageous way to recognition against great opposition, said to me one day that Abbey succeeded because he "played safe" and followed

conventional lines. And yet I well remember Mr. Charles Parsons, art director of Harpers, showing me a pile of letters addressed to the editor of *Harper's Magazine* protesting against the new-fangled stuff which they supposed Mr. Abbey considered "high art," some of them going so far as to threaten to cancel their subscriptions if this outlandish style of illustration was not discontinued. My painter friend does not realize that his own work is gradually being looked upon as academic; and Abbey was just as surely breaking away from conventions which had existed in American illustration as my friend the painter was from the deadly "Hudson River" school which dominated the painters of his day. In a large sense those were the good old times; for Winslow Homer, Abbey, Reinhart, and, a little later, Smedley, emancipated illustration from the soapy, slippery style of an earlier day.

Sometimes I am told that illustrating is not so well paid now as then, but this is a grotesque error. For one of Abbey's drawings, I recollect, he wanted an expensive costume. It was to be a reproduction of a gown of the elaborate period of Queen Anne. Abbey had it made of the heaviest and finest satin, superintending all its details himself.

For the drawing in which he used this elaborate gown he received seventy-five dollars. The gown cost him one hundred and fifty. Seventy-five dollars was not then considered a low price for a drawing which would easily bring from three to five hundred now, but Abbey was always ready to mortgage his future to accomplish a high ideal, and in

consequence he was usually either getting into or just out of debt.

Reinhart was supposed in those days to be one of the best-paid illustrators, but I doubt if even he made as much money as a third-rate man of to-day would consider his due.

Not that these men of the 'eighties were discontented with their lot; on the contrary, the standard of living was on a less expensive scale, and over the men of to-day they had one distinct advantage, dear to the soul of any artist. Thanks to the clear vision and good common sense of wise old Charles Parsons, every man who came to Franklin Square—and that was the Mecca of illustrators in those days—was encouraged to be true to his own ideas, to develop his own style, to interpret nature after his own heart. If he suddenly came to the conclusion that he was on the wrong tack and started to steer away from a course long followed, he was not confronted with the admonition, "This is not an Abbey," or, "This is not a Reinhart," but was encouraged to keep on his way and produce a work with a difference dear to his soul.

There can be no doubt that for one man who could do good work in illustration in the 'eighties there are twenty now. Technically, the general standard is higher now than then. Cleverness is abroad in the land. Perhaps the word "cleverness" may carry different meanings to various minds. Let me give the definition it holds in mine. Cleverness, I should say, is the faculty of doing a difficult thing with apparent ease; and it immediately sug-

gests that the clever person has done it before, over and over again. For that reason the clever artist is seldom creative in his work. Like the juggler, his performance is always the same. He has solved a difficult problem or two and that is all he has to offer.

Commercial art has opened up a wonderful field for clever work, and one cannot help but admire the skillful technic displayed in some of it. It is a joy to any lover of good workmanship, and yet it is not exactly a satisfying development of the art of illustration. Nothing can ever compensate for the lack of a *motif*, a something which carries your imagination out of and beyond the picture. If we have now lost this to a certain extent, then the 'eighties was perhaps the golden age of American illustration.

The machinery of modern life is ever becoming more complicated; more wheels and cogs for us all to be tangled up in. My old Seminole friend was right—"The white man seeks to multiply his desires." From all this artificiality the artist is suffering. It brings him more work to do than ever before, but it takes away his freedom to express himself. Artistically, he was better off in the Stone Age when he left the first records of human intelligence and æsthetic feeling on the walls of the caves of France and Spain. It is good discipline for a modern artist, when he feels a pride in his knowledge and skillful draftsmanship, to look at the straightforward drawings, powerful in their bald simplicity of those prehistoric artists.

The first sight of the Abbé Breuil's reproduction

of the great drawing in the Altamira cavern of a charging boar gives one a thrill never to be forgotten. If any modern artist has ever produced so great an effect with such simple means, let him speak up. I, for one, would travel a long way to see his work; and yet in this great drawing one feels that it was not a work of cleverness, but a drawing made from one tremendous impression.

The cave man who made it perhaps saw a comrade gored to death by this fiery beast. Something must have set the image of this charging boar indelibly on his brain. The technic of the cave man, which seems to be well preserved in the reproduction, shows not the slightest evidence of timidity or fussiness. Every stroke tells.

I am not sure that the poster artists would relish the bald statement that they are the cave men of to-day; but, taken in connection with what goes before, they will see that in so characterizing them I pay them a very high compliment.

It is violating no secret in the artists' world to say that Edward Penfield was the first man in America to make of posters works of art. One day while looking over a portfolio of French posters in a shop quite near the Seine in Paris I came across a group of Penfield's posters made to advertise *Harper's Magazine*. The shopkeeper informed me they were held in very high esteem by the many French painters and illustrators who frequented his store. The beauty of these posters, many of which I can remember in detail, lay in an oddity of composition and an apparent simplicity of drawing. I say

apparent simplicity, for, as a matter of fact, it was the effect which was simple; the complicated problems back of the drawing all had been solved beforehand. I am very sure if Penfield had been born in France his work would long since have received the recognition of the state and, as a mural decorator, he would be known by works of a permanent character.

Other men who have made of their posters works of splendid simplicity and fine art, and who are recognized by their fellows as masters of their craft, are C. B. Falls, John Sheridan, and Adolph Treidler. There are others who may rank equally high with these, but I give here only a personal impression. To me these men have added to the sum of American art quite as much as any contemporaneous painters.

Except to draw attention to what is new in the development of humorous drawings, cartoons, commercial illustrations, and posters, I have refrained from commenting on the work of individual illustrators of to-day. This comes not from any lack of appreciation, but rather from a feeling that in singling out a certain few I should be doing scant justice to many men who are "carrying on" with equal skill and talent; and still it seems permissible to pay a little tribute to a few men who are recognized by all their comrades as leaders—men who have followed art's best traditions by avoiding beaten paths. In speaking of the illustrators of to-day I believe almost any group of the younger men would place Gruger and Raleigh and Wallace Morgan at

the head of the craft in America. Having worked with almost every group since the days of Abbey and Reinhart, I would heartily indorse such a judgment. All this I say without prejudice to the splendid work of many others in the field.

The art of illustration changes every day. Let us be thankful that it moves, for in stagnation is death.

It is a curious fact that no writer, at least to my knowledge, even though he may have started out in life as a reporter himself, has ever given us a portrait of a reporter of the first rank. It would be presumptuous to attempt anything of the kind here, but from the days of the *Daily Graphic* through my years with the *Herald*, and in various other connections as well, I have known some of the great reporters of my time, so I may perhaps venture on an impression or two.

The equipment of some of these men for their work is often extraordinary. "Nick" Biddle, who wrote for the *Herald* up to the time of his death about fifteen years ago, had traveled all over the world to its most remote corners, knew everybody worth knowing, could talk or write entertainingly about any place or anything or anybody in the world. Nobody was able to rebuff him when he went after a piece of news, because, primarily, nobody wanted to. He had a slight but rather fascinating hesitation in his speech, which added to the brilliance of his conversation.

Somebody asked Julian Ralph once how long he had been a journalist, and Ralph replied that he was not

a journalist; he was a reporter. And I suppose in many respects he was one of the most noted reporters in the world. One of his greatest qualities as an observer was an unprejudiced eye and ear. He had what artists call the "innocent eye"—that is, the eye which can dismiss all former impressions and see what is before it absolutely anew.

I once went with him for *Harper's Weekly* to make a picture of lower Broadway. He was to do the story and I the picture. We both knew lower Broadway backward and forward, saw it every day of our lives. But when we arrived at that great thoroughfare, Ralph said: "Now let us shut our eyes for a moment or two—and open them on Broadway for the first time! Not a thing do we know of the old street; we are strangers; it is all new!" It was a great idea and was new to me then, but it has stood me in good stead many a time since.

Ralph wrote a series of stories in the *Sun* about a German barber. In the language he put in the barber's mouth he used broken English, but a German construction of sentences. Ralph told me as a great joke that a very learned professor of languages wrote him and referred to the profound knowledge of the German language shown in the construction of his sentences underlying the broken English. Ralph said that he had no knowledge of German whatever, but had used his ability as a reporter to memorize the expressions of a real German with whom he often talked.

Richard Harding Davis began his career as a reporter on the *Evening Sun*, and it was while there

that he wrote the never-to-be-forgotten "Gallagher." Davis could hardly be classed with Biddle and Ralph as a reporter because he was by nature a writer of stories; yet in a very great part of his literary work the keen sight of the accurate reporter is to be seen. "Our English Cousins" is reporting of a very high order.

Don Martin is a name to bring tears to the eyes of any *Herald* man. The story of his devotion to our men at the front in France, to the younger men of his own profession who were there, as he was, to tell the story of our army's deeds, and his devotion to the service of his paper is known in every newspaper office in the land.

There was a deep human note in his stories from the front that was scarcely equaled by any correspondent in the war zone. Not at any time a robust man, he used up every ounce of energy he possessed in the line of duty, and, although stricken with a fatal illness, was up and dressed in his correspondent's uniform within twenty hours of his death. Absolute faithfulness to every trust was the keynote of Don Martin's character.

During the Hughes-Wilson campaign of 1916 Martin was in charge of the *Herald's* straw-vote column. It was well known to everyone on "the inside" that he was Mr. Hughes's choice for secretary to the President, but in conducting the straw vote Don Martin never allowed his personal fortunes to influence his judgment or his statements of facts one iota. On the night of the election, when the returns from the East gave every indication

that Hughes was elected, Don Martin told me that he of course was sorry to have to dispute the returns, but all his advance information pointed the other way. He had that morning published his conclusion based on these reports, that Mr. Wilson would in all probability be elected; and he stood by that. I know that his honest, wise, and unprejudiced statements of political conditions during that campaign never lost him the friendship of Charles Evans Hughes for one moment.

One who had no personal acquaintance with Don Martin might gather from this that his was a stern, severe personality which held men aloof, but exactly the opposite was the fact. Often at midnight, when his work was done, he would be found at his typewriter pounding out a little nonsense rhyme to his only daughter, who lived out of town; or some poor fellow in the craft who had fallen from a former high estate through illness or drink might be seen coming away from Martin's desk crumpling up a bill that could be had from Don Martin, by anyone in hard luck, for the asking.

There probably never was a man in the newspaper world so guileless; yet Don Martin was the hardest man in that world to deceive. Even the scalawags who imposed on his good nature and his purse fooled him not at all. For them he had a profound pity which viséd all drafts. A comrade who was with him in France told me that the first thing Don Martin did on arriving at his quarters for the night, after a day of exhausting work and before he began his dispatch to his paper, was to open his bag, bring

out a picture of his little daughter, and place it on a box or a bureau where he could see it.

This was as invariable as the day, and it is with that picture, so characteristic and so deeply human, that I leave him.

A very joyful occupation, to my notion, is that of illustrating boys' stories. J. T. Trowbridge and Kirk Munroe wrote fine, healthy, hearty books for boys, and I had the good luck to illustrate many of them. Brander Matthews wrote a very good boys' story for which I made the pictures with great joy. James Otis wrote "Toby Tyler", and Kirk Munroe, then editor of *Harper's Young People*, picked me out to make the illustrations. For that privilege I have been thankful ever since. The story was published in serial form; and week after week I made the little pictures, sandwiched in between news drawings and cartoons for *Harper's Weekly*.

No one said anything about the pictures during that time except James Otis, who was very encouraging in his comments. So far as I could see the drawings were making no impression. Yet, of the thousands of drawings I have made since, none has ever brought me so many friends as those very simple little sketches of Toby and Old Ben and Mr. Stubbs.

It was my first essay at a boys' story, and when at the end of the year the originals in pen-and-ink were all destroyed, as was the custom with all illustrations not considered worth keeping, I felt considerably discouraged.

The next year I illustrated "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," a sequel to "Toby," and was still engaged on the pictures when Abbey returned from abroad, where he had lived for two years. He was enthusiastic about Toby, had followed him from week to week over in London. My little pictures had made him homesick. "All the homely details of American dooryards were so true and it was boyhood all over again." I told him then, I recollect, that he was the first person except James Otis to say a word in favor of the drawings. Yet I can truly say that not a month has passed in many, many years without some one coming to me with a good word for the "Toby" pictures.

But all this about the pictures is rather putting the cart before the horse. If it hadn't been for the genius of James Otis there would not have been any "Toby Tyler." Otis, when he wrote "Toby Tyler," was about forty years of age, but the boy in him got the better of the man most of the time even then. He had done journalistic work before that and at one time had written sermons for a syndicate; but "Toby" was, I believe, his first boys' story. He was the owner of several parrots and a small monkey when I made his acquaintance, and Toby's affection for Mr. Stubbs was only a reflection of Otis's own feelings.

When Toby grew tired of the tame life at old Uncle Daniel's he was only expressing James Otis's restless nature. Otis had no sooner sold his story to *Harper's Young People* than he invested part of his money in an unseaworthy old power boat and

A LITTLE MODEL WHO POSED FOR "TOBY TYLER"

HUNGRY GULCH

started gayly for Florida. If I remember rightly he spent a large part of his vacation in various shipyards and repair shops as he gradually worked his way down by the inside route. Perhaps he got as far as Savannah, but I hardly think he ever reached the Florida waters.

He was a wonderful companion if one was not too busy a person; for, boylike, he considered business as a miserable necessary preliminary to a renewed joy of living. Once when he had a severe attack of restlessness he started off to New Orleans in a canoe, embarking at Cincinnati. He wished to experience the adventures of another Huckleberry Finn, I think. After paddling down the river in the hot sun for half a day he was overtaken by a large steamboat bound for the same port. Otis felt that he could not compete, either in speed or in comfort, with so huge a craft, and had himself and his canoe hauled aboard, completing the voyage in much less time than it took Huckleberry to go half the distance. A few months in New Orleans was enough to breed a longing for the North again; and, not having the price of a passage up the river handy, he wrote half a dozen of his friends to meet him either in person or by check at the dock in Cincinnati and take him and his luggage out of pawn.

Fortunately, he had friends who thought enough of him to do first a little swearing and then get together and all break out into a roar of laughter, after which they delegated one of their number to meet Otis in Cincinnati and get him "out of hock." I was informed by this friend that when the steamer

pulled in to the landing at Cincinnati James Otis was to be seen up in the pilot house beside the captain, smoking a long black cigar.

After this he settled down in Philadelphia, wrote a story, paid off his friends, was prosperous for a time, and then fell into a run of hard luck. It was during this last period that I found myself in Philadelphia one day and spent a morning looking him up. I found the house at last, a tiny dwelling on a little back street—Perry Street, I think. A brass knocker hung on the door and I used it vigorously. A hollow booming was all the result obtained. Repeated knocks brought no response. Finally, I heard a window on the top floor cautiously opened. A face almost hidden in an old shawl peered out and a voice came down: "Go away. Go away. Nobody lives here. I'm the caretaker. Go away!"

"I'll be hanged if I'll go away, James Otis!" I answered. "Not if I have to break in your front door."

"Glory! Glory!" was all that came from above as the window closed. And in a very few moments there was a great creaking of bolts as Otis took down the barricade and opened his front door. Poverty and creditors were all forgotten in a moment, for here was an old friend.

We cooked up what he had in the house for lunch, spent a glorious afternoon talking about what Otis was going to do when his next book came out and all the wonderful places he was going to visit with the money, and then wound up the evening with a dinner downtown.

The last years of his life were spent very quietly up in Maine. He got much out of life that he loved. Money meant nothing to him at all. He loved little children, although he had none of his own. But to other people's children, to thousands and tens of thousands, he gave all he had with all his heart.

I remember once while reading Andrew Lang's prose translation of the *Odyssey*—which, by the way, is to my notion the most truly poetical of all translations—it seemed for a moment that I sat by the fire and saw old Odysseus rise up and make a gesture as though about to start the story of his adventures. Such an experience is, of course, not for mortal man, but imagine what a privilege it must have been to see one of the most romantic characters of modern days under almost the same surroundings. I never saw John Boyle O'Reilly but once, but I had an excellent view of him on that occasion. He had just had an upset in his canoe on the Delaware River. He strongly resembled a magnificent statue in ivory and bronze as he stood by the fire, drying his clothes.

His comrade on this "Inland Voyage" was Dr. Ramon Guiteras, and they had been cruising on the rivers of eastern Pennsylvania for some weeks. During this time they had visited the coal-mining region, where at that time conditions were extremely bad, and O'Reilly's big heart had been torn by a scene at a pit's mouth where the mangled bodies of some miners, who had been caught in a "squeeze," were brought to the surface. I can see him now, a

magnificent specimen of a man, his only covering a blanket thrown over one shoulder, his bare bronzed arm raised in protest to heaven against the hard lot of those poor fellows and of their wives and children.

It was rather an odd meeting all around. Kirk Munroe and I had been up in the coal regions, too. Ours was a tramp trip in search of material for a story of a breaker boy, which Munroe was to write and I to illustrate. The hero, as Kirk Munroe planned the story, was to be a steadfast sort of boy, and he had tentatively picked out Sterling as his last name, but a good given name wasn't so easy to find.

One day I sat sketching a lot of mining machinery at the mouth of a pit, and above everything loomed a great derrick which to an artist's eye suggested power.

"Kirk," I called, "I've got a name for Sterling: Derrick, Derrick Sterling!"

"Hooray!" came back the answer from Munroe, who was interviewing a group of grimy little breaker boys. "Derrick Sterling it is!"

Having finished our business in the coal regions, we tramped to Bethlehem and then to Easton. We were on our way up the Delaware to the Water Gap when we met John Boyle O'Reilly and Doctor Guiteras at the foot of a very bad "rift," where they had come to grief. I always associate that picture of O'Reilly with the story of his escape from penal servitude by swimming six miles out to sea to a schooner which was away beyond his range of vision, but which he had faith would be there waiting

for him. As he stood with the light marking out the magnificent outlines of a perfect and harmonious muscular body one could readily believe him capable of a feat so marvelous.

Writing of Kirk Munroe reminds me that there is no finer combination than the mind of a man and the heart of a boy. That combination is what makes the charm of Kirk Munroe's stories for old boys and young boys. Kirk Munroe began his career as a reporter, and he liked to get his facts at first hand. He had no trouble in looking at the world from a boy's standpoint, for he had only to look through his own eyes.

One who knew Kirk Munroe only in a city environment knew him not at all. It was by the camp fire or tramping through the mysterious North Woods, or in the illuminating flash of a paddle on a rock-bound lake that the real Kirk Munroe was revealed.

I remember that once when he and I were camping on a Canadian lake during several weeks of a very stormy season we lived in a little Λ tent set up on a great ledge of rock. There was a "meet" of canoeists there, and one night a young fellow came to our tent who said he hailed from Boston and had run up to see the "meet" for a day or so while on his way to Chicago. He had no tent or camp outfit, so we invited him to share our limited quarters. He was an exceedingly cheerful chap, with enthusiasm enough to run a circus, and he had ideas on everything under the sun, which he spun out that night while the lightning sizzled above us and the thunder crashed over our rocky bed. The name of

this youngster, by the way, was Samuel S. McClure, and before midnight he had confided to us that he was editor of the *Wheelman*, with a salary of fifteen dollars per week.

The names of men which have appeared in this book are, for the most part, known to everyone. I have merely endeavored to bring them a little closer by relating personal experiences with them. But I have reserved one name to the last, a name unknown to history, yet worthy to stand beside that of heroes who have been crowned with laurel. I never saw this man, but his story comes to me so intimately, touches me so closely, that I set it down, feeling that no more fit ending could be made to my impressions of a world worth while.

On a summer's afternoon in 1902 a train loaded with passengers was ascending the last grade on its way to Lake George over a branch of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad. It was drawn by two engines. At the throttle in the forward engine sat William Howe. He was a quiet man, and in his home across Lake Champlain lived his wife and his children. Suddenly he saw, far up on the grade in front of him, a flat car, loaded high with huge timbers, coming down toward him. It had broken loose on a side track at the top of the grade and was now on the main track, rushing down at ever-increasing speed. A collision was inevitable, instant action was necessary; and William Howe's plan of action was made in the twinkling of an eye.

"Get over the tank," he said, quietly, to his

fireman, "pull the pin when I slack up, and stay on the rear engine."

"But you?" said the fireman.

"Never mind me. Do as I say."

The fireman obeyed. The forward engine whistled for the brakes, then it slackened speed for a moment. The fireman pulled the pin. Then with every pound of steam on, the throttle out full, the engine leaped forward toward the oncoming lumber car.

There was no time then for the engineer to jump; only a moment passed before his engine plunged into the towering pile of onrushing timbers.

But who shall say what thoughts passed through that quiet hero's brain in that moment as he went to his death? His duty to those people on his train, people he had never seen, but whose safety was sacred in his simple code—and then, his home across the blue lake, and—death!

It is a short story. It all happened in less time than it takes to give this simple outline of it.

William Howe did nothing daring, for to dare implies a chance of escape. There was no glory in it except the glory of God. But there was in it a most supreme self-sacrifice, a grandeur of lonely heroism never quite paralleled in any deed of which I know. I am indebted for these details to a very dear member of my family who was a passenger on that train.

I know no more fitting name to close these impressions of a world worth while than that of William Howe.

THE END

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